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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

ARE books intended for solitary readers, or are they socializing influences? The question would seem to have popped up in a course in sociology; as a matter of fact it comes out of a new book called *Books: Their Place in a Democracy* by R. L. Duffus. Mr. Duffus, at the instance of the Carnegie Foundation, made a study of reading in America and discovered, among other things, that if books are to be more widely read in this country they must be socialized—authors and publishers must become more ready to meet the wishes of readers, and libraries must continue to go out to the people who do not have the reading habit. He is not at all convinced that because certain regions have no books the people are illiterate and must forever remain so. "Undoubtedly there will always be certain sections of the country in which books will be read more eagerly than in others," he writes. "But there is nothing in the racial, cultural, religious, geographic, climatic, or economic situation of any part of the United States which makes it forever inevitable that hardly any books shall be read there. Almost any American community will read books, including a certain percentage of good books, if it is exposed to them." The task is to make the exposure, and modern methods are by no means adequate to reach all those who might possibly become regular readers. Although Mr. Duffus does not believe in the existence of the average man, and hence does not think books can be published to suit a certain average intelligence, he does think that authors and publishers may study the needs and wants of readers with profit and prepare to meet them, or to adjust the book to its probable readers, as he puts it. This does not imply destroying the impulse to create literature. "Art is a means of communication as well as of self-expression. And if the literary artist takes pains to find out what language his intended audience speaks, he might take pains to find out a few other things about them." This book, which contains a survey of book publishing and distribution, of libraries and bookstores, is issued by the Houghton, Mifflin Co.

RECALLING THE "ÆNEID" OF VIRGIL

Virgil is receiving much attention outside the walls of universities this year because the bi-millennial anniversary of his birth falls on October 15th. Just how mathematicians determine the date I do not know, in view of the fact that we are supposed to be celebrating George Washington's birthday on the wrong day, and are often confused about birthdays of great men who lived in comparatively recent times. As Virgil was supposed to have been born Oct. 15, 70 B.C., we have to count backward. The calendar is evidently awry. No one living in Virgil's time thought that he would have his life course reckoned by an era which was to begin sometime in the future. But the object of this introduction is to direct attention to the bi-millennial edition of the *Æneid* by Harlan Hoge Ballard which has just been issued by Scribner's. Some of us have read this book before; it was first issued in 1901 by Professor Ballard and has had text-book circulation. It would have been improved with more of a prefatory memoir than is here published, but students who have to make

their own translations in class probably consider the book long enough in its present form.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF THE BROWNINGS

The late love affair between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett does not embellish the tabloids but it gets into books about once every season. This is rather remarkable when we remember that it took place in the forties of the last century, something like eighty years ago. The letters of the Brownings have been edited and prepared for a new book by Dormer Creston, who writes *Andromeda in Wimpole Street* (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Those who have never followed the romance of the Brownings will find the essential facts here, as well as enough excerpts from the letters to make a running account of their lives up to the death of Elizabeth. No such affair ever took place again—he, a robust, lionized poet; she a frail, retiring spinster—for she was nearly forty when Browning met her. The most startling part of the story is the attitude of her father, Edward Barrett, who ruled his household tyrannically, refusing to permit his children to marry. Consequently the Browning courtship proceeded with all the happy attendants of a secret romance—an unreconciled father, a loyal and devoted daughter, visits by stealth, and frequent letters discussing the handicaps of the situation. Elizabeth did not try to mislead the man, but we must admit that if his visits did not flatter her, she could easily have rid herself of them. Many of the letters quoted in the book do not flame with the ardor that Elizabeth later poured into the poems that she called "Sonnets from the Portuguese"; but considering the times and the individual who wrote them, they were passionate enough. The author's work in this instance is largely that of a compiler. He quotes, at the beginning of the book, a passage from the ironic Aldous Huxley, who was at that moment surveying the sex expressions of his age with a jaundiced eye, commenting on the boast of a modern young man who says, "Anybody can have my wife, so far as I'm concerned," with this: "I could not help wondering why he should call it modern. To me it seemed rather primeval—almost prehuman. Love, after all, is a new invention; promiscuous lust geologically old-fashioned. The really modern people, I reflected, are the Brownings." This from Aldous, who knows his psychology, and who must have seen, if ever he studied the Brownings, that half of the tentative approaches, the faltering advances, the careful retreats and side-steps of the Brownings were nothing less than evasions of a free expression of the life force, a sublimation which was civilized, but scarcely modern.

Photo by Foster

ROY FLANNAGAN
Author of "The Whipping"

BY WILLIAM J. MARSH, JR., AGED ELEVEN

William J. Marsh, Jr., had a fifty-cent hand press, so he set up a story which he called *Our President, Herbert Hoover*, embellished it with illustrations that he found in the hell-box of the home-town newspaper, and printed the book. It was then taken over by Doubleday, Doran & Co. and made available for the thousands who take delight in a naïve and straightforward tale written by an eleven-year-old lad who still has his ideals. William has a simple faith in goodness and honesty, he loves his parents and respects the law, hates war and preaches patriotism and Christian conduct. He finds that Herbert Hoover made good because he lived up to Christian ideals, and had a fine home. There are those who think this book will prove highly amusing, but I am more inclined to believe that it will provoke admiration. It will also make readers wonder whether William will go on in life with this self-confidence and assurance that righteousness pays, or whether he will become one of those citizens who look rather

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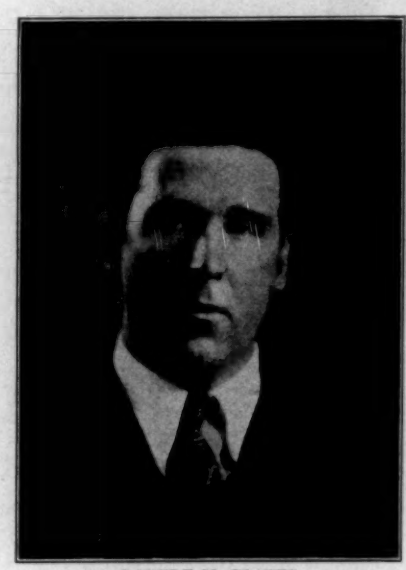
Among the New Books

sourly at abuses but do nothing about them except shrug their shoulders. William has, at this age, the making of an evangelist. His immediate ambition when he wrote the book was to become a boy scout at the age of twelve; and as he passed this age in July it is hoped that he has realized it. His book won him an introduction to the President.

"THE WHIPPING"

The Whipping by Roy Flannagan, a Southern writer, is a story of the effect on a community of the whipping of a young girl. Marigold Tate, eighteen, gets one of the youngsters of the town drunk on gin, with the result that his mother inflames the men of the place against her. They don their hoods and visit her at night, whipping her in her bed. She uses her womanly instinct to deadly advantage. Refusing to leave town, she lets the men make love to her and then takes her revenge. The author has not made her any better than she should be. She is unscrupulous, but knows so much more about human conduct than the men do that she is easily victorious. Part of her strategy is to enlist the interest of men who had no part in the night riding and who deprecate such conduct, among them John Toombs, the banker. Although Marigold has the opportunity to capture Toombs, she avoids making him her victim, passing from the scene with a drummer lover. The book is obviously synthetic, but it shows much observation of human behavior and poses a problem that in another day might have interested Henrik Ibsen. (Cape and Smith.)



ROBERT M. COATES
Author of "The Outlaw Years"

"THE FUTURE OF DRINKING"

In the old days essayists used to write about walking tours, conversation, or the art of reading, with occasional facetious references to gormandizing. To-day Gilbert Seldes's book, *The Future of Drinking*, is representative of the essayist looking at life. (Little, Brown & Co.) In this sprightly book, elaborated with drawings by Don Herold, the author rings various changes on the theme without trying to commit himself. He has, however, a wide knowledge of the manners and customs that go with drinking, and his documentation is excellent, his research unsparing. I share with him the belief that the speakeasy is a delusion, serving excellent food and poor and inexpensive liquor, so that there is no pleasure whatsoever in breaking the law; likewise that many homemade cocktails are a trial rather than a temptation. The inevitable result will be complete prohibition, brought about by enraged patrons whose conviviality has dried up. The woman drinker, the place of the drunkard, drinking as religion are considered by Mr. Seldes in a fluent and witty manner.

"COME ON, TEXAS"

We really have very few records of life on battleships—steamships and sailing vessels seem to get all the attention. *Come on, Texas* by Paul Schubert is an exception, and a welcome one, for it treats the famous *Texas* as a well-beloved ship of which the crew is proud. A vessel becomes extremely personal to the sailor—"Seamen have an old subtle sense of mating with their vessels," writes the author. Paul Schubert has followed the record of the *Texas* since her beginning as a coal burner; to-day she burns oil and is the flagship of the fleet. Her big days were in the War, when she joined the Grand Fleet and was present at the surrender of the Germans, and those days are recounted by the author with an affectionate nostalgia. Gun practice, cruises in southern waters, meetings with government officials, greetings for the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy—life on board and what happens when

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a fleet is under way, all these chapters are copiously annotated by the author, who has put the adventure into the mouth of a naval petty officer, as he says. The surrender of the German High Seas Fleet is the climax of the *Texas's* experiences. This book might make an excellent addition to the naval recruiting office libraries. (Cape and Smith.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Black Manhattan by James Weldon Johnson is not fiction but a chronicle of the negro's activities in New York City from its earliest days. (Alfred A. Knopf.) Negroes have had excellent opportunity to become a part of the life of the city and to-day get their best opportunities there. Harlem, the largest negro quarter in the world, is the recruiting ground for artists and actors. Mr. Johnson sees the negro commanding the interest and respect of Americans by his artistic accomplishments, proving that he is a "creator as well as a creature." His book shows that through three hundred years negroes have taken an active part in Manhattan life, serving first as slaves and later as soldiers in the Revolution. Their greatest development has come in this generation.

The Unknown Soldier is another war book, but of another kind. Vernon Bartlett, who collaborated with R. C. Sheriff in the novel *Journey's End*, has set down the story of an Englishman who goes to the War, and in the course of a raid on the German lines gets wounded and is left lying in No Man's Land. Not only his youthful memories but the cruelty and uselessness of war come to his mind, and he rehearses events that made an impression upon him, and comes to the conclusion that war is hateful and is not fulfilling any good object. But he is just as much confused over the stupidity that rules men in peace time. His end is horrible, and the whole book is easily a preachment, for the wrongs suffered by this individual were easily multiplied in actuality. (Stokes.)

Joseph Anthony, who wrote *The Lost Shirt*, a booklet of verse commemorating the late crash in Wall Street, has just come forth with *Casanova Jones*, also in verse. This tells the story of a prohibition agent who tried to reform the world. He was handicapped with a wife who ran a speakeasy and a sweetheart who wrote love poems. That ought to be enough to indicate that the tale is completely cockeyed, and that only life under the eighteenth amendment could have suggested the tale. (Century Company.)

BRILLIANT WORDS ON ALL SUBJECTS

BEAUTY—COMELINESS—GRANDEUR —see

vs. Ugliness	109A
vs. Shabbiness	109C
vs. Dirtiness	129A
vs. Deformity	109B

ASSOCIATIVE

Excellence—Superlativeness	146J
Ornamentation	107A
Jewelry	107C
Arrayal—Clothing	104B

108

VERBS
(See Ornamentation 107A)

ADJECTIVES
admirable, attractive, adorable, worthy of worship, admiration, etc.
adorned, ornate,
alluring, charming,
aesthetic, artistically beautiful,
alamode, dressed fashionably,
arabesque, beautiful in low relief,
attractive, alluring,
august, grand,
Attic, classic, elegant,
beautiful, charming,
beauteous, beautiful,
becoming, seemly,
[illegible], bright,
[illegible]ing,

ADJECTIVES (Continued)
entrancing, fascinating,
exceeding, excellent,
excellent, consummate,
exquisite, delicate,
fair, handsome,
fascinating, captivating,
fashionable, alamode,
[illegible]

ADJECTIVES (Continued)
nonpareil, peerless,
ornate, beautified,
peerless, matchless,
pellucid, beautifully clear,
picturesque, beautiful,
[illegible]

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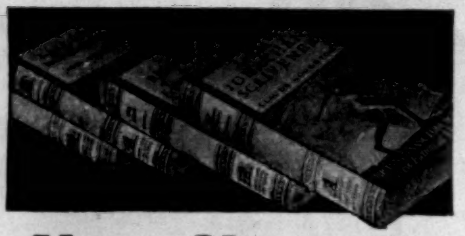

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Writing for Profit by Donald Wilhelm is a practical book. It considers the writing of magazine articles, interviews, publicity, and advertising, and then digresses to verse, fiction, the movies, the talkies, and the radio. It is not long on inspiration or the creative imagination but is for those who want a quick turn-over. It contains the advice of successful editors and advertising men, such as Ray Long, George Horace Lorimer, Arthur T. Vance, Thornton W. Burgess, Rupert Hughes, Earnest Elmo Calkins, Clarence K. Jordan, James O'Shaughnessy, etc. The author is a newspaper and magazine correspondent. (McGraw-Hill Book Co.)

A guide to modernist art which will be useful to business men equipping their offices along new lines is *Modern French Decoration* by Katharine Morrison Kahle, which has just been issued by Putnam's. Usually this is left to an architect, but many suggestions can be gained from perusing this work preparatory to changing interiors. The book describes backgrounds, furnishings, and embellishments and explains the specific qualities of modern art in furniture, emphasizing simplicity and the direct interrelation of beauty and utility.

Wooden Swords by Jacques Deval is the story told by a member of the Service of Supply of the French army during the War. It reveals a French humorist, pokes fun mildly at army officers and methods, and shows that incompetence was not limited to the Americans. Many of the episodes are funny, and none of the humor is slapstick. (Viking Press.)

Courtenay Terrett has written a story of the rackets and racketeering in *Only Saps Work* which reminds one of the tales of the laundry, cleaning and dyeing and artichoke rackets that one finds in newspapers. He sees American industry becoming dominated by rackets—unfair advantages of all kinds, in which the cost is passed on to the ultimate consumer. A sidelight on modern parasitism and a warning of what may develop if nobody objects. (Vanguard Press.)

"PEN NAMES AND PERSONALITIES"

Annie Russell Marble has told the stories of many authors who hide their light under a bushel, or rather, a nom de plume, in *Pen Names and Personalities*. (Appleton.) The use of pen names is historic, and some of the most famous instances occurred in the nineteenth century, when Boz, Currer Bell,

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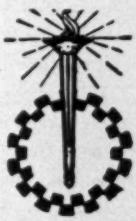

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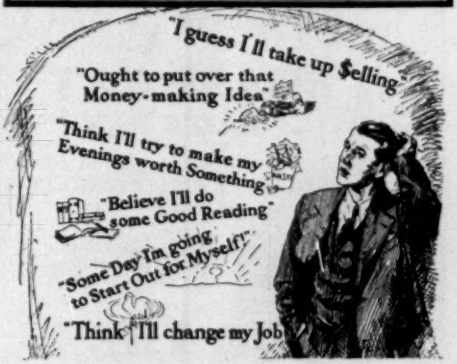
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Elia, Geoffrey Crayon, Ik Marvel, Owen Meredith, Carmen Sylva, Fiona MacLeod, and others were names attached to writings. But the practice is still in use to-day, for is not S. S. Van Dine one of the most widely read of our writers of mystery tales? Miss Marble has traced the origin of many of the names, but her book is not merely devoted to detective work; in addition, she gives many anecdotes and biographical sketches of the authors who bore them. She tells an interesting story about S. S. Van Dine, whose real name is Willard Huntington Wright. "Why he took this particular pen name he explains as well as memory permits. Van Dyne was a family name, which he changed by inserting *i* for *y*. The reason for the S. S. is lost in mystery unless it was suggested by steamship. The author and his publishers were much amused to learn that 'S. S. Van Dine' was found filed with books on steamships in the catalogue of a New England library." Wright turned to detective fiction as a rest from intensive study, and for three years accumulated a library of two thousand books of stories of crime and mystery, after which he had framed, in his own imagination, the plots of three tales centering around Philo Vance, the intellectual detective. Miss Marble tells us also that Lynn Brock is Anthony Wharton, the Baroness Orczy is Mrs. Montagu Barstow, Bennett Copplestone is Frederick Harcourt Kitchin, Frank Heller is Gunnar Lerner, George A. Birmingham is the Rev. James Owen Hannay, Harrington Hext was the pen name used by Eden Phillpotts for a mystery tale, Gordon Holmes is Louis Tracy, Marjorie Bowen is Gabrielle Margaret Long, Pamela Wynne is Mrs. Winifred Scott—and so on, a long list showing that many writers are still using pen names. Sometimes authors are so prolific that they write two or three books a season under various names. This, however, is not the case with Edgar Wallace, whose works multiply month by month and who is probably the most prolific writer of mystery tales in action.

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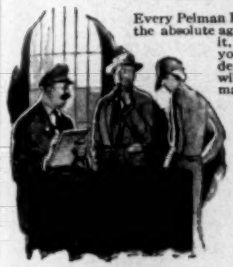

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The radio is bringing in to us several questions about stories, poems, and entertainers who broadcast. For the answers to most of these questions we can only suggest that our correspondents write direct to the stations or the companies which broadcast. We are able to give the names of several of the books from which the poems read during the hour called "Coral Islanders" are taken. One used by the announcer is *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City, $2.00 in cloth binding and $3.00 in leather. *Vagabond's House* by Don Blanding and *Kanaka Moon* by Clifford Gessler, both books of poems about Hawaii and published by Dodd, Mead at $2.00 each, are two of the others. Inquiries about other poems wanted by J. H. Forth, Elizabeth, N. J., will be answered by Mr. David Ross in a letter to Station WABC, New York City. The only two books on the lives of radio "heroes" which we know of are, *Amos 'n' Andy* by themselves, published by Rand, McNally & Co., 270 Madison Ave., New York City, priced $1.00; and *Vagabond Dreams Come True*, being the life of Rudy Vallee, by himself, published by E. P. Dutton Co., 300 Fourth Ave., New York City, selling for $2.50. There are several books by Will Rogers, the comedian, now published in reprint editions by Grosset and Dunlap Co., 1140 Broadway, New York City, 75 cents each. But Mrs. C. S. Townsend, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y., who asks these questions, will have to write direct to E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York City, to learn whether or not they are going to carry out their original plan of publishing Rogers's recent radio talks. . . . Mrs. Arthur M. Pierce, Denver, Col., will find several editions, reasonably priced and with readable type, of the classics. There are: *The Macmillan Pocket Classics*, published, as suggested by the title, by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, cloth bound at 48 cents each; *Everyman's Library*, 75 cents each, E. P. Dutton

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Co., New York City; *The Burt Home Library*, a larger volume than the others named, selling for $1.25 each, A. L. Burt & Co., 114 East 23rd St., New York City. For more modern books there is the *Modern Library*, published by The Modern Library, Inc., 20 East 57th St., New York City, which sells for 95 cents. . . . The latest book by Kathleen Norris is published in the new $1.00 Recent Fiction Edition by Doubleday, Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y. Request for

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this information was made by Mrs. Robert Best, Akron, Ohio. . . . *Black Sheep* by Ruby M. Ayres has not been put into book form, as asked about by Miss Helen R. Keene, Brooklyn, N. Y. She has been unable to get it from her book dealer for this reason. As far as we know there is no publication date on this title. . . . There is a new little book published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., and edited by Clinton Scollard and Jessie B. Rittenhouse, called *The Bird Lovers' Anthology*. This will be most useful to J. R. Kennedy, White Plains, N. Y., who asks for poems about birds suitable for quoting or reading at a boys' camp.

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VOLUME 161 SEPTEMBER 1930

Harpers Magazine

FOUNDING FATHERS AND STRADDLING SONS

BY ELMER DAVIS

A YOUNG man named Periander had become boss—or tyrant, as they called it in those days—of his home town, Corinth, and was desirous of learning his trade from those who knew it best. So he sent a messenger across the sea to a gentleman named Thrasybulus, who had been in the tyranny business for some time, and with notable success, asking him what a young tyrant ought to know. Thrasybulus took the messenger for a walk through a wheat field and listened to his questions, and answered not a word. Only as they walked along Thrasybulus kept looking at the wheat; and whenever he saw a stalk protruding above the rest he neatly snicked off its head. The messenger went home and reported that Thrasybulus was not only a boor who refused to answer questions, but a fool who destroyed his own property. But Periander understood.

There were men of consequence in Corinth, men who towered above the crowd, men who might furnish leaders for an opposition if Periander ever became insufferable. Periander rounded up those men and snicked off their heads as Thrasybulus beheaded the stalks of wheat; and thereafter, though he became insufferable enough, he had his own way in Corinth. It paid him, at the moment, to reduce the intelligence and capacity of the citizen body to the dead level of the average; but in the long run it did much harm to the state, and if Periander, who was the state, had lived long enough, he would have realized that he had merely been committing sabotage on his own property.

All of which is ancient history; but the lesson is so plain that it is rather disturbing to see the American people more and more inclining to follow the policy of Periander. Nothing seems to please the voters so much as snicking off the political head of a man who protrudes above the level of the average, who thinks and speaks for himself instead of falling in with the sentiments of the crowd.

This is an old story perhaps; stiff-

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necked individualists have never been popular with the American voter. (Grover Cleveland may seem an exception; but he got his first presidential nomination because he looked as if he could carry New York, and his subsequent nominations because it would obviously have been suicidal for the party to nominate anybody else.) But the habit seems to be growing worse; and as the rewards of political cowardice and the penalties of courage and independence become more and more obvious, we increasingly see the effects in the morale of politicians. More and more, our chosen rulers try to turn themselves into rubber stamps for the majority, or for any group of voters that can make enough noise to sound like a majority.

We owe this recent decadence very largely to the tactics of the Anti-Saloon League; and a good many people must have felt that it was only poetic justice when, last spring, some of the most loyal servants of that organization suddenly announced that they would change sides as soon as they could be sure it would pay them. When Senator Wesley Jones, author of that famous five-and-ten law that was to dry-clean these states, announced that if his State went wet by referendum he would bow to the will of the people, and when such other stainless knights of prohibition as T. J. Walsh and Morris Sheppard admitted that they might do the same, the late Wayne B. Wheeler's chickens came home to roost.

Now the point about Jones and Walsh and Sheppard is that they are sincere Drys, dry in their personal habits and convictions as well as in their votes; men who honestly believe (in so far as holders of elective office can be said honestly to believe anything) that a victory for the Wets would be a disaster to the nation. But do they stand firm in the breach against the cohorts of the rum rebellion? Not a bit of it. No nonsense of here-I-stand-God-help-me-I-can-do-nothing-else about these heroes. Their motto is, "Here I stand till I see that it would be safer to step down."

Senator Sheppard comes from Texas. A hundred years ago there were men in Texas who did not find it necessary to bow to the majority. Santa Anna had a majority at the Alamo, but Travis and Bowie and Crockett chose to fight it out anyway. Santa Anna had a majority at San Jacinto too, but Sam Houston beat him, and thereby made possible the election of the Honorable Morris Sheppard to the United States Senate. This is what is known as the ascent of man.

Still, you can hardly blame the politicians, granted their sincere belief that self-preservation is the first law of nature. We had in New York a few years ago the notable case of Senator James W. Wadsworth. He was a man of admitted intelligence, capacity, and force; he was a conservative, but that would not have hurt him if he had paid the lip service to liberalism which has been accepted from other men as sufficient indemnity for conservative behavior. Wadsworth talked the way he thought and acted, and thus made enemies. Also he was wet, and his party was dry; so when he ran for reelection in 1926 a dry Republican candidate was set up against him who diverted just enough votes to elect the Democrat.

Did this help men who believed in prohibition and felt that New York ought to have a Senator who would vote for its enforcement? Not at all; Mr. Wagner, the Democrat candidate, was just as wet as Wadsworth. But in the eyes of the Anti-Saloon League the difference between a wet Democrat and a wet Republican was the difference between a free man of color and a fugitive slave. Wadsworth was punished not for being wet but for being honest. Wagner was a man of merit, as it happened; but it was Wadsworth's merit that elected him, not his own.

Al Smith also was candid about his wetness. It does not seem that he could have been elected President even if he had straddled the fence; but he might

have carried one or two more Southern States. These lessons appear not to have been lost on the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt. Whether he is wet or dry nobody knows at this writing; and his friends are doing their best to prevent anybody from finding out before the Democratic National Convention of 1932. There may be some few Democrats who will not vote for a straddler; but no politician would make the mistake of supposing that there are enough of them to count.

When Mr. Dwight Morrow, campaigning for the Republican Senatorial nomination in New Jersey, came out for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, his courage and candor were widely acclaimed. Well, Mr. Morrow has a good record for courage and candor, and he stated the case for repeal very ably; but it takes about as much courage to favor repeal in New Jersey as to favor Mussolini in Rome. Also, within a week after Mr. Morrow's bold pronouncement his friends were going about among the Drys, spreading the rumor that though he talked wet he was really dry; just as wet Eastern Republicans in 1928 insisted that though Hoover talked dry he was really wet. Hoover, it turned out, meant what he said, and probably Morrow did too; but the practical men around them both felt that it would be disastrous for a candidate to be suspected of being the sort of man who would stand by his opinions.

I believe that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would be a good thing for the country; but I think it would be safer for the country to be governed by honest Drys, men who stand by their convictions even if it seems likely to cost them their jobs, than by men who are willing to be wet or dry, whichever seems likely to be to their advantage. Who are these unbending stalwarts I have in mind? I hesitate to name them, for fear that before this is printed they too will have announced that they are ready to bow to the will of the people.

II

Well, if cowardice seems the first requisite of a successful career in politics, whose fault is it? The stream can rise no higher than its source; though as Mr. Owen Wister remarked in HARPER'S for June, it can go considerably lower. Voters who refuse reelection to men who say what they think have only themselves to blame if, in some crisis, we have wobblers in office. Uncle Sam, like Thrasybulus, walks through his wheat field snicking off every head that protrudes above the average level. A statesman who suspects himself of being of more than average stature (and what office holder does not?) very naturally stoops his shoulders, pulls in his neck, and says what he thinks on controversial issues only when he is pretty sure that the majority agrees with him. He may be a coward, but he is at least no fool; he obeys the law of self-preservation. Not even that much can be said for Uncle Sam. Like Thrasybulus, he destroys his own crop, commits sabotage on his own property.

Well, says the patriot, America seems to have got along pretty well, in spite of all this. True; though not quite so true as it was before the 24th of last October. The men who told us in 1928 that it was the virtue of the American people which made us prosperous are telling us now that the virtue of the American people will restore prosperity; but the story is not getting over quite as well as it did two years ago. The American people, on the whole, have displayed immense energy and ingenuity; they have also had the advantage of an unequaled stock of natural wealth; and they have had a great deal of luck—so much luck that earnest citizens are apt to call it not luck but divine favor, and to argue that we are a chosen people.

Another people, once upon a time, regarded itself as chosen; and during one of its political crises a gentleman whose party had fallen from power offered the following parable. "The trees went

forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then the trees said unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

"Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow."

Those were difficult times, when that parable was spoken; the office sought the man, and it is no wonder that the olive and the fig and the vine preferred the peace and comfort of private life to the hazards of public service. But when the trees, in a critical moment, turned to the bramble, he accepted the nomination. He accepted it, no doubt, with a high sense of his responsibility, a firm resolve to do the best he could. But for all his good intentions, he was only a bramble.

We have no such excuse as the trees could have offered; we refuse to give our olives and figs and vines a chance. Sometimes they get into office (usually by behaving as much like brambles as possible during the campaign); but as soon as we find out what we have got, we are likely to beat them when they come up for reelection. Brambles are what we want and what we usually get; and if things ever get really hot, we may not find much shelter in their shadow.

III

The fall from popular favor of a Cleveland or a John Quincy Adams was intelligible enough; they stood for what they conceived to be the general welfare, and the average voter is chiefly concerned with his particular interests or his particular prejudices. But it begins to look as if even representatives of particular interests are likely to be retired from public life if they happen to be sufficiently forceful and outspoken to raise up a crowd of enemies. Consider the case of the Honorable Joseph R. Grundy.

A good many people who own no stock in Pennsylvania factories and have no enthusiasm for a protective tariff were disturbed by the refusal of the Republicans of Pennsylvania to renominate Mr. Grundy for the Senate seat which for a few months he filled by appointment. It is not contended that Mr. Grundy is a great man, or even a wise one; but he is a man, who stands up on his hind legs and says what he thinks, whether people like it or not. You may not think he was a good Senator, but most of the Founding Fathers who started this nation going would disagree with you. He was not their ideal of the perfect Senator; but he was about as good a Senator as most of them would have expected to get.

The Founding Fathers, as every historian knows, distrusted the people. (Schoolboys were not permitted to know it when I went to school.) Some of them distrusted the people more, some less; but in some degree the distrust was general, and the Constitution which they wrote, with its checks and balances, its indirect election of Senators and President, was designed to curb what one of the more liberal of the Founding Fathers called "the turbulence and follies of democracy." They decided to let the people have something to say (though not too much) in selecting their rulers; and then those rulers were expected to be governed, during their stated terms, by their own judgment and their own consciences. The men who made the Constitution had had a classical education—some of them directly, in the schools; others indirectly in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century which

constantly looked back to classical models. Most of them had read, and all of them would have approved, that description of the ideal public servant which a classical author has set down:

"The just man, tenacious of his purpose, is not shaken in his firm resolve by the countenance of the menacing tyrant, or by the passion of citizens bidding him do evil." (Or even, Horace might have added if he had seen so far into the future, by a *Literary Digest* poll.) The Founding Fathers had stood up against the menacing tyrant, and had got rid of him, but it had begun to look as if they had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. *Ardor civium prava jubantium* meant something to men who had lived through the years between Yorktown and the Constitutional Convention, especially men who had something to lose. The turbulence and follies of democracy could not be blamed for all the troubles of those years; weakness and mismanagement and selfishness above played a part, as well as ignorance and selfishness below. But one great source of weakness and mismanagement lay in the fact that delegations in Congress, under the Confederation, acted as ambassadors of the governments of their States. The Founding Fathers had had enough of that. When they wrote into the Constitution the provision that "each Senator shall have one vote" they supposed that he would use that vote according to his own judgment. It never occurred to them that the day would come when the Senator would be only a sort of televox, operated by remote control from back home.

They hoped that just and tenacious men would be chosen for public office and that they would not be shaken by popular outcries; also, that they would govern solely with an eye to the public interest. That was an ideal, and the Founding Fathers knew it. Men who have conducted a successful revolution have seen a good deal of human nature and are unlikely to expect the impossible. They hoped for men dispassionately devoted to the public good; but what they expected to get, in the main, was men who represented the interests of their region and their class. And they felt that by getting together able men and letting them argue out the conflict of interests a tolerable and workable compromise might be achieved.

Now Pennsylvania, in Mr. Grundy, got just about such a representative as the Founding Fathers expected. "I feel that my big job here," he said when he took his seat in the Senate, "is to promote the interests and prosperity of the people of Pennsylvania." Here was unexpected candor. Do the Northwestern Senators with whom Mr. Grundy presently became embroiled admit that they represent the interests and prosperity of Idaho, or Washington, or North Dakota? Not a bit. They vote that way; but when they talk they represent the interests of all humanity.

Mr. Grundy's enemies may say that he identifies the interests of Pennsylvania with those of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, which he organized and directed. Well, in so thoroughly industrialized a State there is some color for that identification. He had been promoting the interests of Pennsylvania and its manufacturers long before the general public had ever heard of him; but he had been working behind the scenes. He was renowned as the most diligent and successful of Republican money getters. He sat in the smoke-filled room where Harding was nominated, and gave his assent; he collected from his industrial friends half a million dollars to help elect Coolidge, seven hundred thousand dollars to help elect Hoover; and he never pretended to be altruistic about it, except in so far as he honestly believed that the welfare of the nation was bound up with the welfare of Pennsylvania manufacturers.

"Because you have enjoyed much," he told his Pennsylvania friends in 1924, "you must contribute liberally in substance and energy." They did contribute liberally; and when the time

came to make a new tariff, Mr. Grundy reasonably held that they had a right to some more enjoyment. He was prepared to help make this tariff, as he had helped make others, by coming down and telling Congress what Pennsylvania wanted; but an accident sent him to the Senate to do his tariff making at first hand.

We all know why Senate committees of investigation have taken the bit in their teeth and run wild in the past few years. It was because one Senate committee, in uncovering the oil scandals, performed a great public service that would otherwise have been left undone. That committee, displaying a universal inquisitiveness, asking some rather brutal questions, made the discovery that very respectable persons had been guilty of grave offenses. The prestige which the Walsh committee earned has been extended to all Senate committees; not unnaturally, Senators have got into the habit of believing that every witness is guilty, and that any amount of prying and bullying is justified, whether it brings up any results or not. (Except, of course, as a more recent instance shows, when the witness happens to be a Bishop who shepherds a few million Methodist votes.) A witness can be punished, and witnesses have been punished, for contempt of the Senate; but Senators are not punished for insults to a witness. So every Senate committee had its witnesses thoroughly cowed in advance, till they got hold of Grundy.

The Founding Fathers would not have understood the great sigh of relief that went up all over the country when at last a private citizen dared to talk back to a Senator. Still less would they have understood the Senators, and the Washington correspondents, who took the things he said as no better than treason or blasphemy. Some of the Founding Fathers came near thinking that virtue was a matter of wealth, others that it was a matter of occupation (Jefferson appears to have believed that there was something inherently holy in farming, and something inherently base in making money by other means); but none of them, so far as I recall, thought it was a matter of geography. Even if they had foreseen the Northwest (Cincinnati was Northwest in their day) they would have failed to understand why all Senators from Northwestern States are supposed to average a higher content of righteousness than Senators from anywhere else.

I do not altogether understand it myself, but I suspect that one reason is that Northwestern Senators take more time off to advertise their righteousness. Also, for years past they have held the balance of power, and used it; the Democrats have been only the tail to the Northwestern kite. They have done some good things, fought well against policies advocated by selfish Eastern interests. But when they dip into the Treasury to help the Northwestern farmer, or vote for a protective tariff on the products of their own States after damning the principle of a protective tariff, they are not governed by selfish interests of their own, but only by the purest considerations of public welfare.

But Grundy, unterrified by all this, told the Northwesterners and their Democratic auxiliaries that some of the States they came from were backward commonwealths, paying so little taxes that they had "no chips in the game." He admitted that Senators from those States might rightfully have their say about such matters as "Junior Red Cross and outdoor relief," but argued that when it came to dealing with the tariff interests of Pennsylvania, "Idaho ought to talk darn small." Now most of us (unless we are Pennsylvania manufacturers) feel that this view is, on the whole, unsound; but it is at least a contestable opinion. Grundy said no more than a good many of the Founding Fathers had said when the Constitution was being framed. He admitted, when pressed, that he thought it had been a mistake to give each State two Senators; he would have had representation in the Senate proportionate to wealth and

population. Well, that doctrine was vigorously advocated in the Constitutional Convention by the larger and wealthier States; the smaller States, very naturally, would not hear of it, so the issue of representation was compromised, like most of the issues that came before the Convention. The compromise worked well—better, in all likelihood, than complete concession to either large States or small would have worked; Mr. Grundy was flogging a dead horse.

But the Founding Fathers would have regarded his opinion as perfectly natural, even if politically unwise. They would not have understood why speaking disrespectfully of Idaho should be regarded, even in Idaho, as the sin against the Holy Ghost.

IV

Mr. Grundy had gallantly stood up for Pennsylvania against the Senate; and the Senate was about to hit back. Mr. Vare, elected Senator from Pennsylvania three years previously, had been kept waiting all this time on the doorstep because he had spent a great deal of money—nearly eight hundred thousand dollars—in getting the Republican nomination. Eight hundred thousand in Pennsylvania is not much more than forty thousand in Idaho, if you count expenditure per head; but that did not matter. The Senate pronounced Mr. Vare unworthy of the high companionship to which he aspired; his seat was declared vacant, the Governor of Pennsylvania had to fill it by appointment, and he appointed Grundy.

Why not? If ever a man had powerfully served the interests of his State, both economic and moral, Grundy was the man. I do not know how far Governor Fisher who appointed him was actuated by this lofty consideration; Grundy had done more than anybody else to get Fisher elected. Still, it was the appointment the situation called for; and it was taken by the whole country as a joke on the Senate. The people laughed, and the Senate sputtered with apoplectic rage. "The appointment," said Senator Wheeler of Montana, "could not be regarded as otherwise than a challenge to the people of the country who believe in a free government, *as well as to the Senate itself*." The italics are mine, in print; I do not doubt that they were also Mr. Wheeler's, in his emotional reaction. At any rate, it soon became evident that the people of the country who believe in a free government were throwing no fits over a challenge to the Senate; the Senate had to home-brew its own indignation, and of course it does that sort of thing very well.

"If the Grundy appointment stands," said Mr. Nye of North Dakota, "it will mean that the Senatorship from Pennsylvania has been awarded to the highest bidder." The ground for this doctrine lay in the fact that more than twice as much money as Mr. Vare spent had been raised for the joint interest of the Senatorial candidate whom he defeated, and of Governor Fisher who was elected at the same time. Mr. Grundy personally had tossed three hundred thousand dollars into the pot, besides raising a good deal more among the manufacturers. It was the theory of high-minded Senators that the whole thing was a bargain; if Vare were refused his seat in the Senate, Fisher was to appoint Grundy.

Be it far from me to say that this was not the case; the intricacies of Pennsylvania politics are too devious for the innocent New Yorker. But there was no proof of it; and on mere considerations of chronology it looks rather improbable. At any rate, the only way the Senate could, with any color of reason, refuse a seat to Grundy was by setting up the doctrine that it had a right to pass on gubernatorial elections in any State. That extraordinary theory was actually advanced. Mr. Nye introduced a resolution setting forth that the spending of so much money in a primary was "destructive of the value and merit of an election climaxing [sic] a campaign of such expenditures." Said Mr. Cutting

of New Mexico (normally a man of sense), "No election was held in Pennsylvania in 1926." For a few days it looked as if the Senate might declare itself a sort of Supreme Inspector of elections all over the country, for Senator, Governor, or dog catcher, to see to it that the will of God and the Northwestern Senators was duly enacted, whether the people liked it or not.

But this was a little too much. There was a general public uproar—or at least a general outburst of newspaper editorials, which is the nearest approach to a public uproar that we are apt to get in this extensive country. Just what are the limitations, if any, on the right of the Senate to be judge of the qualifications of its members, had never been settled; but it was evident that a good many people felt that it was going pretty far to hold that Pennsylvania could send up only such Senators as would have been chosen in North Dakota. The *New York Sun* looked forward to the time, not far distant, when the Senate would consist of three members, Borah, Brookhart, and Blease, all other successful candidates in Senatorial elections having been voted unworthy of membership in that august body.

Newspaper disapproval might not have affected the Senate very much; but about this time some few Senators began to realize the implications of this doctrine—especially Southern Senators. If the principle were established that the Senate could hold that the Governor of Pennsylvania was illegally elected, what was to prevent a Republican majority in the Senate from holding that Democratic Governors of Southern States had been illegally elected? The Nye resolution was quietly shelved, and Mr. Grundy took his seat without further opposition. Victory Number Two for Grundy and Pennsylvania; and a victory, incidentally, for the constitutional principle that no State, without its own consent, shall be denied its equal representation in the Senate. The issue should never have been raised, would never have been raised but by men in whom the hothouse atmosphere of Washington had induced a swollen sense of their own importance. But it was raised, and for the time, at least, it was settled.

If one more reference to the Founding Fathers, who have been dead a long time, may be permitted, it might be observed that they would have been scandalized at the questioning of Mr. Grundy's credentials. Admitting that the sort of Senator Pennsylvania chose might not suit North Dakota, they would have argued that it was none of North Dakota's business. North Dakota could have its remedy by electing, to represent its own interests in the Senate, somebody competent to meet a Grundy on equal terms; somebody more formidable than a Nye.

V

Once in the Senate, Mr. Grundy got to work. A year before he took his seat he had told his friends of the National Association of Woolen Manufacturers that "in Congress, from my experience, the fellow that makes the most noise, and the fellow that makes the most demands, the fellow that keeps his problem in front of him all the time, he gets service." Mr. Grundy's friends had not been getting much service in the Senate till he arrived. The well-organized Republican majority in the House had passed a tariff bill, the highest in history; but in the Senate the Democratic-Northwestern coalition had been chewing it to pieces. The fellow who ought to have made the most noise in support of the Republican program, Senator Smoot, was making only ineffectual noises in his throat; and Jim Watson, titular leader of the administration forces, was displaying a capacity about equal to his enthusiasm. But Grundy went into action and began to get service.

He had never held public office before, except that of Borough Councilman of Bristol, Pennsylvania, but he had dealt with office holders long enough to know what motives actuate them. The ma-

jority of the Senate was opposed to a protective tariff which would fatten producers at the cost of the consumer; but not many Senators would oppose protective duties which might fatten producers in their own States—the people whose votes would reelect them—at the expense of consumers living somewhere else. The tariff, as the unlucky General Hancock saw too soon, is a local issue, or rather a conglomeration of local issues on the good old principle of "I scratch your back and you scratch mine." Mr. Grundy got together enough Senators who wanted protection for their own constituents to make a majority for protection for everybody.

It was an amazing one-man triumph, even if Grundy was unable to hold all his gains when the tariff was turned over to a conference committee. Tariff bills are known by the names of the chairmen of the committees that put them through; but the measure that began as the Hawley-Smoot tariff is already known as the Grundy tariff, and will probably be the Grundy tariff in the histories of the future. Mr. Grundy deprecates this attachment of his name to an act which he came to consider painfully inadequate; he is an idealist, only a tariff as high as Mount Everest would suit him. But it turned out a good deal higher than it would have been if he had not taken hold when Smoot and Watson were licked. They call Grundy a "fighting Quaker"; and a good many people could not help contrasting him with the nonfighting Quaker at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, who waited a year and a half for whatever tariff Congress chose to send up to him.

Victory Number Three for Pennsylvania and Grundy. And then Pennsylvania turned him down. When he came up for nomination in the primary he got half a million votes, against three-quarters of a million for Mr. James J. Davis. What are the merits of Mr. Davis, that he triumphed so brilliantly? He has been Secretary of Labor in three cabinets, but he never made much impression on the public till last winter, when he insisted fervently that there was no unemployment problem; and then that there had been one last month but was none this month; and so on. Grundy may not be a tall cedar of Lebanon, but Davis has shown no evidence that he is anything but a bramble.

What was the matter with Pennsylvania? Well, Mr. Vare and the Philadelphia vote which he controls opposed Grundy; the Pennsylvania Railroad opposed him; labor opposed him. Also certain local politicians on whom he had counted went over to the enemy. When even Pennsylvania political experts called it a confusing primary, it is not for the outsider to attempt to probe these inscrutabilities. But if there had been any gratitude in Pennsylvania, or intelligent understanding of the interest of the State, Grundy would have been nominated without opposition. He has his faults, and he wears them on the outside where everybody can see them; but he is a man, and there are not so many men in the Senate that we can afford to spare him. He has done good service for Pennsylvania; if other States think he has done a disservice to the nation, let them send men to the Senate who are good enough to withstand him.

Mr. Nye of North Dakota, meanwhile, had been appointed chairman of a special committee to investigate campaign expenditures in Senatorial primaries, the Senate having abandoned for the moment the contention that it was the Grand Elector of state officers as well. In his capacity as Eye of the Senate, Mr. Nye watched over this primary, and found nothing in it to which he could object. No wonder, since by its own vote Pennsylvania had deprived itself of its equal representation in the Senate.

VI

Governing the United States is a big job; it needs men of courage and farsightedness. How can we bring men like that back into public life? Well, we

are so tangled up in the machinery of political organization that we cannot do much all at once. We can only, as each opportunity arises, vote for men of courage and against pushovers, in the hope that eventually the politicians will realize that it is safe to nominate men who are not afraid to stand up.

Ten years ago the President of the United States had been defeated on a highly important issue by a party in the Senate; and on that conflict fought out within the framework of the government, the voters were about to pass judgment in a great and solemn referendum. The result of that referendum was a foregone conclusion, so it is a purely academic criticism that the Democrats ought to have renominated Wilson, whose record was their record; or, if illness disqualified him, ought to have nominated McAdoo who was in the dynastic succession, instead of picking a candidate who had had nothing to do with the Wilson administration.

But the Republicans ought to have nominated Lodge. He was a man of courage, capacity, and shrewdness (whatever else you may think he was); he had to be, to win that fight over the treaty. Also he was the incarnation of the leading issue. In a country governed by the parliamentary system, it would have been a matter of course that Lodge should succeed Wilson. It had been shown that the President could not govern in the face of serious opposition in the Senate; it was then the Senate's turn to govern, to put into force its own policies after it had rejected the President's.

The Senate chose to govern, but from behind the curtains. Its own foreign policy was purely negative so it did not insist, as it might have done, on the appointment of a Secretary of State who would represent its views. To do that would have entailed responsibility, would have required initiative, the difficult mental labor of working out an affirmative policy. The Senate preferred to hold its veto over the Secretary of State; and for the presidency the dominant Senatorial group chose a man whose sole merit was that there was nothing against him—then.

Mr. Harding did the best he could, tried as well as he knew how to live up to his job; but he was a bramble and there was room for nobody but the Ohio Gang in his shadow. Who was to blame for the corruption of Harding's administration—Harding, or the men of greater capacity who selected him rather than undertake the burdens of the presidency themselves? Or the voters, we the people of the United States, whose behavior for a hundred years had taught the politicians that they could safely nominate an incompetent man?

Well, we survived Harding; why worry? What difference does it make who is President? A good many people asked that question in the days when the only real interest of the American people was the rising stock market. As Mr. Bernard Faÿ put it, if we nominated candidates who meant something and fought elections on real issues, all sorts of bitterness might be stirred up; but when elections were only auctions won by the bidder who promised most prosperity, nobody need take them seriously. That was a plausible doctrine in the Seven Fat Years; I find, on reflection, that I have advocated it myself, in the pages of this magazine. But in the Year Two of the Era of the Abolition of Poverty it begins to seem that we might be a little more careful in choosing our rulers. The time may come when this nation will have to hunt the shade, and will not find much of it under a bramble.

But have we not survived every crisis? Yes, we have, so far. We won our independence and established a nation thanks to a generation of statesmen who were about the ablest lot of men that has ever served any nation in modern times. Some of those men were good politicians, but few of them could be elected to public office to-day. We muddled through to a draw in the War of 1812

because England was busy with Napoleon; we had no other foreign wars with serious adversaries till we got into trouble with the Germans. Then we proved the organizing ability for which America is renowned by being ready to fight a year and a half after war was declared. If we had got into that war single-handed, if we had not had allies to hold the enemy off till we got ready, the loss of a single fleet action would have ruined us.

We have recovered from panic after panic—because of our innate virtue and industry? Perhaps; but our immense natural resources helped; also the fact that any man who was dissatisfied at home could go West and homestead a quarter section. We have about come to the end of that happy time, and perhaps our natural resources will not last forever. We have learned a good deal lately about cushioning the shock of panics; but the optimists who wrote the obituary of the "business cycle" were a little premature. We may have latent in the citizen body as much governmental ability as the great Revolutionary statesmen displayed; but it rarely tries to run for office, and when it does we enthusiastically reject it, and choose somebody who announces that his private convictions will never be allowed to stand in the way of the people's will.

Once, in a crisis, we got a Lincoln. Providence? Maybe; it certainly was not popular foresight. Nobody knew that Lincoln was Lincoln when he was elected; and his subsequent conflicts with the leaders of his party suggest that if his quality had been appreciated he could never have got the nomination. We can hardly count on Providence to deal us a Lincoln off the bottom of the deck every time we need one.

A MEXICAN PARTING

BY WITTER BYNNER

THEY were mother and son,
Their visit done.
The mother on the curb, as straight as a wooden saint,
Threw quickly into the air toward the bus a kiss
That was his.
There was no word spoken.
Even when the bus began to stir,
How could he look at her?
Only when it rumbled away from the plaza and the hind
wheels were turning the corner, was the veil of
constraint
Broken
And, like a last faint light in evening heaven,
His one small look given.

THE QUEER ISLAND

A STORY

BY LORD DUNSANY

IT WAS the same fog that we'd had for a week. Trees, when seen, were spectral, full of vague omens. Houses were outlines of windows appearing out of one dimness. But one turned away from these things to the warmth and light of a room. We were before the fire again at the Billiards Club, a slightly narrower circle. Not that we were fewer than when Jorkens had told his story about the large diamond three or four days ago; but it was colder, and we moved in nearer the fire. Jorkens was there again, and silent—a little, what shall I say? Well, one must rest a bit after lunch to digest one's food; he was merely resting. And another member had taken the opportunity to tell a tale of his own. It had been a long, long story, obviously an attempt to emulate Jorkens, and at last it drew to its close. "And at those words," the teller of it was saying, "my blood ran cold." This kind of climax coming on top of the dull tale was somehow more than we could stand without some sort of protest.

"Can words ever make one's blood run cold?" asked one.

"Why not?" said the storyteller.

"But not the mere words; not cold," said the other.

"Yes they can," said Jorkens.

I had thought that he was asleep.

We all turned to Jorkens then. But the critic stuck to his point. "Well, what were the actual words?" he asked Jorkens. "Can you remember them?"

"Yes, well enough," said Jorkens.

"Well, what were they?"

"The actual words," said Jorkens, "were: 'Now Arthur Tibbuts, don't think that just because you are English you can pick a quarrel with whom you please.'"

"Doesn't sound very—"

"No," said Jorkens, "but they made my blood go cold, all like slush in a thaw; and the goose-flesh came out, and that made all the little hairs on my hands go up on end. You're wrong about words not being able to do that, because they did it, and on a warm day too, away at the far end of the Mediterranean."

Marden, who doesn't usually listen to Jorkens' tales with much patience, was the first to ask for the story. Probably he thought that Jorkens was bluffing, and may have anticipated that a challenge to prove his words might quieten Jorkens for some days. Anyhow, Jorkens began. And just about then I remember the fog came down in earnest; the white lines of the windowsills opposite disappeared, and only the yellow lights of those that were not curtained shone from across the way; all else was a bank of darkness going dimly into dark sky, which hung on the roofs so heavily that you could scarce tell them apart.

"Yes," said Jorkens, "it was in the Mediterranean. Some while ago now. A little rocky island over at the far end. I'd gone there with a young fellow, Sir Richard Isden; still alive, only grown respectable. Oh, damned respectable. One of the brightest young fellows I ever knew. One of the very brightest."

"What? Isden?" said one of us.

"Isden?" said Jorkens. "No, no, no. Sits on committees. The blood of his aunts came out in him. I don't mean him. I mean the young Dick Isden I knew when he was twenty. A very different thing. Time makes queer changes."

"Really," said someone meditatively, thinking of the Sir Richard Isden he knew.

"Queer changes," said Jorkens. "Well, Dick Isden began as he ended. But he wasn't like that always. I knew him first, meeting him quite by chance while he was out for a short walk. He lived with two aunts in the little village of Bothnor, in a small house called The Lilacs, right on the village green. They had caught him quite young, for his father died when he was five, and he had never known his mother. There was no one else to dispute their claim, so it seemed that there was no escape for him. They never sent him to school; they wanted him where they could always watch over his health. And every morning the two old ladies would open the Bible together, at any page, just by chance, to see what should be done with Dick. They always found something that they could twist, and that decided Dick's amusements for the day. Well, perhaps amusements isn't the right word but, whatever it is, that's how they decided it. And some episode that had occurred between him and their underhousemaid (nipped in the bud, I expect) had given them a horrible hold on him. Well, this had been going on for years when I got into conversation with him on that short walk that they had allowed him for the good of his health, and because it coincided with a walk that Julius Cæsar had taken, which they had just been reading about. Not in the Bible, isn't he? Well, someone who was.

"He interested me as soon as I saw him coming along; there was a sort of look in his eye that you might see in the face of an eagle that had got shut up in a very small, pretty cage and was being fed on bird-seed, if you quite follow me, and we got into conversation. It seemed that he didn't mind their Bible so much; what he couldn't stand was when it came to their hymns, and it very often did.

"He very soon told me all about his life—if you can call it a life—and his aunts. Was that really the right way to live, he asked me? He knew that his aunts did everything for the best, but was I sure they were always perfectly right? He had sometimes wondered, you see.

"Well, I felt like a swimmer who had chanced to swim right onto a drowning man. Why not save him? So I said he must judge for himself; but, so as to be quite fair to the aunts, he should see a bit of the world first. Do you know, from the way he looked, I really don't think he knew that there was a world. How should he do that, he asked? I suggested Paris. He became thoughtful at that, and in the end said no. 'They'd have spies there,' he said.

"'Spies?' said I.

"'Not exactly,' he said, 'but there's sure to be one person there that they'd know. And they'd hear from that person at once. They've an awful knack of getting information.'

"And I saw that he might be right. Quite a bright young fellow. And then I thought of some islands that I knew, knocking about the world as I have done, so far away from that kind of aunt and all their ways that not a single bony finger, far as they reach, could ever close on his wrist there; where no whisper of minatory advice could blow; not a threat, not a warning. I thought of the journey through France, when winter is with us still, and you come in the morning to the almond and peach blushing into bloom in the south. And then the Mediterranean. Oh, that sea!—Waiter, another whiskey— And these islands at the far end of it, all bathed in summer forever.

"It was autumn when I met Dick and went and called on his aunts. You may think me not quite the kind of caller those aunts would expect. My dear

fellow, I was ideal. Young Dick hadn't unburdened his heart to me for twenty minutes when I knew their pattern exactly. I was a good example, a steadying influence, a light where there was darkness. Yes, all that, I assure you, every word of it. But it was autumn in that house, autumn forever. The aunts' hair, their jet brooches, their thoughts, their phrases, the antimacassars on the chairs, the fading photographs, all the ornaments in the room—they were all autumnal things, all waning, weakening forces.

"I hung about the place for a few days, dropping in to tea and talking like a steadying influence, and a light where there was darkness; and if I'd done it a few days longer they would have given Dick over to me with their own hands. But I couldn't. That autumnal air that brooded over The Lilacs made me too sad. I couldn't stand any more of it. There was a beauty in their old ways and their old outlook. But it was all too sad. And there was Dick like a crocus, being covered up with dead leaves.

"So one day I stole Dick. It was better that way. No breach of trust. Though the metaphors they used about me! I assure you you might search through all the minor prophets and never find anything to equal them. It's no use arguing about it, because I had them all down in writing, in letters they sent to Dick. Magnificent beyond words. They were just born prophets. Wrong time and wrong country of course; but if one of them had gone up and prophesied against a city somewhere in, say, Assyria a few thousand years ago, well that city would simply have wilted. I'm pretty tough, and it takes more than that to ruffle me. And if you'd asked me in those days if any words could affect me at all, I'd have said, as you did just now, that the idea was all nonsense. Then, that was a week or so before I heard the woman on the island say those words that I told you. Well, I'll get on with the story.

"It was autumn, as I said; Kent all golden with it. I'd told Dick about that island, sleeping with summer, out of the way of those aunts. He'd plenty of money; I bought all the tickets; and we slipped away from The Lilacs one day immediately after breakfast; and the same morning we were leaving London for Folkestone. Next morning when we woke, Provence was smiling around us, mellowed by a milder autumn than ever comes north of France. White rocks, black cypresses, and all the gold of autumn raced past us through the morning; and so we reached Marseilles. And a lot I could have shown him in Marseilles; but he was too shaken by all those years with his aunts, to have let himself go even there. I could see it by the uneasy way he glanced sideways, without turning his head, at anyone who looked like coming from England. So we just dined at a place I knew of and went on board our boat, and she pushed out of Marseilles harbor from under the protection of Notre Dame de la Garde the next morning somewhere about seven. High up in some mountains along the coast winter was lurking in uplifted valleys; southwards the Mediterranean promised us summer again.

"Dick wouldn't say a word to the other passengers. The shadows of those two aunts were over him still. I knew they'd lift, but not yet.

"That night we passed through the straits of Bonifaccio, with their long line of lighthouses. 'What's that street?' said Dick. Lord, but the world was new to him.

"A large lake only ruffled by our screw seemed to lie round us next morning, too serene for any sea. Oh, the beauty of it! And to think that it's shining there now!

"I went to the forecastle head and looked down into that blue sea, like a sapphire before us, but, level with us on our port side, too dark for a sapphire, where the ghost of the shadow of our ship lay faint on the water. At our prow a white fountain danced over the sea before us;

and with us went the only wave in that part of the Mediterranean, a black wave bursting into light blue as it fell, then leaping up in white foam. The sky one dome of blue but for the frown of Stromboli.

"That night we passed through the golden straits of Messina, all twinkling and flashing. And the night after, a little before morning, we got to Crete and anchored. That was, I think, a Saturday; and as a ship for the islands only left on Fridays, we hung about a bit in Crete. There was quite a pretty girl there; several in fact, but Dick soon spotted the prettiest; and I saw him looking at her in a thoughtful way. You see he was still puzzled what to do about anything without the aunts to look up a text for him. We might have stayed quite a while in Crete, but I was bent on saving this poor lost soul as completely as it could be saved, and I had set my heart on taking him to this island I knew of, where the spring flowers come up in sheets in January, and the girls are lovelier than the flowers. So we went on the Friday, and that brought us into December. The absurd little steamer took us nearly a week to get there, stopping at various islands. I remember she was called *The Queen Regent of Palermo.*

"Why? I don't know. Never was such a person so far as I've heard. As well ask me why we call a ship *The Empress of Ireland.* It's the sort of name some ships get.

"The islands were pinky yellow, when first we saw them, under pinky yellow clouds; far, far off, so that you could not always tell which was a cloud and which was an island, except for the pale blue shadows the island had. It made them strangely mysterious to see them so like the clouds. It made one feel that they might float away. It made one understand how they got all mixed up with legend—the Cyclades and all that. But at evening the clouds seemed to come down closer upon them, and to turn black with the islands. This fellowship of the fantastic shapes of the air with the queer wild rocks below them really gave me quite an uncanny kind of feeling, and it was this as much as anything that prepared my mind to associate this rugged rocky company with the legends which had haunted them through the ages. That point of view may seem silly, sitting here in the fog, but when one actually saw a ship, with her sails all black with nightfall, slip out of sight into one of those tiny harbors one forgot for the moment that Odysseus was about three thousand years dead.

"Well, night came down on the islands, and some seemed asleep, and some like boxes of jewels, open and all heaped up, handfuls and handfuls of rather yellowy diamonds, and here and there a ruby; and trees invisible to us in the night, but revealed by a trembling of shadows over the lights, as though a ghost were passing. And in the morning we came to the one I was looking for, a little thing you would never have seen on the map; it was called Inos. Girls from a little white village were standing along the wharf to see our ship come in, slender, tall figures very straight and supple, brownish complexion and bright fluttering clothes. I turned to Dick and just said, 'There are no aunts here.'

"Dick was no fool. He was only cowed. A fool would have argued that there must be aunts everywhere. But he understood, and his eye brightened, like the sea when a shadow passes: at last the memory of the aunts was lifting.

"Well, we played about there for some weeks, staying at a little kind of an inn. Oh, dear me, I suppose we've all been young, but often in this fog I forget it, forget it altogether and really don't believe that I was ever young at all. I can't remember, I can't remember at all. It doesn't seem possible that all that sunlight shone, and all that laughter was rippling along little hills in the evening. And I wouldn't tell you anything that I was not sure was true. It's no use; I forget it all.

"Well, it's very good of you. One doesn't really need it. But it's very good of you. And this fog. Thanks, I will. Well, here's luck. What was I saying? Ah, yes, those golden girls; and spring beginning in January. Well, as I was saying, we played about awhile. And young Dick was really wonderful. The very, very brightest lad you could reasonably expect to meet. Of course there were little difficulties now and then, but I'm not going to talk of those: I was older than he, knew more of the world, and I smoothed them over. About that time the first letters arrived. Never mind them, either. They described Hell very graphically. As I said before, those letters were perfectly magnificent. A natural prophetic style. But, good Lord, I'd *saved* him from Hell, as *I* saw it. No, what I was going to say was that about that time Dick came to my room one morning with a thoughtful look in his eye and said that there was a woman who was perfectly wonderful whom he had come across in the village while she was shopping. There was a rocky hill in the center of the island, and a large white house half way up, with wide courts open to the air, their roofs resting upon white pillars—she lived there. She'd asked Dick and me to stay, and Dick was thinking about going. Well, why not? That was all I had to say. And we went.

"Now this woman, it's no use my trying to describe her. You won't see her for any words of mine. She was dark, she was rather tall, she was rather slender: that's all I can say. You see she had a most astounding beauty, and that isn't a thing there is a recipe for. It can't be acquired by having certain features, and it can't be described in words. She wasn't so very dark either; there was a clear touch of auburn in her hair, and her skin was no darker than the southern sun would make anybody's. Her eyes were dark, but that's saying nothing. There was an enormous power in them, and a flash of them seemed able almost to petrify a man. I've felt it on myself, and I never quite knew what was going to happen; there have been times when I felt that in another moment . . . but that comes later in my story; as yet she had not even looked at me. But that power was always there, and not over men only. I've seen her frighten a leopard by gazing at him—she kept leopards. And she spoke perfect English. The beauty of her face and the terrible power of that steady, quiet gaze of hers are things I shall remember still when I remember nothing else. And that's what Dick in the very newness of his heart came on one day when she was shopping. Her dog had attacked her, and Dick had driven it off. That was their introduction. I remember picturing her as a poor, weak little thing if she couldn't control her own dog. Good Lord, she had hideous power. Her dog attacking her was of course just a put-up job, to attract Dick. That dog had to do what it was told when those eyes flashed at it. I soon learned that.

"But Dick would never see it. It was just one of those things that his aunts had never taught him. Not that they didn't know. You see women have got a sort of Trades Union that we know nothing of. They meet every seven years or so, though I don't know where, and tell those present all the tricks that are known, and communicate them to the rest by some means we know nothing about. It must be so when you come to think of it, or how could quite young girls know as much as they do? Well, perhaps I'm wrong. I certainly wasn't able to convince Dick.

"I soon saw how it was with Dick: it was a grand passion—if you can quite describe as a grand passion anything that lasts only a few weeks. Anyhow, it was while it lasted. There she was showing him about her lovely southern garden, with the early flowers flaring against the rocks, and her two tame leopards slinking up and down, and Dick going everywhere after her just like a pet lamb.

"I didn't interfere. She and her leopards were a lot better for him, to my

way of thinking, than those aunts and their canaries.

"And so the early spring wore away with her and Dick as the early spring wears away with everybody. Dear me, it was dull for me sometimes, looking on, and remembering my own early spring, which wasn't coming again, even then: it's just all damned fog now. Well, look at it.

"I wasn't jealous of Dick, only regretful; and I'd no cause to be that. It was a lovely house, a beautiful time of year, a perfectly enchanted country. The only thing I didn't care about in all her wonderful hospitality was the way she had of keeping pigs in the house. I didn't mind the dogs, but pigs and leopards were too much. You never knew what you were going to run up against in any room, from goats to, well, anything. Of course it would have been absolutely intolerable but for her wonderful command of them all. As it was, one just stood it.

"Of course I counted for nothing there. She was looking dreamily at Dick all the time. Right past me if I happened to be nearer. I doubt if she could see me at all. And Dick was a good fellow, but he had forgotten me. And that's how it was far on into February.

"And then one day he seems to have begun asking questions. Where did she come from? How did she learn English? Who were her parents? What was her name? For she only gave us a Christian name, if you can call it such a thing; and even that she varied, sometimes as often as two or three times a week, according to what flower might be coming up in her garden. And of course the answers he got were of no use at all. Sometimes she said she came from the air, sometimes from the sea. She said she was blown by the wind from some snow on the mountains of Crete. She said she was thistledown, massed rose-petals: anything that came into her head. You know, that kind of answer can be very annoying to a young man that really wants to know.

"So one day at the end of February, on a morning bright as a dewdrop, under a hyacinth sky, when such a thought should have been inconceivable, he asked some question about which day ships left the island. As a matter of fact, it was on alternate Thursdays. But she never said so; she just stood and gazed at him. However, he stuck to his point; he couldn't stay there forever; he had a business paper to sign when he came of age, and a horse to buy, and one thing and another; and which day did ships leave the island? Do you know, she never said a word to him. I was the man that got the whole brunt of it. And she hadn't been able to notice me for nearly a month. I got the brunt of it suddenly, all in one moment, when she said those terrible words, that I don't repeat willingly even to-day and after all those years because there seems to be still an echo about them of the icy shudder they brought me when she said them first to her dog. Yes, she was in the large hall in the center of her house, white marble everywhere, and a pig or two lying on it, and one of the leopards that she had brought in from the garden; and her bulldog, who liked the leopard little enough out of doors, furious with it for being in the house, and snarling and wanting to rush at it: she standing there like a witch-queen, and I just coming in at a door behind her, and you have the whole picture. And just as I did come in I heard those words to her bulldog; and I tell you they froze my blood; my heart actually stopped for a beat or two and my blood turned cold, and my pulses seem to remember it to this day. 'Now Arthur Tibbuts,' she said, 'don't think that just because you're English you can pick a quarrel with whom you please.'

"The woman herself, her island, right on the course, so far as we know, that Odysseus must have steered coming home from Troy, would have been enough by itself; but there was more than that to turn my blood to ice. I had known one Arthur Tibbuts, known him in London well, and he had traveled east

one day, and had disappeared as completely as Browning's Waring."

"Good Lord," said someone quietly.

"Well, you can imagine that I went to Dick pretty quickly, and told him that you could not play fast and loose with these island women. I don't know what I told him, anything that came into my head. Told him they all carried knives; told him they had a bad way with absconding lovers, an old island custom. I knew that a woman like that would want change in a year or two, anyhow, from young Dick Isden. But, for the present I told him he must wait, and that it was not safe to be seen even thinking about that ship that was going on Thursday week, not that I told him which day it went. And Dick didn't care a damn. And I saw that I couldn't frighten him.

"What was I to do next? He saw that I was absolutely stricken with horror. And there was he young and smiling, but he hadn't heard what she had said to the dog. And I wasn't going to tell him. Well, I went straight to her and said to her, 'Madame Anemone (that was the name she was going under just then), I heard what you said to that dog.' And she said, 'What's done can't be undone.' And I said, 'Maybe, but don't hurt young Dick.' And she said, 'Then tell Dick not to play fast and loose.'

"Those were the only words that passed between us, with the dog and the leopard looking at her eyes as she spoke, to see if everything was all right, and I dumbly trusting that, if she was what I feared, there was yet a certain rough justice even among cruel gods, as I had learned from legend on legend; and in the hope of which I now sheltered, for I had done her no wrong.

"I went straight back to Dick and denied everything I had said about vengefulness, and knives, and island customs, and told him she was just a simple, trusting girl who knew nothing of the big world from which Dick had come. Yes, I said all that to him. And I put it to him as a sort of 'noblesse oblige' between one who knew the big world, like Dick, and one who only lived like one of the flowers after which she childishly named herself in a dell of this tiny island away at the back of beyond.

"And Dick asked, 'Does she want a ring and all that?'

"And I, who knew she only cared for essentials, said a simple, trustful girl like her would never make a fuss about anything of that sort.

"And in the end he stayed. And I hung about for a while. I believe I was useful to him, doing all sorts of odd jobs, chiefly seeing that the wild sort of men whom she employed about the place to look after her animals, and one thing and another, did their work while she wasn't looking. When she was looking they daren't do anything else. Worked with the sweat streaming from them for as long as they were under her eye.

"But as soon as the summer began to get too hot I cleared off and came back to these fogs. And glad I was to get safely back to them; for, day or night, I never quite knew."

And Jorkens gazed past us out into the darkness, as though his thoughts had not wholly come home to London yet. It was all he had to say. And whatever doubts we had, no one as yet had obtruded them, while we listened to his story rambling on, with the streak of poetry that there was deep down in Jorkens coming almost in sight of the surface or sinking back as the whiskey rose or waned in him. But now that he had ceased and we looked at London again, all robed in that cloak it so often wears in November, and at all the little familiar things in the room, I am not exaggerating if I say that there was not one of us who believed him. For a while we sat perfectly silent. Then someone said, "But do you mean that you really think she was Circe?"

"No," said Jorkens, "I know she wasn't. It turned out, so far as we were able to find, that she was a Mrs. Harbett who had lived a pretty fast life in London."

"Then what are you getting at?" said the other member. "Why did you tell us Tibbuts had disappeared from London? Why did she call her dog by that name? What is the meaning of it?"

"Well," said Jorkens, "you know what women are. I suppose she knew it would get round to Dick through me, and I suppose she counted on me keeping him if I got some sort of queer idea about it all. And Lord knows I did. Anyway, he stayed. Oh, yes, they married, to some extent, and lived happily, well, not ever after, but till she grew tired of him, and then he came away. But you wouldn't think it to see him at a board meeting, would you?"

He turned his eyes back meditatively to the fog. "You see," he said after a while, "one never knows."

TWO BY A GRAVE

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

"HE'S mine!" one said. "He married me
Ten years ago, fine Miss!
Why there is Betty's grave and Tim's
And Lou's, a-side o' his!"

"You lie! the priest will say you lie!
You have a hateful face!
He married me in Chile
At Galapagos' place."

"You fool! he never sailed in ship
That went around the Horn!"—
"You may have children underground,
But I have one unborn."

"He's mine!" one said. "No, he is mine!"—
From off the graveyard trees
The slow leaves fell till both of them
Were buried to the knees.

RACKETEERS AND ORGANIZED LABOR

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

WITHIN the last decade gangsterism, or racketeering, has become a powerful factor in America's national life. In our larger cities all sorts of racket "wars" are going on day and night; wars in which dynamite, gunfire, daggers, arson, blackjacks, and fists, or fear of such violence decide economic and other issues.

There are now in the United States hundreds of men whose sole or principal occupation is to dynamite and "touch off" buildings and commit murder and slug people in the interest of others. They charge regular fees for "jobs" according to the importance thereof. They sell their services any time, anywhere, for almost any purpose, to almost anybody who has the need of a good assassin, dynamiter, firebug, or slugger, and the price of the fee.

There are tailor shops in New York City and Chicago, and perhaps elsewhere, which specialize in making clothes for gunmen, with leather-lined holster-pockets to conceal weapons.

All sorts of industries and enterprises are coming under the control of gangsters. But, perhaps, the most egregious development of racketeering is within the organized labor movement. In some of our great industrial centers big labor unions are being dominated by gangsters; others—not all, of course—are in immediate danger of such domination.

The following appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* of April 20, 1930:

> Organized labor in Chicago stands in peril of being delivered into the hands of gangsters, according to labor leaders who expressed their fears to-day. Already several unions, rated as the most powerful and active in the city, have been taken over completely by Alphonse (Scarface Al) Capone and his crew of gangsters, it was pointed out. Other leading unions are being forced to pay monthly tribute to stave off the gangsters.
>
> In the background of the gangsters' aim for union rule lies the equally significant danger to the building trades industry, pointed out by builders and contractors, who have a mental picture of the tribute they would be forced to pay when their chances of completing a job lie in the hands of Capone's gangsters.
>
> Beyond this rich field of plunder lies Capone's new harvest ground, already revealed, the field of political patronage. For with the unions under his domination the gang boss would become a political power, able to swing many thousands of labor votes to servile candidates and officials. . . .
>
> The gang chief's power has had its effect also on leaders of the Building Trades Council, according to reports, which have it that the labor men feel themselves helpless to stem the inroads being made by the racketeers on their organizations. Some of the union heads, in fact, have gone to Capone seeking his help in meeting the demands of other gangsters.

This is not exaggerating the situation in the least; on the contrary, it is putting it mildly. Gangsterism is making great strides in the field of organized labor in America, and I think very little, if anything, can be done about it. Labor racketeering, as it has begun to develop in the United States, is a natural and even inevitable product of powerful and chaotic social and economic forces that have been operating in this country uncontrolled since the beginning of the New Industrialism back in the mid-'60s.

To understand the phenomenon, one must bear in mind that gangsterism had its beginnings and early development as a vital factor in what the radicals call the Class Struggle, and that its history is inextricably tied up with the history of organized labor.

II

Violent labor racketeering existed in America on a large scale even before there was any gangsterism as we have it to-day. Shortly after the Civil War there appeared in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania a secret organization of Irish miners called the Molly Maguires, whose chief method of attaining better working conditions was murder. The tradition of Molly Maguire terrorism reaches back into Ireland of the first half of the 19th century, where there lived then a dynamic dame, Mrs. Molly Maguire, whose great hate of the feudal system in her country found its vent in forming and directing bands of killers calling themselves Molly Maguires who murdered landlords and their agents when they mistreated their tenants. In the '50s the Mollies were suppressed in Ireland, whereupon many of them emigrated to America and went to work in the Pennsylvania coal mines, where economic and social conditions were no better than in the Old Country. Long hours and low wages were the rule, and disasters taking hundreds of miners' lives occurred weekly; the profit-crazy operators had little care for the workers' safety, and there were no effective unions to coerce them into bettering the conditions.

Under the stimulus of evil conditions, the Mollies reorganized in Pennsylvania and in a few years had over six hundred lodges in the State. They were all good Catholics and opened their meetings with prayers, after which they discussed their troubles and grievances, fixed the blame therefor upon this or that mine owner or boss, and matter-of-factly decided to kill the "tyrant." The killers nearly always escaped; if one of them got caught, brother Mollies were ever on hand, ready to swear that the man had been in their company every minute upon the night of the murder.

In a few years scores of bosses were murdered; only those lived who provided safety and raised the wages in the mines where Irishmen worked. By and by, using the same drastic methods, the Mollies invaded the political field and began installing into office mayors and judges who were members of the order (just as nowadays racketeers put their own men into public offices). Also, by killing off regular labor leaders whose chicken-hearted methods they scorned, they seized control of non-secret labor unions, called strikes and threatened with death any striker who, starving, might have been inclined to return to work before they chose to call off the strike.

By the mid-'70s the Mollies controlled large communities. They assassinated judges and district attorneys who ventured to prosecute Molly murder-suspects. It was suicidal for a mine boss to refuse to employ an Irishman, or to give him a "hard" instead of a "soft" job.

Then, in '75, after a series of especially gruesome killings, an operator hired a Pinkerton detective, an Irishman, who went to work in the mines, joined the Mollies and, by becoming a "Molly of Mollies," *i.e.*, a killer of the first order, gained the confidence of the leaders, whereupon he turned them over to the authorities of the State of Pennsylvania. A score of them were tried, and eleven of these hanged.

Thus ended the first big racket—a labor racket—in America in which violence was employed. But the Molly Maguire spirit, constantly stimulated by the evil working conditions in industry, went marching on through the '70s, the '80s, and the '90s into the current century, and it marches on to-day with a firmer step than ever before. Years ago Eugene Debs celebrated the executed Mollies as the first and foremost martyrs in the American labor movement, and they are considered as heroes to-day by

not a few leaders and members in some of the "conservative" unions.

III

The period marked by the rise and fall of the Mollies witnessed also the beginnings of criminal gangs in the cities, as a phase of the Class Struggle.

In most civilized countries in the last century all powers of repression, coercion, and aggression were in the hands exclusively of the state, with its armies and local police. This was true of the United States until the conflict between the have-nots and haves in industry became a veritable war, as it did in the '70s.

The militia was then still poorly organized, and the local police could not always be relied upon to put down labor uprisings; and so, on becoming rich and powerful, industrialists commenced to hire their own bands of armed men, in the manner of medieval barons. Private detective agencies prospered, organizing thugs and low characters generally in the cities, sending them in companies to scenes of labor disputes, to guard the employers' property and the scabs, shoot down or slug pickets, and incite strikers to riots.

Hitherto criminals had operated singly, or at most in pairs; now criminality was organized for the first time in the cities to racketeer for the industrial barons against the workers, who, unable to buck against the capitalist system alone, had joined themselves in unions. But the employment of gunmen and sluggers in industrial disputes was brief and sporadic; and so, between strikes and lockouts, they ganged together for other purposes and started enterprises which in the course of decades evolved into amazing criminal organizations, such as now flourish in Chicago, New York, and other large centers.

Subsequently labor unions, always ready to take a lesson from the capitalists, began to hire sluggers to slug scabs, gunmen to shoot down company assassins and officials, dynamiters to blow up the bosses' property; or they developed strong-arm talent within their own organizations, until some of them became mafialike outfits with terrorism as the core of their tactics. In many instances it was sheer desperation that drove the unions to dynamite and slugging. Had they not employed strong-arm methods, many labor organizations would have passed out long ago. Several unions would have collapsed or become ineffective during the last decade had they been squeamish about dynamite, arson, and slugging as means to enforce their will. The instinct of self-preservation compels them not to be squeamish.

Dynamite, which now is such a powerful weapon in the hands of racketeers, was first used in the United States, for purposes other than that of blowing up stumps and rocks, in connection with a labor dispute. The Haymarket Bomb in 1886 is the Adam of the "pineapples" that go off nowadays in Chicago, New York, and elsewhere in the cause of all sorts of rackets, as well as those of organized labor. Behind that first bomb —no matter who threw it—was the desperation of a multitude of ill-treated workmen pitted against the greed and heartlessness of the employers.

IV

Prior to the Chicago Anarchist affair, the American labor movement, dominated by the Knights of Labor, was vaguely idealistic, wishing to improve the quality of life in the United States for all classes. The intense public reaction to the Haymarket outrage not only suppressed the Anarchists, one of whom probably had thrown the bomb, but also wrecked the Knights of Labor, clearing the field for the appearance of Samuel Gompers' American Federation of Labor, whose founders determined from the start to be practical, hardheaded, and opportunistic, scorning such idealistic principles as had motivated the Anarchists and the K. of L.

The A. F. of L. unions' attitude toward society in general was in most vital respects not unlike that of the capitalists. The leaders were out to get for themselves and their membership everything that could be had under the circumstances, wherever possible, by almost any means, with no great risk to themselves or the future of their organizations, and regardless of whether those benefits were attained at the expense of the capitalists, the public in general, the unorganized labor, or the unions not affiliated with the A. F. of L. This was "trade-unionism, pure and simple." They subscribed to the prevalent American philosophy of practicality, which urged one to seek only the obvious and reach for the immediate. Life consisted of the situation at hand; the future was in no case to be considered. Expedience was supreme, the expedience of the moment.

Left-wing radicals find no end of faults with the A. F. of L. policy; but, while its shortcomings from the viewpoint of the working class and society as a whole unquestionably are many, it is, I believe, the only kind of labor-unionism that could have become effective to any extent in the extremely chaotic, narrowly pragmatic, and blindly violent and dynamic period of the last forty years in the United States. Indeed, its emergence in the late '80s and its development in the succeeding four decades was inevitable and natural, and its policy and tactics are defensible if considered in relation to the brutal greed and power of the forces opposed to it.

The type of leader that Gompers' "pure and simple" movement called for, however, was the man of little abilities, narrow-minded, without social vision. His mental world consisted of a combination of wage and hour issues, and of the different methods by which labor groups may be influenced. He devoted himself assiduously to the study of such individuals as might threaten his own job. He steered clear of anything in the nature of a general program. He was not ignorant of his own limitations and, therefore, resisted any step that might unduly extend the field of labor activities, for this would have involved the rise of a higher type of leader, of more intelligence and, perhaps, more character. He opposed independent political action by labor, for the simple reason that it implied other leaders, men with greater ambitions for themselves and society. To him immediate gains and advantages only mattered, and violence was a quick and simple way of getting results.

Many of the laborites were Irish, with the Molly Maguire tradition in their make-up; others were Germans—especially in Chicago unions—who adhered to the terrorist teachings of the Anarchists. The A. F. of L. took under its wing all sorts of men. One of its unions, for instance, was the Carpenters' Union, whose chief organizer in Chicago in the mid-'80s had been Louis Lingg, who had preached, "Dynamite! . . . this is the stuff." He was a hero in his union, and to a lesser extent still is.

Gompers, of course, was opposed to violence, but it was not long after the Chicago Bomb that, under the stimulus of the savage attitude of powerful employers toward labor, dynamite became a definite part of the policy and tactics of some trade-unions; only now dynamite was "pure and simple," devoid of any such wide social idealism and aims as had motivated the original Chicago terrorists. Violence often was all that could save the unions in the face of the brutality of many employers, with their gunmen, police, the militia, and anti-labor courts, and their insatiable hunger for bigger and bigger profits.

The A. F. of L. had from its inception more spine and stability and a sounder instinct of self-preservation than any other labor amalgamation before or since. With their hard and practical policy, strictly in tune with the national American psychology, the unions became well off financially. Prior to the emergence

of the A. F. of L., few leaders received any salaries from their unions; they were for the most part lopsided idealists, third-rate political schemers and windbags, who used labor groups as objects on which to exercise their oratorical talents. Now the leaders drew regular salaries, and there were, in addition, all kinds of opportunities for graft, "legitimate" and otherwise; and some of them began to sport diamonds, silk shirts, and cars, and die of overeating. The unions were their bread and butter, and so, when the capitalists threatened, by various means, to wreck their unions, they naturally stopped at nothing to save them, not even dynamite.

And this is as true to-day as it was twenty or twenty-five years ago, when the McNamaras were still at large.

V

But, of course, the personal selfishness of the leaders, while an important factor in labor-slugging and dynamiting operations, was never the principal or basic reason for the development of strong-arm tactics in the American labor movement. The main reason, as I have hinted, is the desperation which seizes the membership when their unions, no matter how well organized and how well off financially, are ineffective in the face of the organized efforts of union-hating capitalists, or when the organizations' very existence is threatened by those efforts.

I beg the reader of this article who may not be a workingman himself to bear in mind that even at best the industrial worker's life in the United States is no picnic; that, while he has certain political rights and may quit his job and starve whenever he has the inclination, his environment does not very much outshine the old environment of the chattel slave. The so-called free worker of to-day is free to go anywhere he likes at his own expense, if he has the means, but his movement from place to place can, as a practical matter, have but one aim: the finding of a job. He must work to exist, and work hard. And his wages seldom exceed his needs. He can become a property owner only by extreme abstinence; when he does acquire property it is a bond to keep him tied down wherever he may be. An industrial crisis often deprives him of it. His political rights he cannot exercise intelligently; after working long hours he has neither the time nor the energy to decide on men and issues in a way to benefit himself. He is the object of endless propaganda, good and bad, and he is unable to distinguish one from the other.

In self-defense he joins other men in a labor union, to coerce collectively the capitalists into giving him more pay, reduce the number of hours, and generally improve his condition. He and his fellow-workers strike, and sometimes they gain their demands, but very often they lose. During strikes they are slugged or shot at by company guards, intimidated and starved back to the job on the old terms. Then there comes a business depression—unemployment, wage-cuts, lockouts . . . *desperation*. The union is their only hope, and they are willing to go to almost any length to preserve it. They elect leaders willing to use dynamite in emergency.

Thus, in the 1900s, large unions were driven to violence by the employers' campaigns against them. Among the leading terrorists were the Ironworkers, an international union of bridge and skyscraper men with headquarters at Indianapolis and locals in all the big cities of the United States and Canada. As a union, they had to contend with the National Erectors' Association, at that time the most aggressive and ruthless body of open-shop employers in the country, backed by powerful steel interests which already had beaten down all other collective efforts on the part of workers in the steel industry to better their lot.

Builders and contractors employed scabs, refusing to give jobs to union

men; and since a union can exist only when its members work and pay their fees, the executive council of the Ironworkers, supported by the desperate membership almost to a man, adopted—in 1905—dynamite as the means to save the organization. All other means had failed. The employers refused to recognize the union.

For several years the union officially appropriated one thousand dollars a month for "organization purposes," and John J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer, used the money at his own discretion for dynamite and to pay the wages and traveling expenses of his bombers who were not members of the union but specially hired racketeers, the chief of whom was his brother, James B. McNamara. The dynamiters went from city to city, carrying the "stuff" with them in suitcases on passenger trains, blowing up bridges and buildings erected by non-union labor.

As was revealed in the McNamara case at Los Angeles in 1911 and in the "Dynamite Conspiracy" trials at Indianapolis in 1912, the McNamaras dynamited, between 1905 and 1910, more than one hundred buildings and bridges, one of their last "jobs" being the Los Angeles *Times* explosion in 1910, in which twenty non-union workers lost their lives. And supplementing these dynamite operations conducted by officials from the international headquarters, the local Ironworkers' unions employed professional sluggers and gunmen to terrorize the scabs.

The union was in a life-and-death struggle with the Erectors' Association; in *desperation*, it resorted to dynamite and saved itself.

But perhaps even more interesting than the method is the philosophy behind it. Union men, in their thinking as such, are unable to divorce themselves from their jobs. It must be borne in mind that they have fought for years to raise the wages—in the case of the Ironworkers twenty-five years ago from $2.30 for ten hours' work to $4.30 for eight hours—to shorten the hours and generally to improve conditions for themselves. They have been paying union fees for years, attended meetings, gone through dozens of strikes and lockouts, and been blacklisted, clubbed and fired upon by the police and the employers' gunmen. They have worked and suffered to make the job what it is; therefore, the job *belongs* to them—and there is no room for argument. The job is *their* job! So the scab, who not only had contributed nothing toward the improvement of the job but had been one of their worst enemies while they were improving it, has his face smashed and the builder, who employs him, has his structure dynamited. They are unwilling to listen when one tries to remind them that the scab often is a scab because he cannot help it; because he hasn't the price of the union's initiation fee and now takes a job at low pay in preference to starving to death. To hell with the scab! The union is their union; the job is their job—their racket—and that is all there is to it! They raise the initiation fee till the workman outside cannot join the union and must remain a scab—but "that's his hard luck." He is slugged if he gets work on a job that union men consider their job.

VI

The intense unfavorable public reaction to the McNamara case in 1911 and the subsequent revelations of the nation-wide dynamite conspiracy on the part of organized labor, which sent thirty-six labor leaders to the penitentiary for long terms, caused the trade unions to abandon their strong-arm methods for a few years. Then, too, the War came along and, with the rising wage scale, labor had little cause to complain.

Immediately after the War, however, the unions once more found themselves in a desperate struggle for existence.

The employers, with the power of their war-enhanced wealth, taking advantage of the widespread unemploy-

ment and the chaotic post-war social conditions, along with the anti-Red hysteria which they helped to foment, began, early in 1920, a powerful nation-wide drive to "Americanize" the American worker—*i.e.*, break up the trade unions' control of the labor market in certain industries and cities; discredit the theory and practice of unionism; institute open shop everywhere; if necessary, organize the workers in harmless company unions controlled from the main office and keep them satisfied with "company welfare," "personnel activities," "group insurance," "employee stock-ownership" and other such inventions. To accomplish this, they resorted to all sorts of methods. They called their idea the "American Plan," implying that anyone not in favor of open shop stood for something un-American. The word "American," as Robert W. Dunn, a radical writer, explains, "had reached its heyday. Even the Europeans still worshipped at the throne. . . . It was the correct psychological moment for the enemies of trade unions to label their crusade 'American.'"

Throughout the country, industrialists refused to recognize and deal with the unions any longer. Many of them refused to employ union men altogether; and workers, to get jobs, were obliged to sign the so-called "yellow dog" contracts.

And the employers spoke of "Industrial Freedom"—a lovely phrase. Some of them refused to sell their products to, or buy raw materials from, other employers of labor who would not adopt the open-shop policy. They lowered the wages to almost the pre-war scale, while the cost of living stayed up. They were openly militant. Many of them honestly believed that Bolshevism was just around the corner and that trade-unionism was merely its forerunner. The thing to do was to take a "firm stand" in dealing with the "menace."

The existence of their organizations being threatened once more, the "gorillas" in certain unions, with the desperate unemployed membership behind them, were again driven to dynamiting and slugging. Only strong-arm methods could save their organizations from extinction. They must keep up the wage scale which had taken them so long to establish. They must save *their* jobs.

But now the laborites were more cautious. There must be no more McNamara cases and revelations of dynamite conspiracies. The actual dynamiters and sluggers must have no official connection with the unions, nor any close relations with the leaders. They began to hire, sometimes through several intermediaries, professional gangsters and criminals who, to a great extent, were beyond the reach of the law.

By the end of 1920 bombs popped once more, especially in Chicago. Indeed, labor racketeering in Chicago preceded, on a big scale, even the sensational wars between the bootleggers in the mid-'20s.

There were fifty bombings in Chicago in 1920; sixty-odd in 1921; about the same number in 1922, and over fifty in 1923—more than half of which, it is estimated, had some connection with the labor unions; for most of them—especially in 1920 and 1921—damaged buildings under construction and homes of builders and contractors unfriendly to organized labor.

There is no record of slugging incidents, but I know personally a "Chicagorilla" who is chief of strong-arm operations of a big building-trades union in which the Molly Maguire and the Louis Lingg traditions are very much alive. Last summer he quite freely discussed with me the nature of his job, and stated that slugging is even more effective than dynamite.

He is a typical "gorilla," past middle age, who has been active in the labor movement the last thirty years. He is a friend of John J. and James M. McNamara. He had a hand in the blowing up of the Los Angeles *Times* Building in 1910, and is proud of it. He has great contempt for the "stiffs," and admires only the "fighters"—men like the

McNamaras. When in conversation with him I used the phrase "class struggle," he burst into uproarious guffawing and said, "You must be a God damn fool! Class struggle? What the hell you talkin' about? There ain't no class struggle; there's only —— struggle," using a favorite word of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

He introduced me to his slugger, an ex-heavyweight pug, a tremendous animal, who is not a member of any labor union but makes a handsome living from organized labor. He charges fifty dollars to go out and impact his fist on some scab's or labor foreman's face.

I asked the slugger to tell me something about his work. "Oh, there ain't nothin' to it," he said. "I gets my fifty, then I goes out and finds the guy they wanna have slugged. I goes up to 'im and I says to 'im, 'My friend, by way of meaning no harm—' and then I gives it to 'im—*biff!* in the mug. Nothin' to it." One blow from him is enough; the sluggee usually passes out for a while. When he wakes up, often in a hospital, he ordinarily makes up his mind never again to displease any union. Scabbing is thus discouraged.

The man I met is but one of a dozen or more professional sluggers in Chicago. He does anywhere from five to ten jobs a week; most of them for labor unions. The effectiveness of his fist is famous in Chicago. He is a member of a gang, to which he pays a percentage of his fee, and usually moves around with one or two bodyguards, who are professional gunmen.

Bombings are still frequent in Chicago, but it is estimated that lately very few occur in the cause of labor. In 1929 there were, perhaps, no more than fifteen explosions in over a hundred that had the earmarks of labor terrorism.

Most of the Chicago labor unions are again safe from immediate destruction by the employers. Dynamite and slugging saved them. This is especially true of the building-trades unions.

Nowadays slugging goes a long way in Chicago, with only an occasional bombing or putting some contractor "on the spot" as a threat to those whom a smash in the face does not convince that the unions mean to stay in business.

VII

Labor racketeering, however, like other sorts of racketeering, is by no means restricted to Chicago. It merely started there back in 1920; since then—especially from 1925 on—labor dynamitings, assassinations, and arson incidents have been occurring with great frequency in New York City, Brooklyn, and other industrial centers where labor unions are meeting with severe opposition from the bosses.

Violence and the fear of violence sometimes are positively all that saves some unions from passing out.

The following are a few bombings and other violent incidents in recent years for which no one was arrested and punished, but most of which were probably perpetrated by racketeers hired by men connected with labor unions, or by union men themselves:

On May 25, 1925, two company houses owned by the Glendale Gas and Coal Company, at Wheeling, West Virginia, occupied by non-union miners were bombed and wrecked while a miners' strike was going on there.

On August 30, 1926, two bombs exploded in the factory of L. B. Levinson Clothing Company, at Lakewood, New Jersey, tearing off a wall, damaging machinery, and smashing all the windows. The concern employed non-union operatives, and the bombing occurred shortly after certain organizers failed to induce the company to hire organized men and women.

On August 19, 1927, more than fifty non-union negro miners were hurled from their beds early in the morning by an explosion which wrecked two buildings in West Elizabeth, Pennsylvania. The miners were employed by the Pitts-

burgh Coal Co. There had been a strike a while before.

On the same day, in Henderson, North Carolina, the home of M. E. Partin, who had walked out with eight hundred strikers in the Harriet Cotton Mills there two weeks before but later returned to work, was dynamited. The blast tore off the back porch and shattered the windows of other homes in the vicinity. That same night small explosions occurred in the yards of two other ex-strikers in that town.

On July 8, 1927, two persons were rendered unconscious and four others had narrow escapes from injury when a dynamite bomb exploded in front of the home of John McMahon, mine foreman of the Clinton Block Coal Company, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The dwelling was badly damaged by the blast and the entire neighborhood was rocked. The Clinton Block Coal Company operates an open-shop mine.

On June 30, 1928, a heavy charge of dynamite wrecked the Jonesville Mine No. 1, one of the three shafts owned by the La Salle Carbon Coal Company at La Salle, Illinois, causing a damage of many thousands of dollars. The explosion was ascribed to a clash between two rival miners' unions in which the company was indirectly involved.

On June 23, 1928, a bomb shattered the fronts of four houses on Parkside Avenue in West Philadelphia. Fragments of the bomb were found imbedded in the front wall of the home of D. A. Ingher, where it apparently had been set off. Ingher attributed the explosion to labor troubles. He maintains a leather manufacturing establishment and told the police he had been having strike disputes.

On March 10, 1928, a bomb wrecked the four-story brick plant of the Manhattan Steam and Scouring Company, Brooklyn, New York, after the company's employees had failed to win a strike.

During the silk mill employes' strike at Garfield, Passaic, and other towns in New Jersey in 1926 and 1927 numerous homes occupied by workers who refused to strike were dynamited and wrecked or damaged.

On September 3, 1929, Joseph Matraga, a Brooklyn barber, found an unexploded bomb in his doorway. He had been having "trouble with a labor organization."

On July 28, 1929, a bomb tore the front from the showroom of the Dachis Brothers, furriers, in New York City. "Dispute in the fur trade," according to the police.

On December 8, 1929, a bomb exploded in the home of Joseph Falzone, a prosperous marble contractor in Brooklyn, killing three of his children and partly wrecking the house. "Labor trouble," according to press reports.

On Feb. 3, 1930, William Healy, a Chicago contractor, was "put on the spot" and shot, and before dying, three days later, according to the police as reported in the press, named a walking delegate of the Marble Setters' Union as one of his assassins. This was one of the few labor-racket killings in Chicago; union racketeering in Chicago, as I have said, consists mainly of careful bombings (too many to enumerate here) which at worst throw people out of their beds, and of slugging.

On September 29, 1928, the home of Paul C. Hackett at Rocky River, near Cleveland, Ohio, was dynamited, throwing the family out of their beds. Hackett, a real estate man, said that the explosion probably was intended for the house next door, owned by Charles Montgomery, another real estate dealer. Nearly two years before, Montgomery said, one of his houses was bombed when he refused to employ union labor, adding that he had thought his labor troubles had been settled, however.

On February 15, 1930, a heavy dynamite explosion wrecked the home of R. W. Baldwin, president of the Marion Manufacturing Company at Marion, North Carolina, where a strike had been on for some time. A few days before, another charge of dynamite went off in

the plant of the Clinchfield Manufacturing Company, near Marion, causing heavy damage. Union officials in charge of the strike, of course, denied any connection with the bombings.

In the spring of 1929, during the long street-railway strike at New Orleans three dynamite bombs exploded in two months, wrecking car barns and damaging equipment.

In the last four years over a dozen theaters were dynamited in various parts of the country in connection with labor troubles, the total damages running into millions of dollars.

In the fall of 1927 the stagehands employed at the theaters in the Twin Cities were on strike, seeking one day off in seven, and the motion-picture operators and musicians were out in sympathy with them. On October 10th a bomb exploded in the Forest Theater, a movie house in the residential district of St. Paul while the show was on, injuring one woman and throwing over 300 men, women and children into a panic. On the same day the Logan Theater in Minneapolis was also bombed. The strike leaders denied any previous knowledge of the blasts. And the year before, also during a labor dispute, a bomb was found behind the screen of the Wonderland Theater, another Minneapolis movie house.

On August 19, 1927, the Wright Theater at Guerdon, Arkansas, was partly wrecked by dynamite, causing a damage estimated at $20,000. "Labor trouble."

On November 8, 1927, the State Theater of Hammond, Indiana, recently completed and valued at $1,700,000, was completely destroyed by a dynamite explosion. A business agent of the Motion Picture Operators' Union was arrested and, according to the police, he confessed to having had a hand in the plot. Others arrested and charged with having been connected with the bombing were the walking delegates of the Hod Carriers' Union and the Finishers' Union.

On November 3, 1929—to give but one more theater incident—at 12:20 A.M. a nytroglycerine bomb exploded in the projection booth of the Lemay Theater, St. Louis, blowing a hole in the roof of the building and damaging motion picture machines and Vitaphone apparatus to the extent of $6,000. Thirty minutes later another bomb went off in the projection room of the Mackland Theater in the same city, doing a damage estimated at $5,000. Union musicians had been out on strike for six weeks in a dispute over a contract concerning the number of musicians employed, and the owners of the bombed houses and the police attributed both blasts to the musicians' union.

Owing to the development and great popularity of the talkies, the radio, and other mechanical amusements during the past three years, most of the theatrical workers' unions now find themselves in desperate straits. The musicians' union, for instance, is a tragic organization, with a majority of its members out of work. Other theatrical organizations have been notoriously strong-arm racketeer outfits for years; indeed, violence is all that has saved them so far.

VIII

Labor racketeering from the point of view of extreme violence is now at its height, not in Chicago, but in New York.

In the summer of 1929 I sat, late one evening, in a friend's home in the Bronx, when suddenly the neighborhood was lighted up by a fierce blaze near-by, enveloping a sixteen-story apartment house under construction but almost completed, with all the woodwork finished inside. The building had evidently been drenched with coal-oil from top to bottom and "touched off." It was an incident in the "war" between labor racketeers and builders; the third incident of the kind in the Bronx in a few months, and later there were two more—the total damage exceeding three million dollars. No one was ever arrested for this incendiarism. The builders may know who had hired the firebugs, but it would be suicidal for

them or any public prosecutor to act against them.

Last winter there was a Grand Jury investigation of the Bronx "building-trades racket," but its only results were the indictments of Anthony Montforte, so-called "racketeer tzar" of the building trades, and Michael McClusky, walking delegate of the Lathers' Union, on the charge of extortion. They were tried, convicted, and sent to prison. When the jury was being picked for the McClusky trial, several talesmen begged to be excused because they were "afraid."

Since that trial there have been two assassinations of contractors in New York. One of them occurred last May; the contractor stepped out of his home in Harlem and walked to his car at the curb, when three gunmen, firing at him simultaneously, "plugged" him in the groin.

Last spring several contractors' homes in Brooklyn were bombed at night, throwing people out of their beds. In April a plumbers' foreman was shot dead in front of his house when he returned from work in the evening—another incident in the "labor war."

But violence is not restricted to the building trades. Last February the garment workers of New York City had a strike. There were several riots and finally a gunman shot dead the proprietor of a great garment factory as he stepped into his machine in front of the plant. The gunman got away, and at that time the murder was a mystery. Since then, however, a detective, posing as one of Al Capone's gangsters, trailed down the woman who had put the manufacturer "on the spot" and the man who had killed him. The woman confessed they had been hired for the "job" by a "man connected with a labor union."

Slugging, of course, is also a well-developed practice in New York and Brooklyn; indeed, as in Chicago, extreme violence is usually resorted to only when slugging and mere fear of violence are ineffective.

I have little doubt that labor racketeering will increase. Last February, when the current unemployment crisis was at its height, I had had a rather long confidential talk with the secretary of a large building-trades union in one of our larger cities. "More than half of our men," he said, "have been out of work since early in the fall and most of them, it seems, will continue out of work till summer or, perhaps, indefinitely. The contractors are organized against us almost 100 per cent. They're hiring scabs and we're losing control of the jobs that we've fought for twenty years to improve. They're *our* jobs; they belong to our men—good union men who have been paying their fees—but they're now being filled with hungry men who, of course, need work as badly as our men or worse, but who have done less than nothing to improve the working conditions in the trade. They're scabs. They're the means by which the bosses threaten to wreck our union." He paused.

"Well?" I said.

"Well," he said, "suppose you were a paid and responsible official of an organization of ten thousand men, all of them skilled workmen and willing to work, but nearly seventy per cent of them unable to find jobs in their trade or any other trade. Remember that most of them are family men. They have mortgages on their homes and are paying for things on the installment plan. They're in danger of losing everything unless you, the official, get them their jobs. You're responsible to the membership for keeping under the control of the union a sufficient number of jobs to go around. That's what the union elects you for. You stay in the office only as long as the men are supplied with jobs. . . . What would you do if you thought—in fact, were convinced—that violence was the only means of saving the situation for the union?"

It was not an easy question to answer. He himself is opposed to violence on principle; he is not a "gorilla," but

a fine-mannered intellectual. However, unless employment increases, he will have to yield to the dynamite faction in the union. Just as I write this I hear that the "gorillas" in the union have taken possession of his office and kept him out of it, physically, for two weeks. A large percentage of the union's members are still out of work; employment conditions are not improving, and the men are getting desperate. They demand work and expect the union officials to see that they get it. They are becoming violence-minded. And eventually my friend will either have to start hiring professional sluggers and dynamiters to terrorize the scabs and the scab-employing builders, or get out of the office—unless, of course, industrial conditions improve immediately beyond the expectations of even such great optimists as President Hoover, which is extremely unlikely.

Unemployment breeds desperation; desperation breeds violence — racketeering.

IX

Under such conditions, the process whereby gangsters achieve control over labor organizations is very simple.

I have shown that dynamite and slugging often save unions from passing out. The gangsters who do the dynamiting and slugging for the unions realize this; they associate with the "gorillas" who admit that their work is *the* thing; and eventually they begin to consider themselves the most important factor in the affairs of the union, which indeed they are in time of emergency. By and by it occurs to them that the fees they get out of the union treasury are too small for such important work, and too irregular. So they propose to give the union "steady protection" at so much per month, and if the union officials reject such an offer, the latter very often are thrown out of office—sometimes physically, sometimes through election—and their places are taken by "gorillas" who are friendly to the "protection" idea. But, of course, few labor leaders who once go in for violence reject such an offer outright, knowing full well that it may mean the end of their labor-leading.

But while the process that puts gangsters in control of unions is simple, there often develop in that connection very complicated situations. For instance, two different gangs may want to dominate the same union, in which event, to avoid warfare in the organization, the officials usually go to a third gang chief, whose outfit may be greater than the other two put together, and ask him to protect them, not only against the employers' anti-union activities and the scabs, but against the other gangsters as well. And, of course, when he grants their petition, he becomes the big boss of the union and can exploit it in any way he likes.

Al Capone has been referred to as a powerful factor in the affairs of the Chicago labor unions. He is, but perhaps much against his own will; certainly he never sought very hard to control the unions. To understand this, one must know that Capone is not at all the monster his press-given nickname "Scarface Al" may suggest. He started out as a beer-runner, intending to make a lot of money in that racket and quit. But then he got involved in politics and his henchmen put the gang into other rackets, until now it is almost impossible for him to quit without wrecking the gang—which he does not wish to do, if for no other reason than because of his loyalty to other members of the gang. He was drawn into the "protection racket" to protect legitimate business establishments against other gangsters because the police were unable to provide that protection. Several business houses took him, or rather his gang, into partnership for that reason. And similarly now, the unions are going to him for protection against "Bugs" Moran and other gangsters, because the unions know that Al and his men are straight shooters—not only with their guns but in point of honor and business ethics.

Indeed, the Capone Gang has more prestige in Chicago, even among legitimate business men, than some of the corporations and institutions properly organized under the laws of society.

The Chicago *Tribune* for April 20, 1930, reported an incident which, I think, illustrates this tendency of the unions to seek Capone's aid. It seems that James McLoughlin, business agent of the Marble Setters' Union, which is associated with the Chicago Building Trades Council, was called to the headquarters of George ("Bugs") Moran, head of the North Side gangster faction which at that time had a sort of truce with the Capone Gang.

"What's the take in your union?" Moran asked McLoughlin. The "take" is gang parlance for income. McLoughlin was forced to discuss his union affairs with "Bugs," whereupon the latter told him that he wanted so-and-so much on the first of every month for "protection."

McLoughlin took his troubles to Danny Stanton, who is in charge of Capone's labor-union department. Danny, in turn, took the case to the "Big Fellow," as Capone is known to his men, with the result that Al called up "Bugs" and advised him to cease his demands on McLoughlin and his union.

How far the Capone Gang's domination of the unions will go, remains to be seen. At the moment it is still in its infancy. Capone's well-mannered, gentlemanly gunmen attend labor union meetings, keeping away other gunmen, and that is about all for the time being.

That eventually the Capone Gang will make use of the unions, perhaps in a political way, or perhaps to gain control of the contracting business, goes almost without saying. In return the Capone Gang will probably be able to do a great deal for the unions. A laborite recently said to me, "Capone may mean more to the unions than our high-toned executives of the A. F. of L. in Washington." He was thinking—characteristically—of immediate benefits for certain unions.

Chicago builders and contractors already are uneasy about the gangsters' domination of the several unions. If they suffer any evil consequences as a result of it, and I don't doubt that they will, they will in a great measure have themselves to blame. They, along with other employers, have driven organized labor to seek the aid of racketeers. As I am finishing this article—in mid-July—the New York newspapers report that racketeers extort from a million to two million dollars yearly from garment manufacturers in that city under the threat of starting labor troubles in their establishments.

What effect this close contact between unions and gangs will have on organized labor in the long run also remains to be seen. The chances are that it will do it more harm than good. The great majority of trade unions as yet have nothing to do with racketeers and are steering clear of violence, but the gangsters are making such swift progress that the situation deserves the concerned attention of social-minded people.

THE NEW STAGE FRIGHT: TALKING PICTURES

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

IT WAS a very short part—my first one in talking pictures, in motion pictures of any kind. I said this to the Casting Director as I flipped the pages contemptuously. The director said it was quite a good-sized part. "The dialogue for a feature talking picture is about one-third as long as a play. That's a good part."

I mentally reviewed my several novels, now happily out of print. I envied the writers who fitted dialogue for this new device. A novel is generally three times as long as a play. So a movie writer spends but one-ninth of the energy a novelist must employ. Easy money. And easy money, I concluded (waving the short part) for the player. Still I was feeling a little nervous. I rather despised the thing, but I was feeling a little nervous.

In this first studio of my experience they were proud of the fact that they rehearsed the scenes even a day or two before they "shot" them. The principals went upstairs to a room with real windows and real sun coming through, and sat round in a semicircle. I was accustomed to these half arcs. I had been sitting in them for thirty-four years, but always it was on a dark stage with a single pilot-light on a standard down by the foots. The gleam continued mild until the director arrived, when a whole border was turned up. The dark stage always smelled like a cathedral to me. A lump came up in my throat as I sat down in the sunlight. What was I doing messing about with a highly technical apparatus? I was no scientist. I belonged to the theater. I grew a little more nervous.

We began on the scenes. They were so short that we could get little feeling into them ("get our teeth into them" as we say) before they were over. Besides, we didn't begin at the beginning of the picture. "We will run through the sequence that we will start to-morrow," said the director. That was as clear as mud to me. It was explained that a sequence is akin to an act. Not that it is anything like an act. It is a group of scenes in which the action is continuous. The director went on to say that they had built the sets of this sequence first. They would do the first sequence last.

"Why?" I ventured.

"It's the railroad wreck."

"Oh!" I inferred we might all be killed in the wreck, and it would be as well to have us safely through the less annihilating episodes.

"You have the first title," he said to me.

"I don't see any title."

"He means lines," whispered a nice girl who was both of the theater and this new dramatic medium.

I began an attack upon a police commissioner because he had done so little about finding the woman who had kidnapped my grandchild. I arose and strode about as I admonished him. A woman couldn't be that angry and stand still.

"Perhaps," said the director doubtfully. "We will see what the sound man says when we get on the set."

"I shall have to walk about," I said firmly. I was determined to be natural.

We went on reading our "titles." That is, all but one man. He had been a success in silent pictures—a rough comedian. He didn't understand that his cue was the line preceded by a lot of dots, and that the lines to be spoken by him were those beginning with capital letters, and when they were pointed out to him there were long periods of a thick mumbling from him. To our growing embarrassment we began to realize that the big, genial fellow who came originally from the prize ring, barely knew how to read—to read anything.

Finally he threw down the script and left the room. That was the last we ever saw of him. I wonder what his finish is! He was too old for the prize ring. "Othello's occupation's gone!"

I don't care to think what sort of a performance I gave in the theater that night. Through the flippancies of an aging Paris flapper I was mentally attacking a police commissioner. "Whoever the woman is she's got to give that baby up!" I kept repeating to myself. Someone said I looked wild. When I reached home I wrote out the speeches over and over. We give three weeks, anyway, to the rehearsing of a play. We know our lines so well that we need not be conscious of the words, but give all our attention to the thought that the words express. This over-night committing was something new.

I put a hot-water bag to my cold feet and nagged myself into an uneasy slumber. I must get up at six. For thirty-four years I had taken my ease after the night's work in the theater, leisurely supped, read when I got to bed, and slept as late as I pleased. "You go to sleep," I commanded my alert brain, "we get up at six."

I drove over to Long Island in a taxi, eating a cold pear. The dawn was gray—and also cold. My legs were colder. "Whoever the woman is she's got to give that baby up," I shouted between bites. We got lost. My God, was I to be late for my "titles"! Only a few policemen were to be admonished by the commissioner before I should begin my own attack. That wouldn't take five minutes. I thought they would all be out on the pavement looking for me.

They weren't. The door-man gave me a pleasant good-morning, so did the elevator boy and the make-up specialist. A better room than I had ever occupied in a theater was assigned to me. A nice *valet de chambre* had put in a couch.

"I shan't need it," I explained; "I go right on."

"You might want to lie down," he said soothingly.

From the studio cafeteria a sweet-faced girl brought me some coffee and toast. Instructed by the make-up professor, I was putting some strange dark stuff on my face. "I shan't have time to eat," I told the girl as I paid her.

"You just make a nice breakfast," she advised.

I looked at her blonde prettiness as I have looked at the same type ever since—and I have now completed my sixth picture. They are everywhere within a few miles' radius of the studios. Out here in Hollywood beautiful girls are clerking in the Five and Tens. They are attendants in doctors' offices, manicure parlors, delicatessen stores. Many of them are just as lovely, and possibly a few of them just as talented as the five-thousand-a-week stars. They simply didn't get a break.

Before nine I went down on the stage. There were two stages in this studio, an upper and a lower one. And neither was a stage, but a huge floor space the size of a city lot. Our "set" was on the upper stage, and if I had yearned for cathedral darkness my yearns were realized. Scores of carpenters, under dim lights, were making sets for other pictures. They hammered leisurely and were perfectly willing to advise me as to the location of our set. I picked my way in and out of snow scenes, rubber plantations, and French ballrooms to a great circle of light about the police commis-

sioner's office and anterooms. Some camp chairs were lined up in front of the scene. On the arm of one hung a megaphone, and that was the director's chair. An intelligent young woman known as the "script girl" sat in another and smiled a welcome. She also wrote down the details of my costume and my jewelry. If the scene held over to the next day I must wear the identical equipment. I remember seeing a big silent film in which the hero entered a lady's house in evening dress and came out in riding clothes. I suppose the script girl on that picture lost her job. But the actor was a careless fool—we must keep track of our regalia.

I made a discovery as I shifted from one icy foot to the other while waiting for the cast to foregather; and it holds good in every studio where I have worked: There is more courtesy shown in the Fifth Largest Industry in the World (*i.e.*, motion pictures) than in the theater. Yes, more courtesy—and fewer chairs! I think if anyone had been cross to me on that first dreadful day; if an electrician wheeling unwieldy lights had not said "beg pardon" when I got in his way; if the camera men had cried "clear out" as I unconsciously crossed their line of vision while they were focussing on an actor; if the sound man had really laughed as loud as he had a right to when I rehearsed my first scene in his hearing, I should never have survived those terrible nine hours. I, literally, should have died of fear.

For, as the day wore on and I was not put into action, a terror took possession of me that transcends De Maupassant's story of "*Le Peur*." Who would have thought that a handful of pretend policemen who didn't have to say much beyond "yes, boss," who had been guardians of the peace in silent pictures for years, should have been so difficult to handle! Should have been so valuable to the picture! They were looked after like prima donnas. It seemed impossible to get the proper light on that bunch of cops. One would have thought them bathing beauties.

There was a stand with a mirror set up in the offing so that the actors might powder their faces the last moment before the "take." Each player carried from his dressing room a case with the powder suited to his skin and a puff. In the intense heat of the lamps during the light rehearsals the countenance would become shiny. The camera man would tell you this, if the make-up man in attendance wasn't on his job. I was a strong patron of the make-up stand, for as the morning waned each new discovery—a prelude to what I had before me—would oil my face like a machinist's waste rag.

I discovered a number of things happening to the police commissioner while he ran over his lines. The distance between his nose and the camera which was to take him was being measured with the beautiful kind of tape line which every housewife desires and never has; a microphone was being hung over his head, and when it was rigged up the principal sound man, who is known as the "mixer" went off and in some remote place listened to the police commissioner with fairly discouraging reports.

I listened to the commissioner also, and to my horror found he was saying other lines than those which were read the day before. When the light man cried "save 'em," and all the lights were turned off (for, of course, nothing was ready yet, as it was only eleven o'clock) I crept up to the actor and asked about these new lines. "They've changed them," he said, "they always do." I became greasy at once and raced off to powder.

I kept this up till lunch time, occasionally wandering off into the rubber plantation to go over my lines. "Lunch!" cried the director genially. Everyone seemed satisfied with the morning's accomplishment, which must have covered two minutes. But I had not yet "performed." I made my way to the studio restaurant. I shall never forget how nice that chicken salad looked and

shall never know how it tasted. "I'm afraid I'll eat off my lips," I said, falsifying my nausea, to the assistant director who sat at table with me.

"You can put them on again. It will be some time before your scene," he said. I looked at him dumbly. Like everyone else, he was kind. "You go lie down in your dressing room. My assistant will call you." I moved out. The assistants have assistants and the assistants have assistants.

"You through?" asked the elevator boy pleasantly.

"I haven't begun and I've been here since half past seven."

"Yeah, that's the way it is. Sit for days."

Sit? Where? Kind words, but where do you *sit?* Once in my room I fell upon my despised couch. And yet I arose again to read over my lines. "Whoever the woman is she's got to give that baby up." I knew them, of *course* I knew them—and all the other "titles." I lay down. But *did* I know them? I arose. The weary humping myself up and down went on through the afternoon. Footsteps echoed along the corridors. Blithe voices rose and fell. I say it now, and I say it always, the most amiable people in the world comprise the Motion Picture Industry. But in my misery of waiting I could not discover *why* they are amiable. I know now: They work leisurely. The very thing that was eating me was soothing them. So much money is made, anyway, that they don't have to hurry. Impatient as it still makes me—to sit about for hours—I shudder to think how the great army of camera and sound men, with the vast crew of carpenters and property men attendant upon each picture, would behave if they were goaded, as they are in the theater, with the savage urge to hasten and to save.

Four o'clock! At four the elevator gates opened and did not clash. The assistant of the assistant intimated that I had better descend as I should be "shot" soon. I hoped so—and I preferred bullets. The director wanted me to run through the scene, as there were some changes.

"Changes—in lines?" I stammered. "But I've committed these."

"Just a few changes," he smiled.

I was given a slip of paper with the new scene typed out. I was still allowed the grand peroration about "whoever the woman is—" but I must efface some of the words that I had caused, in my agony, to be etched into my brain, and must substitute others.

I went over and powdered my caked face. When I returned a young man with an alert countenance was sitting on the edge of the golden-oak desk waving a leg nonchalantly. He was the sound man and he wanted to see how I intended to play the scene. I strode around, speaking the lines, new and old, and his leg became quieter and quieter. "You see," he explained, "you can't move around like that. The mike—the microphone—won't take it."

"Can't I rage?"

"You can rage"—he measured the width of the desk—"about that far." Two and a half feet of raging!

The camera man came up to me. "Where do you stand?" he asked. "I move from here to here," I answered.

"Get a chalk, Gus." Gus brought the chalk. The camera man's assistant made two big toes in white on the carpet. "You'd better step right into these marks and speak your titles, standing quiet," he advised. So that was the end of the raging up and down business.

Still there was left the indignation in the voice—the shrill note of the excited old grande dame. It didn't last long. "Better not pitch your voice too high," said the sound mentor, "and don't let your voice *range* too much." I looked wild-eyed, and the make-up man told me I was shiny. "Have I time to powder my nose?" And there was plenty of time.

Cameras encased in clumsy boxes, to keep the sound of the whirr from being

picked up, were changing places like elephants dancing the old-fashioned lancers. To mix my metaphors, men were peering out of these bathing machines through the thick plate glass. All our noses were being measured. I was committing the lines. The sound man was telling me I couldn't speak while in the process of sitting down or getting up; and that I mustn't pound the table, for it would be enormously magnified. And to avoid sighs. The camera man was saying if I looked out and not *at* the police commissioner as I berated him the camera would get more of my face; and I had better not smile, as there was a tooth which would take black. I raced off and powdered my nose. Why *should* I smile?

It was after five when we had a full rehearsal of the scene with lights and sound. Word came that one of the cameras had "buckled," and that caused a delay. And this caused the letter I was to hurl at the police officer to become so dry from the heat of the lamps that it had to be wet by the property man again. If it was not damp it would rustle, and that rustle would be enlarged into a wind-swept forest. We actors were parched too and quite ready to rustle under the lights, so another property man brought us lily cups of water.

At a quarter to six they were ready for a "take." Voices shouted, "It's a take" as merrily as ever. The director, echoed by his assistant and his assistant's assistant, cried "Lock 'em up," and the camera operators, perfectly nice men, were locked into the bathing machines. Men ran to all of the doors leading from the offices to the stage and turned the keys. A great gong rang. A silence descended upon the huge space, the huge building. No one pounded, no one swept the floor, no one walked. The distant elevator stopped. Only my heart was beating noisily—great hammering beats. The director sat in his camp chair with a little machine by his side. A light showed in the machine (I am not sure of this) which indicated that the cameras and the sound process were synchronizing. In the midst of this eternal, infernal silence he dropped his handkerchief. It was my signal to speak. It was my zero hour.

I must walk into the toe marks without looking at them. I must speak distinctly but not too low—or too high. I must not project my tones, as we of the theater have learned to do for those in the farthest balcony. The microphone was not in the balcony, but directly over my head. I must not sit down or get up on my lines, or show my teeth. I must speak new words that had been given me a short time ago. I must forget the old committed words.

I must (I give it a paragraph) be spontaneous and natural.

I walked into the toe marks. I did not rustle the letter. I did not pound the table. I managed my new speeches. I reached my peroration. In velvet and chinchilla, a great lady of the old school, I delivered my ultimatum to the abashed officer of the law. And I said, "Whoever that *baby* is she's got to give the *woman* up."

The alienists call this reversal of words, born of panic, "substitutional aphasia."

The gong clanged three times that everyone might be unlocked and move about. The director announced cheerfully, "Retake on account of the baby." A smiling young man held before my face a square of black board with two white letters on it. They took a snapshot of the staring letters held before my burning face. They mustn't make a print of what we had taken of the scene. This warning snapshot would be on the roll of the film:

The letters were: "N.G."

After an endless delay, while the sound apparatus went through something called "relining," we did the scene again. My fagged brain, making a great spurt, raced far ahead of the lines I was speaking. I prepared for the baby. The accouchement was successful. The

director called, "Nine on the set tomorrow." They had accomplished for the day four minutes and thirty seconds. Five minutes of absolute "takes" is a good day's work. Everyone was pleased!

My maid found me that night lying on the concrete floor of my small dressing room at the Music Box. But, as usual, the overture was rung in at 8:30 sharp—at the *hour* for overtures to be rung in. And by then I was off the floor and ready to "go on."

That was in December, 1928. Since then sound mechanism has become less exacting. Still the microphone hangs over our heads, and we huddle together as we speak, but the laboratory men who are continually improving this invention *know* that the day will come when one great disc will hang over the entire set, and we shall move about as on a theater stage and speak as freely.

In June of 1929, while making a picture out here, a clumsy fishing pole with the microphone on the end of it was employed for a pair of us walking and talking. As we moved a sound assistant, seated on a stepladder, followed us with his queer tackle. Now the fishing pole has given way to a steel trolley. We trot along under it, while a camera on wheels is pulled back as we advance. It is called a "dolly shot," and one never felt more like a mechanical doll than at such a moment. A brick wrapped in wadding is tied to the camera with a few feet of rope, and as it drags along our toes must keep directly back of it, yet not *touching* it, or we get out of focus and away from the radius of the microphone. Cold with terror we march along, dollies indeed except for the sawdust.

But the mixer of this summer of 1930 allows us great leeway with the voice. Indeed, I sometimes wonder if there is any use in having a voice at all. With a beautiful manipulation of little knobs on the mixing board, a small voice is brought up to a full tone, or a too strident one is subdued. On the day I was to do a lot of screaming in a recent picture, a "scream expert," with a different sound process, was introduced to me. I was advised by the expert to "scream high." That my expression of horror might naturally be manifested by a deep, hoarse tone had nothing to do with the case. We players during this period of sound development are still subservient to a marvellous discovery, the operators of which, electrical engineers of culture and intelligence, are making every effort to accommodate themselves to the human voice. But—not yet.

And this dissertation is not wandering from the subject of The New Stage Fright. In my effort to analyze the sources of the fear that all actors seem to suffer in talking pictures, surely a part of it comes from this strange contact of an emotional people with the exact demands of science. For years we have dealt with pliable flesh and blood. From the theater stage we have thrown the ball to men and women out in front—they have thrown it back to us. We are comic—they laugh. We are tragic—they cry. We stimulate the audience, the audience stimulates us. If we are not satisfied with our work we can do it better tomorrow night—or the next night. I have never driven back from the studio at evening, through these lovely hills, but I have cried, "I could do that scene better. I see it now."

But the scene is over forever. After a "take" we pick our way across the dim stage to a small room with hard benches. The director, the sound men, and the actors sit down in the dark. After some telephonic conversation little raps of warning are heard like spirits from out of the ether, and the "play-back" of the scene is given. We listen in frozen silence. We long to have it "OK'd" by the powers that we may not go through the agony again, but never have I found that I have done as well as I could. Yet there is no "to-morrow night."

We learn much in these "play-backs." A girl whose voice has been artificially

enlarged in volume must surely discover that her voice has lost its own tonal quality which differentiates it from other voices, which makes it recognizable as hers. I think that is the reason so many voices of the girls who have had no experience on the stage sound like the voices of men when we hear the picture. We learn, too, that the smallest hesitation in our speech (a perfectly natural grouping of words, pausing now and then, as we express our thoughts in real life) becomes so magnified that it would seem to the audience we had forgotten our lines. We must, among other terrifying lessons, learn to appear natural in a new way.

Again, unless the word is spoken with great certainty and distinctness it becomes, to our surprise, another word. I had a butler in my last picture (I always have butlers and a great many castles) whose name was Lush. A year ago, before the lisp of the letter S had been worked out by sound improvement, the name would have been heard as "Luth." My line (they no longer say "title") would have sounded like: "I shall have to speak to Luth."

But it was a great deal worse when we heard the "play-back." The wrong word was in my mind, I must admit that, but I had not thought I had expressed it until I majestically boomed out, "I shall have to speak to Lunch!" We filed out at once for a retake, yet gaily filed out (that is, all were gay but me), for talking pictures may change, but Amiability is still King.

The camera man does not attend the play-backs. The film is not ready till the following evening when at six he goes, with the director, into a small projection room to see what is called the "rushes," which show both the picturization and the sound of the day before. But within a year, one expert has prophesied, the film will be run directly into a developing bath and then into a drying room, and our play-back will show also how good or how bad have been our "camera angles."

I don't know what camera angles are and I never shall know. Mr. Al Jolson, with whom I did a picture recently, said he wouldn't know one if he ran against it at high noon. The unwieldy boxed-in cameras are giving place to small metal covered apparati, which are handled like any moving picture camera. Three are generally going at once, taking in different actors in the scene. "Have you got her?" the chief asks. "Yeppy," says the operator. But who has me I never know.

They whisper that an actor can be ruined by bad lighting if he is not liked; but I cannot imagine these mild creatures who are in power disliking anyone. And I shouldn't know bad lighting at *any* hour of the day. The actors who come from silent pictures know, however, and that, with bad camera angles, may add to their disquietude. For the silent-picture graduate suffers also from this New Stage Fright, though he has never known the old, old fear of a stage first-night. When I heard of the greatest of the women stars losing her dinner every night during the filming of a talkie I felt that I wasn't such a gump after all.

"Did you see how my hand shook?" I asked one young actor from the silent ranks at the end of a spoken scene. His reply was candid if not flattering. "I was so blind with fright," he said, "if you'd been stark naked I never should have noticed you."

But that was the scene which had been hurled at us at nine-thirty, committed as we wove endlessly about among disused sets, while the lights and sound were being set into motion, and "shot" at noon. It would have read a better brief for sufficient rehearsals had we both utterly fallen down; had we failed and failed again till evening fell. But a reputation for "retakes" is not good—and besides that, above it, is the desire of the actor—of everybody—to accomplish the task set before him.

They are coming to rehearsals now. George Arliss has done a great deal toward establishing them by demanding

two weeks' rehearsals before each picture. Mary Pickford rehearsed carefully before Arliss came upon the scene. It is not as in the theater, a prompter in the wings and an actor at your elbow to offer whispered aid. Nor have we only the words and the emotion of the scene to keep in mind. We should know our lines so well that we can remember the chalked toe marks of the camera man, remember to make no gesture that would throw a shadow across the face, to begin our first line on the same pitch as that of the actor who has spoken before us, to keep our heads near the mike, to ejaculate softly, tread lightly—and to sigh not at all. I have come near to the conclusion—near it, only—that successful talking-picture acting may be acting plus. And may the Lord have mercy on our souls!

For there is no one else to help us when the Silence falls. And this Silence is, I believe, the greatest cause of all for the New Stage Fright. Seemingly to digress: I saw a man in the Public Gardens of Boston last spring passionately admiring the flowers. He knelt to smell the hyacinths, he caressed the tall tulips. He carried a paper bag of peanuts, and one of corn. From time to time he fed the squirrels who ran up to his shoulders, he scattered corn for the pigeons who circled about him. He was a happy man, serene in these friends.

He stepped into the traffic of Boylston Street and became a bleeding, inert mass upon the roadway. Men lifted him to the sidewalk, women staunched the flow of blood. Stumblingly eager to help, the crowd pressed about him. Whistles were blown, an officer summoned an ambulance. His crushed hat was laid on the stretcher beside him, his spilled effects handed to the young interne. He was taken away. But the flowers had done nothing about it. The squirrels finished the nuts and the pigeons cooed among the corn. Men and women gave him aid.

And we of talking pictures are *beyond human aid* when the Silence falls. There is no one to cling to. We are utterly and entirely on our own. The handkerchief of the director drops and we begin to speak. We speak. What turned us from pollywogs into these creatures on shaky legs, the desire to *accomplish*, urges us on.

It is our little job.

PORTRAIT OF AN EMPTY BARREL

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS once remarked that the life of John Hancock would never be written. After considerably more than a century of prolific biographical writing, when it has become difficult to find any figure of the past that has not been so dealt with, Adams's saying yet holds almost true. A despatch in the *Boston Transcript* of February 11, 1884, stated that a certain "professor" declared that members of the Hancock family had engaged a writer to assemble material for a life of their kinsman but that after an examination of some of the material gathered they promptly offered the author one thousand dollars to desist and to make no further investigations. The money was said to have been paid, and the life abandoned. In 1912 Lorenzo Sears published a small volume, setting forth what was known of Hancock at that time. In this readable book, by no means exhaustive nor very thoroughly documented, Hancock's life runs like a somewhat narrow stream between a broad meadow of general historical background and a steep and slippery bank of apologia. The sound, scholarly, complete life remains unattempted. John Adams so far was right. The life of his boyhood playmate and mature fellow-citizen has not been written.

Clearly there must be a reason. The professional biographer, casting about for a subject almost as hopelessly as the fisherman for a trout in a fished-out stream, might be expected to hook and land such a man as Hancock with considerable satisfaction. On the surface the choice might appear to have excellent possibilities. Here is a poor boy, son of a clergyman's widow, who is adopted by an uncle, the richest man in his colony and one of the richest in America. The lad moves from the small house to the great one. He attends the Latin School and Harvard. He is sent to London to see the world, with instructions preceding him to have all his drafts honored. "You will Supply my Nephew Mr. John Hancock what money he may want for expenses in England" writes the uncle to his correspondents on behalf of the gilded and lucky youth. Two weeks before his twenty-sixth birthday he is taken into partnership by the same uncle. In a little more than a year after, the uncle dies and bequeaths to young Fortunatus an estate of £70,000 Sterling, the largest business and one of the handsomest houses in Boston. Young "King Hancock," as he was nicknamed, embarks on fortune's flood.

Within a few months the preliminaries of the Revolution are staged, and Hancock starts on that career as a "patriot" which has made his name known to every generation of school children ever since. What child has not been shown that signature on the Declaration of Independence which, like Abou Ben Adhem, leads all the rest, written in letters so large that "old George the Third could see it without spectacles"? What countless numbers of children in countless red schoolhouses have declaimed or listened to Hancock's speech on the "Boston Massacre"? As we read the words to-day in the old "declamation book" how immediately

our awkward schoolmate in his short trousers comes before our eyes. "Let this sad tale of death never be told without a tear; let not the heaving bosom cease to burn with a manly indignation at the barbarous story, through the long tracts of future time. . . . What, my countrymen, withheld the ready arm of vengeance from execution of instant justice on the vile assassins? . . . Let not the miscreant host vainly imagine that we feared their arms. No: them we despised; we dread nothing but slavery. Death is the creature of a poltroon's brain. . . . Tell me, ye bloody butchers! ye villains high and low! ye wretches who contrived, as well as you who executed the inhuman deed! . . ."

Then there is the seizure of Hancock's sloop *Liberty* and the defense of him by John Adams against the power of Britain. The Revolution starts, and Hancock is always in the spot-light. He is chairman of committees; is one of the two who is denied amnesty in any general pardon issued by the Crown; is President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts; President of the Continental Congress for more than two and a half years; leading signer of the Declaration of Independence; presiding officer of the Massachusetts Convention to pass on the Federal Constitution; first Governor of the new State; re-elected ten times to that office; treasurer of Harvard College for many years; recipient of honorary degrees from his own college, from Yale, from Princeton (not then so named), and from Brown; a Major-General of Militia seeing active service in the field. What a record for a *Who's Who!* What rich material, it would seem, for a biographer! And yet when anyone begins to look into Hancock as a subject he has to shake his head thoughtfully, and try instead to paint again the portrait of someone who has sat many times before or of someone so obscure that no portrait has hitherto seemed worth while. He may never have heard of John Adams's prediction but he fulfills it. The life remains unwritten.

What Adams may have had in mind no one will ever surely know. In the present day, however, I think that the life remains unwritten because there was no John Hancock. We walk around this image built up from adventitious circumstance and multifold office-holding, and when we try to touch the man, all crumbles into dust like a long-buried corpse struck by the air of day, or evaporates like the wraith in a dream that passes on waking. The case offers no opportunity even for the "debunker." It is not that the balloon we thought was blue turns out to be yellow, but that the balloon lies punctured and empty, a mere uninviting bit of shrivelled rubber which we cannot inflate and float again in any way. And yet are we quite sure? Let us try to get behind some of these glittering positions and offices.

II

As the head of one of the great merchant firms of colonial days, John Hancock & Company, and as possessor of one of the great colonial fortunes, our interest in him is soon exhausted upon investigation. When a young clerk in his uncle's office, being taught the business with an eye to his succession, he appears to have been diligent and satisfactory. But when the whole world was his after his uncle's death there is nothing in the record to indicate that he displayed any marked ability or that he would have got far had it not been for his lucky family connection. Colonial business may not be a very intriguing subject at best for the general reader, but at least in the business schemes of such men as Carroll or Washington there was a breadth of vision and a scale of operations that have made their mere commercial undertakings part of the history of their States. Hancock had had no hand in the making of his own great fortune. At best he helped to conserve it in part under difficult circumstances. His brother

tried business and failed, tried it again without success, and when John was President of the Continental Congress in 1776 was given the post of Paymaster-General of the Eastern Department as the easiest way to set him up once more. The uncle's London correspondents, with whom that shrewd old man had long carried on extensive transactions, were soon quarreling with his heir and successor, and the connection came to an end. Before many years Hancock turned over the conduct of the business mainly to a trusted clerk, William Palfrey, and paid little attention to it. Owing in part to the troubled times and in part to his own ostentatious extravagance, his inherited fortune was later considerably diminished. The biographer will find that behind the facts of the great fortune and the great firm there is nothing that makes for interest or significance in the man himself. The first trail leads only into the scrub wood of mediocrity blessed with cash.

To assess the political activities of Hancock in the opening years of the struggle with England is somewhat more difficult. For him to express his opinion boldly about the Stamp Act, both at home and to his English correspondents, was merely to be carried with the tide, and called for no singularity or courage. Many who were afterward Loyalists expressed themselves as bitterly as did he when he wrote to England that "the people of this Country will never Suffer themselves to be made slaves by a Submission to that Damned Act." When news came of the repeal of the Act even the Royal Governor joined in the rejoicing, while Hancock set out two pipes of Madeira in front of his house for the populace to drink, a characteristic action and the first of a long line. In the course of the career that was to follow no small part of the diminution of his fortune was due to such expenses of popularity. Sam Adams was well aware, astute plotter that he was, of the value of the young man's money bags and social position. When in 1769 Hancock was at last elected as a Representative, Adams remarked to his cousin John that the "town has done a wise thing to-day. It has made that young man's fortune its own."

The episode of the seizure of the sloop *Liberty* the year before had also done much to increase his popularity with the people and perhaps to increase his own patriotism. It has often been said that Hancock was a smuggler. Of course he was. Every Boston merchant had been for a generation or more, ever since the passage of the Molasses Act, which if it had been observed would have ruined the economic life of New England. That Act had been passed by Parliament upon the insistent urging of the West Indian sugar colonies, which were much more important than the New England ones, but once passed, it was overlooked. New England merchants could smuggle under it with less searing of their consciences or fear of authority than is now the result of a violation of the Volstead Act. The duties on wines and other articles of later date, however, were not prohibitive, and the ethics of smuggling to avoid paying them becomes much more involved. Some merchants smuggled and others did not. Hancock did, and it was a cargo of Madeira that he was smuggling when he came into collision with the authorities. The story is well known of how Kirk, the Customs official, who was displaying an inconsiderate zeal, was forcibly locked in a cabin below while the wine was removed from the sloop with no one to give evidence, and of how the vessel was subsequently seized by the authorities and towed under the stern of the ship-of-war *Romney*.

If the people were heartily tired of taxes and duties, so was the British Government of having its laws set at naught. Libels were brought against Hancock to the aggregate sum of about £100,000, or nearly half again the value of his whole fortune. John Adams was engaged for the defense and based his

argument on the popular but illogical and impractical theory that Hancock was not guilty when he broke a law in the making of which he had had no direct share. Our own government to-day would not for a moment consider such a plea on behalf of an Alaskan or a Filipino, and to ask the British Government to do so in the eighteenth century was merely to ask them to abandon America without firing a shot. The suit dragged its weary length, giving Adams much trouble and Hancock much anxiety. It began to look somewhat as though it were a question of America winning at least semi-independence or of Hancock losing his fortune. When it is said that as a man of great wealth he embraced the patriot cause with everything to lose it must be recalled that possibly he also had everything to lose if that cause did not somehow score a victory.

It is not necessary to claim that this was his sole actuating motive. It has been said that every man has two reasons for what he does—a good one and the real one. As a matter of fact, we are all of us apt to have a good many reasons; and if it is not easy to analyze them all truthfully in ourselves or those whom we know intimately, it is impossible in those who have been dead these many generations. If Hancock wobbled, so that sometimes Sam Adams was sure of him and sometimes the Royal Governor was equally sure that he could be won back to submissive loyalty, there is little cause to wonder. There was a certain unwholesome uncertainty about the situation with regard to his fortune whatever way he moved. He may or may not have been willing to put all to the touch or risk everything for the defense of an abstract liberty. Social friends of his own rank were Tories almost without exception. In Boston society to be a patriot was much like being a Bolshevik to-day. On the other hand, like many weak men with a desire to shine but without great ability, Hancock showed throughout life a love of popularity among the people of the lower grades which bolstered up a vanity that abler men refused to feed. Among the people he would much increase his popularity by espousing the patriot cause.

No one has been able to make out a convincing presentation of the case of Hancock at this time. We can understand, or think we can, a Sam or John Adams, a Jefferson, a Henry, or a Washington but, owing to Hancock's complications of circumstance and weakness of character, everything becomes fuzzy when we try to determine his motives. It would be a fascinating problem to unravel if we had the necessary data, but we have not, and must perforce leave it in an unedifying and unsatisfying mist of conjecture. We are equally at a loss for positive proof when we try to estimate his abilities at this stage. He was pretty constantly in public office of one sort or another—Selectman, Representative, Chairman of various committees, and what-not; but when we try to find out what he actually did and what power he actually wielded, we grope in a fog. He has left no writing of his own that amounts to anything, and I think it probable—although, like so much else about him, disputable—that even the oration on the "Boston Massacre" was written for him by Sam Adams. It is not at all in Hancock's style so far as we know what that was. He did, apparently, all through life, make a fair presiding officer, but on the whole it is hard to avoid the conclusion that in these years he displayed no great ability of his own and was merely used on account of his wealth and position by those who were pulling the wires. The service thus rendered may have been very useful but it is difficult to take deep interest or to consider seriously the jerked motions of a puppet.

III

His military career may be dismissed more briefly. At the beginning of the

Revolution he was a colonel of militia in Boston, with no military experience beyond parades. He had, however, that desire for military glory that obsesses the civilian who likes to shine. Absurd as the thought is, it is well known how keen was his resentment when John Adams, in Congress, after painting the perfect commander-in-chief required by the situation, turned toward Washington instead of toward Hancock, who had been all smirk until that moment, thinking that he had been intended. In 1775 he wrote to Washington asking him to reserve some berth in the army for him as he was determined to join it if only "in the ranks as a volunteer." Washington replied courteously but conclusively, not even noticing Hancock's obviously insincere threat to become a private, and expressed regret that "there is so little in my power to offer equal to Colonel Hancock's merit"; which was a polite declination. He declined again when Hancock offered his services two years later. Hancock was, however, appointed a major-general in the Massachusetts militia, and as such was in command of troops in the abortive Rhode Island campaign when an attempt at co-operation was made between American land forces and the French fleet. Even if he does not accept *in toto* the facetious account of Hancock's command and flight that have come down to us from his enemies, his biographer will be confronted with the tiresome task of apologizing and extenuating when he describes this episode in his hero's career. The hero himself sought to reinstate his popularity by giving a ball and dinner for five hundred persons in honor of the officers of the French fleet, and his only biographer passes hastily, with an apology, over the military adventure to suggest that had it not been for the restoring of amicable feelings between the allies by the dinner, the French alliance and, with it, the whole patriot cause might have been lost. The hors d'œuvres at the dinner must have been smoked red herrings.

In 1775 Hancock was elected President of the Continental Congress and served in that office for two years and five months, and subsequently again for a brief term. There is nothing to indicate that during these years he made any impression of ability upon his colleagues other than that of a moderately good and useful presiding officer. His vanity and love of display brought forth constant comment, amused or ill-natured. It has been said that he had been originally elected to fill the temporary vacancy caused by the absence of the President, Peyton Randolph, who had to go home to Virginia, and that it had been expected that when that gentleman returned, Hancock would resign, a suggestion that was conveyed to him on that occasion but which he declined to consider. He loved the glitter of office, and in his style of living and the military escorts provided for him he fed that vanity which made him a laughing stock. John Adams was also vain, but chiefly of his undoubted intellectual ability. Hancock was merely childishly vain of his pomp and show. He soon fell out with his New England colleagues, as he had with his uncle's correspondents and, although Benjamin Harrison had a good word to say for him in one letter, practically all the opinions of him that have come down to us from this time are adverse. "Your old friend [Hancock] figures away in his usual Stile," wrote James Warren to Sam Adams in 1779. "Sometimes the pendulum swings one way and sometimes the other. I mean with regard to Whiggism or Toryism, but never fails to swing uniformly against all that wont Bow down and worship a very Silly Image." A few years later we get a Southern view when James Madison wrote to Jefferson that "Hancock is weak, ambitious, a courtier of popularity, given to low intrigue." When he resigned as President in October, 1777, a motion was made in Congress to give him a vote of thanks, which, to his mortification, was strongly opposed although

finally passed, the delegates from New Hampshire, all his own colleagues from Massachusetts, those from Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, and, on a previous motion, one from Virginia, voting against the measure.

In 1780, under the new Massachusetts Constitution, Hancock was elected Governor by an overwhelming majority and, if one wishes to study his literary style, one may turn to the address he delivered to both houses of the legislature before taking the oath of office. The introductory sentence winds its tortuous way through its hundred and seventy words like a boa constrictor through a jungle, and is utterly unlike the style of the Massacre oration. He continued to be elected annually, but by the winter of 1785 the situation in the State called for strong measures which would of necessity be unpopular. At the end of five years of his rule, Massachusetts had reached a point at which its debt stood at the impossible figure of ten million dollars, its resources and credit were exhausted, and distress and dissatisfaction were so acute as to result soon after in the open revolt of Shays's Rebellion. There was no remedy for the State save in a strong leader, willing to make himself unpopular; and there was no refuge for the weak and popularity-loving Hancock but in the gout. There was a severe attack, a general and convenient breakdown in health, and his resignation ensued. James Bowdoin was elected to the helm and for a year and more did all that was possible to retrieve the situation. Having borne the whole brunt of the storm while Hancock escaped all blame for the unpopular but needful measures, the populace turned from its savior to its idol, and his health having becoming suddenly restored, Hancock returned to office.

In 1788 there was a convention held in Massachusetts to vote on the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The decision would be of vast importance as the situation was such that the vote of Massachusetts would in all probability decide the final fate of the Constitution and perhaps of the new nation. Hancock, having as Sam Adams once said, "the good Fortune never to be out of the Way of making a Figure," was chosen Chairman. He had also that fortunate gout, which was used as a perennial excuse to prevent his being about when there was anything unpopular to be done. Indeed, his two chief resources were his money and his gout, the first always used to gain popularity, and the second to prevent his losing it. The State was pretty evenly divided for and against the new Constitution, with the balance seemingly adverse though small. Hancock did not know which way the cat really wished to jump and, as he always wanted to get credit with pretty puss, he pleaded the gout and stayed away from his chair in the convention until he could see what kitty had determined to do. Although he had occupied the highest office in the Confederation and had figured as a "great man" on every possible occasion, he abandoned leadership entirely at this critical juncture. Finally the genuine leaders of the State made up their minds that the only way to get the Constitution adopted would be by adding to the vote for adoption one recommending certain amendments to the consideration of Congress. Rufus King wrote of Hancock that "as soon as the majority is exhibited on either side I think his Health will suffice to be abroad." There seems no reason to question the now accepted view that Hancock was offered the opportunity of introducing the compromise into the Convention as though it had been evolved by his own political wisdom, and that in addition he was promised support for the governorship in the next campaign, with the intimation that, should Virginia not ratify the new Constitution, he would be supported for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Hancock agreed. The gout was miraculously cured overnight, and he rose in the Convention and offered the sugges-

tion of compromise. By a majority of nineteen votes in three hundred and fifty-five the Constitution was adopted and another feather was stuck publicly in the cap of the great man, while behind the scenes the real leaders could smile at his foibles over their Madeira.

A few months later they could smile even more broadly over an incident that threatened the great man's popularity even with the mob. Washington came to Boston on a visit, and the Governor insisted on his right to determine the arrangements for meeting him at the limits of the town, while the town authorities were equally staunch in maintaining theirs. The President of the United States, being kept waiting at the entrance of the town while the argument proceeded, inquired what might be the cause of the delay, and, on being informed, is said to have made a strong remark and to have asked whether there were not another road by which he might enter and have done with the foolery. Hancock was made to yield, but difficulties were by no means at an end. The Governor insisted that the President pay the first call to him. The President insisted that that token of respect was due to his own higher office. Hancock refused to budge and instead of entertaining the President at dinner, as he had fondly hoped to do, the President dined at a tavern. The populace was furious at such an indignity, and Hancock sensed the danger. It was a case for gout and not for cash, and the former was invoked as the ever-present help in time of trouble. Hancock despatched a note saying that he would call on the President if that gentleman were at leisure, adding that "this would have been done much sooner, had his health in any degree permitted. He now hazards everything, as it respects his health, for the desirable purpose." Washington replied that he would be at his lodgings until two o'clock and that it would give him pleasure to receive him but "most earnestly begs that the Governor will not hazard his health on the occasion." Fortunately Washington had a keen sense of humor. Hancock now played the farce out. Heavily swathed in red cotton, he drove to the President's lodgings and had himself carried by attendants into the presence of the President, who must have chuckled inwardly. It was cheaply melodramatic, but Hancock retrieved himself with the public and continued to be elected Governor until his death.

IV

His uncle had been a benefactor of Harvard, and when he died had left £500 sterling to be spent on a gift of books to the college. In accordance with the terms of the bequest, Hancock sent an order to London for about eleven hundred volumes, characteristically adding to the order that the books should be priced as cheap as possible as all of them constituted a gift from himself to the college, although of the bill, amounting to £516, his uncle's estate paid £500 and young John £16. Thus began that curious connection with his own college which even his most devoted adherents can describe only as an inexplicable breach of trust.

The apparent desirability of securing the interest and financial support of this young graduate, the richest one in the college, was as obvious to the governing powers of that institution in colonial days as it would be in similar case anywhere to-day, and as it was to Sam Adams for his political purposes. It was considered a wise stroke to make Hancock treasurer and to turn over the funds and books to his care. In 1773 when thus elected he was the most popular man in the Province. He has ever since remained the most unpopular one at Harvard. He was soon immersed in politics and from the day he assumed the trust he shamefully abused it. In spite of urging, he declined to render accounts or to inform the college of the amount or disposition of its funds. Urgent letters remained unanswered.

By the 10th of April, 1775, the college was becoming desperate, and again addressed a letter to him, just before he left for Philadelphia, requesting that he turn over the books of account and money to a committee appointed to receive them. Hancock wrote a blustering reply seriously resenting the suggestion. The matter dragged for another year, Hancock paying no attention to the entreaties of the now despairing college. A long series of mostly one-sided correspondence followed for weary months. It was intimated to him that he should resign, but he declined to consider it. Finally, while he was serving as President of Congress, a committee went to Philadelphia and on March 12, 1777, succeeded in getting from his attorney over £16,000 lawful money, but Hancock still defiantly refused to make an accounting or to state how much yet remained in his hands. He continued obdurate in declining to answer letters, and in April the college elected another treasurer. In 1779 the advisability of suing him for the missing funds was discussed, but on account of his importance and popularity the authorities lacked sufficient courage. In 1785 he was brought to acknowledge that he still owed the college £1,054 but would not pay it. Finally the college brought its courage to the point of instituting suit, whereupon Hancock put up a surety bond. Late in 1789 he was informed that the college was in dire straits for want of the money and his only reply was "It is well." The disgraceful situation dragged along, and the Governor actually succeeded in warding off payment up to his death. Two years later his heirs paid interest on the sum due, and about 1801 made restitution of the principal. The treasurer's books, covering the period from 1669 to 1777 were not restored until about 1862.

Sears tries to explain in part, though he makes no attempt to justify, this breach of trust and wholly inexplicable conduct in an honest gentleman by showing that Hancock was too busy to keep accounts, and quotes a letter in which Hancock inquires of Robert Morris in 1781 whether he should not ask Congress for reimbursement of expenses while President. He stated that he had never had time to keep accounts but was sure that his expenses must have amounted to over £1,500 Sterling. This, of course, is no possible excuse. A man dealing with college and government cash should have accounts kept, and, in fact, Hancock seems to have done so. Among the manuscript records of the Continental Congress is an account which I recently examined which is of Hancock's expenses during his term. It begins with "Cash paid for paper, Ink, Wax, Wafers, Tape, Boxes for Money—Bags for hard Money, &c., &c.," and continues through a long itemized list covering four legal-cap pages to "hire of office, Cost of Fire Wood & candles for 2 years & 5 months," the total coming to $4,392, of which the payment of $3,000 on account is noted. Another manuscript of April 7, 1783 lists certain payments and also "one French Guinea and one French Crown that were left on the floor in Mr. Hancock's room, for which there is no receipt." There seems to have been no difficulty about having accurate accounts kept!

It would seem that there were little escape from the unpleasant admission that Hancock had been living beyond his means, what with his lavish expenditure for show and popularity, and that it was inconvenient for him to restore the funds. Some light is thrown upon this aspect of his character by another long-drawn-out controversy of a similar sort, though between him and a private individual, first made public in 1912. The story is too long to give in detail. Suffice it to say that it was only after the claims of his creditor Harrison Gray against him had been staved off for twenty-one years that Gray's grandson succeeded in getting two-thirds of the amount from Hancock's widow under duress. The older Gray, in the last

letter written on the subject before his death, spoke of Hancock's "promises, falsehoods, and evasions," adding "he is a mean contemptible pageant, and I do not believe he enjoys the esteem of any man on earth."

But, we may ask, what of his most intimate relation of all—that to his wife? We shall probably never know the whole story, nor, perhaps, who it was who won the woman's heart. That it was not her husband and that she married him unwillingly seems, at least, to have been clear. Even in their courtship and early married days she ignored his letters and would leave five or six at a time unanswered. He apparently had no power to win her, whatever her reasons for marrying him had been. He became engaged when on his way to Philadelphia for the first time, and we have a letter which he wrote almost immediately after from New York. It is a long, foolish letter, wholly taken up with his own concerns, mainly with paragraphs recounting how the people everywhere indulged in adulation of him. It is also an insincere letter. It would reach her on her birthday, but that was forgotten. The woman must have read his nature all too clearly, not between the lines but in the egoism and shallowness of the very words themselves.

V

Thus wherever we probe below the record into the life we fail to find a man, but at last the end came. The "great man" was dead. The funeral pomp was rather amazing even for that day, and the procession, which was "under the command of Brigadier-General Hull" was characteristically showy. A paper of the time gives us its order.

Officers of the Militia, with side arms.
Justices of the Peace.
Judges of Probate.
Justices of the Court of Common Pleas.
Attorney General and Treasurer.
Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court.
Members of the House of Representatives.
Members of the Senate.
Sheriff of Suffolk, with his wand.
Members of the Council.
His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor.
THE CORPSE.
Relations.
Vice-President and Members of Congress.
Judges and Secretaries of the United States.
Gentlemen heretofore Counsellors and Senators of Massachusetts.
Foreign Ministers and Consuls.
The President and Corporation.
The Professors and other Instructors of Harvard College.
Selectmen and Town Clerk.
Overseers of the Poor and Town Treasurer.
Ministers of the Gospel.
Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.
Committee of Brattle Street Church of which Deceased was a Member.
Other citizens and Strangers.

The farce was played to the end, even to the irony of the great democracy of Massachusetts leaving the family to foot the bills for the state funeral, exactly as the "great man" had always paid for his applause. At last he had died. "The empty barrel," as John Adams had called him, was laid to rest, but the legendary hero of the Revolution had been born. If we could only know what thoughts were in the minds of all those who so solemnly marched in that parade in Boston on that October day in 1793! It is not hard to imagine what bitter ruminations on "reality and appearance" passed through the minds of the president and corporation of Harvard. What did the minister of the Brattle Street Church think? Have we any clue in what we know was the opinion of the minister of the church at Jamaica Plain, a church to which Hancock had contributed liberally but which he had to leave because of the too open expression of candid opinion by the pastor? What was in the mind of the widow, Dorothy Quincy? Was there any reflection of it in her gift some time later to the Massachusetts Historical Society of "a Fungus and a piece of Petrified Clay"? We shall never know. The task of the biographer has no such simplification. We can only patch and

guess toward a conception of an enigmatic character. Was it really as poor and shallow and puffy as it appears from the evidence to-day? Or was there more to it than we can see? Was there any justification for the changed estimate of John Adams in his not very reliable old age when altering the opinions of his prime and intellectual vigor he expressed a higher one of Hancock's ability than was his wont? Will the biography of him that Adams said would never be written yet come into being? To be genuine it will have to be something more than a mere re-telling of the meager facts now known, the skeleton of a biographical dictionary article clothed in the insubstantial flesh of extenuation and laudation. It cannot be the hasty compilation of a sensational "de-bunker." It will have to rest on exhaustive research, critical appraisal, and an amount of work that no one has yet thought warranted by the figure they have discerned from the beginning of the passage. And yet, who knows? Who knows any man? When we compare the brilliant sketch of Hancock in his succession of glittering and busy offices with the "empty barrel" of Adams, the "very Silly Image" of Warren, the "mean contemptible pageant" of Gray, we wonder if there is yet truth to be disinterred. Patriotic legend shows us the glowing colors of the portrait. His contemporary critics show us the dull drab canvas of the back. Where, between them, if at all, lies the reality of that bit of self-conscious sentience that was once the living being John Hancock? Shall we ever know or was John Adams right?

THE NARROW BED

BY ADA ALDEN

I MURMURED so because the bed was narrow;
And we must have a wider one, I said.
Poignant the weary patience of your tone,
"There will be room enough for one alone."

Strange how the teeth of small sharp things will harrow
The deep night ceaselessly.
Oh, straiter now your bed and far more narrow,
Yet there is room for me.

GOOD WEDNESDAY

A STORY

BY KATHARINE BRUSH

IT WAS a Wednesday. Weekdays in Miss Annie Baxter's life were all pretty much alike; and it might as well have been a Tuesday, or a Thursday, or even a Saturday. But it wasn't—it was a Wednesday. I feel that I should stress this, because Miss Baxter would have. She was herself a story-teller, and the name of the day upon which a thing happened was of tremendous, of vital importance to her. Indeed, her mind sometimes mislaid the anecdote altogether, in the heat of a let-me-see-was-it-a-Thursday-or-was-it-a-Friday debate.

This, then, was a Wednesday. Miss Baxter awoke punctually at six-fifty-nine, and shut off her alarm clock set for seven. She always beat the clock thus. Only once in a year or more had it roused her. It had been fast. The shock to her nerves had ruined Miss Baxter's whole day.

She got out of bed. She wore a white cotton nightgown with sleeves and a round neck, threaded through and puckered at the throat with blue baby ribbon. She was tall and gaunt in the nightgown, and her bare feet were long and very flat on the floor—they formed capital letter L's with her thin ankles. You were surprised to see that she had slept all night, and apparently perfectly well, with ten or a dozen water-wave combs, bound round with a veil, on her head.

She was not a young woman. She admitted that herself. She said, "I'm forty-three, and I don't make any bones about it"—a proud boast, but inaccurate. She was fifty-one. The hair under the combs was gray and sparse, and Miss Baxter's skin was grayish, and her forehead was deep-grooved from lifting her eyebrows about things. She had sharp, small gray-green eyes, before which she now put shell-rimmed glasses. The rims of the glasses were very light—"champagne-colored" the optician had called them. "Or pale lemon," he had amended hastily, seeing Miss Baxter frown.

Through the glasses she could discern her bedroom slippers—black leather slippers with pom-poms, although the pom-pom was off one. A client of Miss Baxter's, one Mrs. Doctor Means, had given her the slippers a year ago Christmas. Putting them on, Miss Baxter thought of Mrs. Doctor Means. She was due to shampoo Mrs. Means to-day at three-thirty, and to cut her, and maybe to dye her. Then again, maybe not. Mrs. Means yearned to be dyed, but was scared of the Doctor.

"As if he'd notice!" Miss Baxter scoffed to herself. "He's so begigged with that dish-faced nurse of his, he don't notice *any*thing! I could tell her that." And, indeed, Miss Baxter had all but told Mrs. Means that on several occasions. A hint, she had felt, was the duty of a friend.

This was a cool morning for June. Miss Baxter closed the window—but in much more time than it takes to tell it. She had neighbors, near ones; the windows of the house next door were but a few feet away. Miss Baxter ap-

proached her window sideways, along the wall—she sneaked up on it, and flashing out an arm, jerked down the shade. This done, she advanced, reached up underneath with both arms, and lowered the window. It was a breathless moment. She would never forget the day when the shade had suddenly rolled back up of itself, all the way to the top, and left her framed for the world to see in her nightgown.

To-day she had caught an oblique glimpse of something on a window sill next door, and when her own window was shut she applied one eye to a little hole that there happened to be in the shade, just about at eye-level. She was able to discover that the thing on the opposite sill was a square white florist's box. For some reason this appeared to anger Miss Baxter. She sniffed. It was plain that the sight of the box conveyed more to her than it would have to you or to me, and that she disapproved strongly of the whole business.

While she was dressing the telephone rang. Miss Baxter, over her neat white camisole and petticoat donned a dressing-gown of blue cotton crepe, embroidered with storks—another Christmas present from another customer—and hurried downstairs. The telephone stood on a table in the hall, with an appointment book beside it, and a gayly painted flat wooden doll hiding all but the mouthpiece, which protruded from the doll's green bodice.

Miss Baxter seated herself on the chair beside the telephone. She lifted the receiver delicately and held it to her ear, but she did not say "Hello." She did not say anything. It was not her number that had rung, but the Henry Biddles' number—one long ring and two short. Miss Baxter listened attentively to a conversation between Mrs. Henry Biddle and the milk company. It seemed that the milk company had no whipping cream, but expected to have some later in the day. Mrs. Biddle wanted it by noon. She was promised it by noon, and she and Miss Baxter, in the order named, rang off. Miss Baxter went back upstairs and finished dressing.

She came down again presently, wearing a dark-blue dress with dots in it. A crepe de chine dress. It was a matter of pride with her to work in crepe de chine dresses. She was no uniformed hairdresser—she was a lady who took care of other ladies' hair. She was as good as anybody in town, and better than most. She wanted this understood, and it was understood and always had been. She was the departed Deacon Baxter's daughter Annie—Miss Baxter to you.

She owned this house she lived in and she owned a bouncing little car, in which she drove herself from appointment to appointment. She had no "shoppe," no professional parlor, here or anywhere. She carried her implements in a battered leather dressing-case, and did her work in her various clients' homes. Sometimes she was asked to stay for a cup of coffee or a bite to eat, or for a meal if the man of the house was absent. Her clients' husbands were accustomed to avoid Miss Baxter. Miss Baxter said they daren't face her—she knew too much about them.

Arriving for the second time that morning in her lower hall, she unlocked, unchained, and unbolted the front door and opened it. Her copy of the *Daily Herald* lay on the porch, rolled tight and twisted and tossed up there from the sidewalk. She emitted a sound of impatience when she saw it. How many times, she wondered, had she told that little Mooney boy not to roll her paper, and not to twist it, and not to throw it, but to bring it up the steps and lay it down flat like a little man?

She unrolled the paper standing in her doorway, looking up and down the street meanwhile. The street was called Green Street. It was an ordinary thoroughfare lined with unpretentious houses, and with timid maple trees in wire cages, which apparently gave it its name. Miss Baxter, however, found the scenery fascinating. There were the

new awnings on the house directly across —those in particular. Miss Baxter had not known that the O'Neills contemplated new awnings, and she had somehow failed to note them when she came home last evening.

They were quite a shock. Miss Baxter's hands on the newspaper stopped, arrested. She stared at the awnings. She counted those she could see. How many awnings were there in all, and what did awnings cost? Whatever they cost, they cost more than Frank O'Neill ought to be spending—owing everybody the way he did. On behalf of Mr. O'Neill's creditors, of whom Miss Baxter was not one, she resented the awnings bitterly.

"Stripes!" she snorted, under her breath. She would have been pained to know how like profanity it sounded.

She went in, and prepared her breakfast—an orange, some oatmeal, two soft-boiled eggs, toast, marmalade, caffeineless coffee. She set the dining-room table very nicely for herself. You would never catch Miss Annie Baxter eating in the kitchen. She had an electric percolator and an electric toaster from which at intervals the slices of tanned bread sprang forth, making a loud noise about it. Miss Baxter, though she had had this toaster for two years now, always jumped at the noise—though her hand no longer flew to her breast in terror.

She munched, and read the *Herald*, beginning with the society page. This she found unusually meaty and engrossing. Sometimes there wasn't so much, except of course the club meetings, and the column called "Brief Mention," in which, in individual two-line paragraphs, were listed all the ladies who had been to Cleveland shopping. Miss Baxter herself, in the past, had twice appeared under "Brief Mention." She had both clippings in an envelope somewhere. One of them said, "Miss Annie Baxter of Green Street was a Cleveland shopper Saturday." The other, of a later date, said, "Among those shopping in Cleveland yesterday was Miss Annie Baxter of Green Street"—only her name was misspelled. It was "Baxten," through some regrettable error.

To-day there was much news. There were shoppers galore, and there were travelers off on trips, and there were convalescent invalids doing well, and there were house guests. Mrs. Archie Weller had entertained a few friends yesterday in honor of her house guest Mrs. S. K. Speare of East Clinton; auction bridge had been enjoyed. The Busy Bees had met with Mrs. Homer Matthews at the latter's beautiful residence on Fairview Boulevard, which was tastefully decorated with daisies and asters. Miss Elsie Corelli of West End, whose marriage to William Sleeper would be celebrated on June 26, had been surprised by her many friends with a tin shower Monday evening. This afternoon Mrs. Henry Biddle would entertain the Hearts and Spades at her pleasant home on Green Street—

"Ah!" thought Miss Baxter. That explained the whipping cream.

Finally, there was a wedding announcement. It was not prominently displayed—it was what the newspaper people call "buried," and what Miss Baxter called "tucked away off down in one corner." She did not see it at all until she had almost finished her breakfast, and her first thought was the appalling one that she might have missed it entirely. This thought came and went. Miss Baxter, tense, was concentrating. She was sitting on the edge of her chair, her face was close to the paper, and both her hands were flattening the page, holding it smooth on the table, so that no slightest wrinkle should come between Miss Baxter and the enlightenment now dawning on her.

What she read was brief. Mrs. Sarah Micou of High Street announced the marriage of her daughter, Annabelle, to James Kendall of Fairview Heights. Unbeknownst to their families or friends, the popular young couple had eloped and been married in Columbus last March—

"I don't believe it!" Miss Baxter cried aloud excitedly.

Since there was no one to hear her, she seemed to feel it unnecessary to explain exactly what it was that she did not believe. She said nothing more aloud, for several minutes. She reread the item many times. An expression almost beatific settled over her countenance—to be supplanted in turn by a crafty, a calculating expression. Miss Baxter raised her eyes from the paper and fixed them, unseeing, on the opposite wall. Her fingers drummed on the table's edge. Or perhaps they counted. Abruptly, triumphantly, Miss Baxter laughed.

"December, eh," she said.

She threw the newspaper aside, took a hasty final gulp of coffee, and got up from the table, patting her mouth with her napkin as she rose. At a brisk clip, almost at a canter, she made her way to the telephone, where in the ensuing quarter of an hour she called up half a dozen ladies to ask if they had seen about Annabelle, and what they thought.

Four of them had found the item, two by chance and two by direction; and they thought just what Miss Baxter thought. They agreed that it was as plain as the nose on your face. There was no doubt about it. One of them said, indeed, that her sister Isabel had said that Cora Frazee, who worked in the Big Store, in the hat department, had told somebody that one of the customers—Cora wouldn't say who—knew a man who was a clerk at the county courthouse, and that this man, who knew both of them by sight, had with his own two eyes beheld Annabelle and Young James Kendall getting a marriage license only last Friday.

Miss Baxter may perhaps be pardoned for her failure to remember quite all the links in this chain of evidence. When she repeated it to Mrs. Doctor Means three minutes later—"I had to call you up, I knew you wouldn't want to wait till this afternoon to hear about it"—Miss Baxter's version was a simplified one. She had the truth, she said, direct from a clerk at the county courthouse, who knew both Annabelle and the Kendall boy very, very well.

"In fact, he used to go with Annabelle himself," Miss Baxter added on a sudden inspiration. "So it looks as if there can't have been any mistake."

An attempt to telephone Cora Frazee was vain. Miss Baxter tried not once, but three or four times. The line was busy. "She's just buzzing about it," Miss Baxter thought acidly.

She forgot Cora Frazee. She made a bold, a dramatic decision. She would call up Mrs. Sarah Micou, the mother of the bride. After all, why not? What could be more natural? Miss Baxter and Mrs. Micou were bosom friends.

"I'll just congratulate her," Miss Baxter thought with a gleam in her eye, "and see what she says."

But there was no answer at the Micous'. Miss Baxter waited a long time, and twice asked if the operator was surely ringing the right number. "Yeah—Micous'," the operator said knowingly, the second time. "I'm ringing 'em all right, but they don't answer."

Thus to the things Miss Baxter could tell you about the Micou-Kendall nuptials was added the fact that Sarah Micou was crushed by the shame and disgrace. She had locked herself into her house. She didn't want to see anybody. She couldn't even bring herself to answer the telephone.

The day had begun well and it continued better. Mrs. Ed Bletzer of Walnut street, whose iron-gray boyish bob Miss Baxter treated with oil and washed and "set" from nine until ten-thirty, was most satisfactory. In the first place, she had not heard the news. She hadn't heard a thing. Miss Baxter, still short of breath from mounting the stairs, had to sit right down and give the agog Mrs. Bletzer every last detail before Mrs. Bletzer would suffer her hair to be touched.

"No, no—wait," this client directed,

when Miss Baxter tentatively opened her implement case. "Go on. You say they were married yesterday. When? Morning or afternoon?"

"Afternoon," said Miss Baxter, with the conviction of an eye-witness. And indeed, she was rapidly becoming one in her mind.

By the time they got around to the oil treatment, Mrs. Bletzer not only possessed full knowledge of the Micou case—she was able to throw new light on it. Miss Baxter was enthralled to learn that at a recent party Mrs. Bletzer's niece, Ellen, had given, Annabelle Micou had burst into tears for no reason at all. Also, according to Mrs. Bletzer, James Kendall had been trying to borrow money of late. In other words—the unanimous other words of both the ladies—he had been trying, manlike, to skip out of town.

Armed with these colorful additional revelations, Miss Baxter started for Miss Nellie Coe's. Miss Coe, aged fifty, lived with her invalid mother, aged seventy-nine, in half a house on Ohio Avenue. Miss Coe was awaiting Miss Baxter on the porch. "Well, I thought you'd never come!" she called, as Miss Baxter was parking her car. And from old Mrs. Coe's open windows on the second floor issued a hopeful voice, "Is that Annie, Nellie? Tell her to bring her things up here."

"Momma wants me to have the wave in her room," Miss Coe explained. "She wants to hear all about it, too."

Miss Baxter was quite a tease at times. "All about what?" she asked roguishly.

Miss Coe, however, declined to be teased at a time like this. "You know perfectly well about what," she retorted, and hustled Miss Baxter upstairs.

It was at the Coes' that Mrs. Ed Bletzer, all unwitting, was added to the day's feature story, as a humorous touch. "I was at Mrs. Bletzer's before I came here," Miss Baxter related, "and, well, you would have died! Remember her daughter Gertrude, when she was married? That was the summer of twenty-two. No—no, I'm wrong. I beg your pardon. The summer of twenty-three it was. I remember now. It was the same summer I had my appendix. Anyway. Where was I? Oh. Well. So here was Mrs. Bletzer asking all about Annabelle, and saying 'Tch! Tch!' and carrying on, pretending to be so shocked—when everybody knows the same thing happened to her own daughter! Well! *Laugh?* I declare, I had all I could do to keep my face straight!"

The Coes snickered appreciatively, and Miss Nellie, who was fond of flapper phraseology, said, "Oh, I *love* that!" Mrs. Coe from her pillows said that that was a good one all right. Miss Baxter, nodding modestly, stood twirling her marcelling iron. "It was a scream," she said, to sum it up.

There was a short pause, while their smiles faded. Then Miss Nellie Coe observed thoughtfully, "That was never proved—or proven, I should say—was it? About Gertrude, I mean. I mean she didn't have the baby after all."

"Oh, well, my *dear!*" Miss Baxter said, scornful of this naïveté. "If you want the truth of the matter—"

She lowered her voice and spoke hissingly for some moments.

"I know it for a fact," she said at last aloud.

So that was settled.

Miss Baxter spent so much time upon Miss Coe's marcel, what with letting the irons get too hot while she talked and then cooling them till they were cold, that she was obliged to telephone young Mrs. Billy Lansing, and cancel her appointment for quarter of twelve. "Something important has come up," Miss Baxter said. "I can't get there to-day."

She was just as well pleased. Young Mrs. Billy Lansing was uncommunicative. Miss Baxter found this a tiresome characteristic of the young in general. They said "Yes" and "No." They said, "Don't ask me, Miss Baxter, I don't know a thing about it"—when

you knew they did. Young Mrs. Billy Lansing, moreover, wasn't even attentive, and what she did listen to she didn't believe. She said, "Oh, that's all bird-seed!" Miss Baxter always made short work of her.

Miss Baxter had dinner with Miss Coe. Dinner was at noon in their town. Miss Baxter and Miss Coe dined leisurely from twelve to one-thirty conversing meanwhile. They had by this time thoroughly covered the chief current topic, but there were sundry secondary topics, and they dealt in these.

It was give and take. Miss Baxter gave this morning's box of flowers on the next-door window sill, which she declared were sent to the youngest Pettingill girl by a married man; and Miss Coe came back with a moonlight swimming party, very scandalous, said to have taken place last Sunday night in Adèle Brierly's pool. Miss Baxter presented a rumor to the effect that Nelson Lansing, who sang in the choir, had had his hair permanent-waved; and Miss Coe supplied a list of the names of those seen petting in parked cars during a recent private dance at the Country Club.

Late developments in the affairs of Doctor Means and the dish-faced nurse were traded by Miss Baxter for a baby Miss Coe predicted and a divorce she practically promised—a fair exchange. Miss Baxter then offered the O'Neills' new awnings, and Miss Coe, much exercised, revealed the fact that the sum of thirty dollars was owed by Frank O'Neill to her brother, Charlie Coe, and had been ever since a poker game last January.

This was more than a fair exchange. Miss Baxter had not known that Charlie Coe played poker. At Mrs. Herbert Jameson's, whither she hastened at quarter of two, she said to Mrs. Jameson that Charlie Coe had taken to gambling "—and carousing," she added smoothly, for the two verbs went together.

"Nellie told me herself," Miss Baxter said, that that might be that. "Just now. I just came from there."

The effect of these tidings upon Mrs. Jameson was unforeseen, and unfortunate. Mrs. Jameson was interested, to be sure; but she was much more. She was anxious, alarmed, upset. It occurred to Miss Baxter belatedly that Charlie Coe was a dentist. He was Mrs. Jameson's dentist, it appeared.

"'Carousing'?" Mrs. Jameson repeated shrilly. "You mean he *drinks*?"

This was annoying.

"Well, he plays poker," said Miss Baxter. "He gambles. It was the gambling I was thinking of specially—"

But it was not the gambling Mrs. Jameson was thinking of specially. "I don't mind that—that doesn't affect his work," she pointed out, and persisted heatedly, "but he ought not to drink! He ought not to drink a drop! A dentist ought to be sober as a judge!"

"That's true," said Miss Baxter, "but—"

"Of course it's true! Why, it's only safe and sane! How can he have a steady hand in the morning if he guzzles liquor all night? Oh, dear," wailed Mrs. Jameson, "now I'm going to worry myself sick! I'm supposed to go to him first thing to-morrow morning—and what if he's been drunk to-night? I just know he'll pull the wrong tooth or something!"

Miss Baxter during this outburst had twice cleared her throat. She now spoke quickly. "Oh, well, really, I don't know as he drinks as much as all that," she said, and laughed. "He gambles, I know. But maybe he doesn't drink, exactly. Most likely he doesn't drink at all to speak of. I—"

"But you said he carouses!" Mrs. Jameson had heard Miss Baxter the first time. She had no patience with amendments and revisions. "You're just trying to stick up for him!" she cried accusingly. "You know it's true. Nellie told you herself, didn't she? His own sister—"

"Well, but maybe she was exaggerating," Miss Baxter suggested. "You know Nellie, how she imagines things."

Mrs. Jameson, however, ignored this.

"His eyes are puffy," she said darkly, "now that I think of it. They're puffy." She thought of another thing, and emitted a triumphant squeak. "And do you know what he did to Mrs. Ives one time? He broke a needle right in her tooth! He said—" Mrs. Jameson put the emphasis where she felt it belonged, "—he *said* it was a defective needle. Hmph! I guess so! A defective dentist is more like it!"

Mrs. Jameson was convinced. Her conviction, though new, was absolute, it was unshakable; and it began to communicate itself to Miss Baxter. The more Mrs. Jameson said—and Mrs. Jameson was voluble—the more clearly Miss Baxter perceived that, after all, she had been right. Intuitively right. It often happened.

She felt much better. Not for anything in the world would Miss Baxter have wronged Charlie Coe, done him professional injury, if he had not deserved it. But a dentist whose dissipations were such that on the mornings-after he broke needles in people's molars, and peered at them with puffy eyes, and tried his best to fit goodness-only-knew-whose gold inlay into Mrs. Jameson's wisdom tooth, as Mrs. Jameson now insisted Charlie once had—that dentist not only deserved, but demanded, exposure. If his practice suffered, it was his own fault. Miss Baxter's conscience troubled her no more.

"After all," she said comfortably, "they all drink like fishes when they play poker. It's part of it."

Mrs. Jameson exclaimed that she guessed you didn't have to tell *her* that! As instance, in passing, she enjoined Miss Baxter to take her neighbor Mr. Anderson: "He plays four and five nights a week somewhere, and comes home late—and I just wish you'd hear him try to get his car in his garage!"

"Wait!" said Miss Baxter tensely. "Let me get this straight. Is it Harry Anderson you're speaking of? Or Arthur?"

"Arthur," grunted Mrs. Jameson.

"Arthur!" exulted Miss Baxter, and thus a new conversational vein was tapped. What Miss Baxter knew about Arthur lasted them until she left.

It was then three-thirty. En route from Mrs. Jameson's to Mrs. Doctor Means', Miss Baxter thought again of the moral decline of Charlie Coe. She thought, among other things, that she wouldn't have believed it of him—he was such a quiet little man, so meek-appearing. "It just goes to show you, though," Miss Baxter mused. "'Murder will out', as I've always— Oh, good heavens!" she protested abruptly aloud. "Have I got a flat tire?"

She had. She had the flattest possible right rear tire. She would have to telephone the garage. For a moment Miss Baxter considered telephoning from her cousin Emily Mason's house, which luckily was very near. On second thought, however, she decided not to bother Emily. She climbed back into the car, and upon the flat tire drove resolutely, though slowly, for perhaps a quarter of a mile—stopping again finally, with an effect of complete breakdown, before a low white house with a green thatched roof. This was the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, from Chicago. Miss Baxter had always wondered what it was like inside.

Mrs. Warburton was not in, but the local maid-servant who opened the door thought it would be all right for Miss Baxter to use the telephone. Miss Baxter called the garage and asked them to come and change the tire. She was a little vague with them, being so preoccupied. Once she absent-mindedly said, "Chinese rug" for "inner tube."

"Bring a new Chinese rug with you," said Miss Baxter.

She proceeded on foot to Mrs. Means' house. The coupé would presently follow. Miss Baxter had lingered long enough to see the garage mechanic arrive, to show him which tire was flat, and to extort from him a promise that, when he had repaired it, he would drive

the car along and leave it under Mrs. Means' porte-cochère.

Miss Baxter hurried now. Her implement case banged her speeding knee—though it must be confessed that she did not appear to know it. Her thoughts were elsewhere. To be exact, they were still at the Warburtons'. Miss Baxter was memorizing for future reference a list of items of interest—notable among them a cigarette stub with lipstick at the tip, lying in an ash-tray; Mrs. Warburton's bank statement for May, open on a desk; and a black and white crayon drawing, hanging right there on the wall in a frame, of a woman without a stitch on her.

"And children in the house!" Miss Baxter thought, striding along. "Little children! There ought to be a *law*."

So, in fine fettle, she at last reached Mrs. Means, who all day long had been looking forward to her. Mrs. Means wore a changeable pink-and-lavender taffeta dressing-gown, quite new. She would not be shampooed in it, but she wanted Miss Baxter to see it on and to tell her frankly whether it suited her. Mrs. Means was short and squat, and had a little hair, mostly gray. She had gray brows, shaped weekly by Miss Baxter with the tweezers and blackened by Mrs. Means when she was going to a bridge party.

Mrs. Means had large and very prominent front teeth, that when she smiled looked somewhat too carnivorous for your comfort. She had eager eyes, and was a spellbound listener. She was also an expert finisher of other people's sentences—it did not do to pause for breath when addressing Mrs. Means. She knew, and said, what you were going to say. This irritated some people. It irritated Miss Baxter. "Look here, Harriet!" she would exclaim, "Who's telling this?"

They were great cronies. The truth was that Miss Baxter always had more to tell Mrs. Means than there was time for—hence her peevishness at interpolations, however helpfully meant. To-day was no exception. Miss Baxter had so much to tell Mrs. Means that, as she said herself, "I could talk on and on—"

"All night!" Mrs. Means concluded for her automatically. She emitted an ecstatic chuckle. "Well, *start!*" she commanded, settling herself. "Start with Annabelle Micou."

So Miss Baxter started with Annabelle Micou. . . .

This was at four o'clock. At quarter of six Miss Baxter, still speaking, and Mrs. Means, still listening raptly, emerged together from Mrs. Means' bedroom and descended the staircase to the front door. Miss Baxter was on her way home. "And not only that!" she was saying. "He takes laughing gas in the daytime. Every time he feels the craving coming on him, and he hasn't got a drink around any place, he goes back into that little back office and takes a whiff of laughing gas, and then of course he's drunk as a lord again."

Miss Baxter, then Mrs. Means, passed onto the porch, and there halted. It was to be seen that Mrs. Means' eyebrows had been tweezered, for the skin around them looked raw, and that her hair had been shampooed, for obviously you couldn't do a thing with it. It had not been dyed. Again Mrs. Means had lost her courage. She was still afraid of the Doctor, she had explained apologetically. She didn't know what on earth the Doctor would say.

Miss Baxter had held her temper and her tongue. It was difficult, for Mrs. Means had been vacillating thus for months and months, in a manner to try the patience of a saint. Not only that: to-day was to have been The Day, and Miss Baxter accordingly had promised all previous clients that a treat was in store for them, a spectacle of spectacles—they were to see poor old Harriet Means with her hair dyed black, if they could imagine such a thing.

"Now they'll think I was lying," had been Miss Baxter's aggrieved thought. Her integrity was very precious to her.

Nevertheless, she had controlled herself, she had refrained from giving Mrs. Means the piece of her mind she longed to give her; and no doubt she would have continued to refrain, for the nonce at least, if Mrs. Means, in parting, had not brought it all up again. Mrs. Means was now saying that maybe the next time Miss Baxter came, they would dye the hair. She was once more explaining her timidity heretofore.

"You don't know husbands," she informed Miss Baxter. "You don't know how they are about things."

Miss Baxter's temper snapped quite suddenly.

Mrs. Means continued, "He'd probably kill me—"

"Nonsense!" Miss Baxter exploded furiously. "For goodness' sake, Harriet, stop being so simple! He *likes* black hair!"

She paused to allow Mrs. Means to remember that the dish-faced nurse's hair was black. Mrs. Means, however, if she remembered, made nothing of it. Her expression was meek and wondering, and even hopeful. She seemed on the point of saying, "Do you really think he does?"

Miss Baxter's rage increased. "He wouldn't 'kill' you!" she cried scathingly. "Don't flatter yourself! The chances are he wouldn't even notice your hair was different!" She glowered at Mrs. Means. "Listen!" she commanded, and took a quick breath: "He's got *other things* to think about—I'll tell you *that!*"

The nod with which Miss Baxter punctuated this declaration was impressive. It was a single jerk that must have rattled the teeth in her head. She wheeled then and tramped down the four porch steps. "I may not know husbands," she shot back over her shoulder at the blinking Mrs. Means, "but I know *that!*"

The coupé stood at the foot of the steps, under the porte-cochère. It quivered and creaked with Miss Baxter's climbing in. She slammed the door and rattled the keys that hung on a chain from the switch. She looked through the window. Mrs. Means at the top of the steps was still staring at her.

"Well, good-by," Miss Baxter said sardonically.

She started the engine. She had her hand on the brake, releasing it, when Mrs. Means abruptly called out, "Wait! Wait just a minute!"

Miss Baxter waited. Mrs. Means hurried down the steps and confronted the window. She seized the frame with her hands. She was troubled now, Miss Baxter saw. Her eyes were uneasy, fearful, under the reddened, slightly swollen brows.

"Annie," she said. "What do you mean? What 'other things'?"

Miss Baxter regarded her thoughtfully.

"You mean his practice, don't you?" Mrs. Means said, on a pleading note. "His work. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

Miss Baxter's wrath had abated, evidently. She smiled, and her answering voice was gentle. "Why, of course, Harriet," she said. "What else would I mean? His work at the hospital, and his office hours, and his outside patients—and all the time he spends with his nurse. . . . Those things keep him busy," Miss Baxter finished blandly. "He's a busy man. That's all I meant."

She put her car in gear. "I've got to run along now, dear," she said. "It's almost supper-time."

She left Mrs. Means to think it over.

Miss Baxter was tired when she got home. It had been a busy day. All days were busy days except the Sabbath, and she was always tired at supper-time. She did not mind. This was a good, a peaceful weariness. It was contentment. "Something accomplished, something done."

She prepared a casual meal of tea and salad and sardines, and bread and butter, and ate it slowly, restfully, in the quiet dining room. She sat there long, in pleasant reverie.

The clock on the dining-room mantel, striking, roused her. Seven o'clock. "Here!" Miss Baxter said aloud. She jumped up briskly. "I'd better get a move on. I'll be late."

She folded her napkin and rolled it and slipped it into the silver ring marked "Annie," that she had had since she was five. She cleared the table hurriedly and crumbed it with her hands, bearing the crumbs in one palm to the window sill. "There, little birds," she said. She put the butter in the icebox, and the napkin and the sugar bowl on the sideboard. She did not wash the dishes. What few there were could wait.

All this took but a moment. Miss Baxter rinsed her hands and dried them and left the kitchen, passing through the dining room to the parlor. Here there was an immense black desk that had been her father's, wide as the opposite sofa, high as the windows.

Miss Baxter opened the desk, revealing pigeonholes neat with papers. She pulled up a straight chair, and sat on the edge of it. There was not much time, but she had a little note to write. A note to Annabelle Micou, the bride.

She addressed the envelope first. She did not write the address, but printed it, in black ink on a plain stamped envelope. "Mrs. James Kendall, care Mrs. Sarah Micou, High Street, City." She looked at it carefully. It looked all right. Wouldn't it be better, though, to misspell "Micou" somehow—say, to put a "k" after the "c"?

She believed it would be better. She destroyed the first attempt, tearing it to atoms, and took out another plain stamped envelope and tried again. This time she was satisfied. They would never guess now. She put the envelope aside to dry.

She printed the note as well. Miss Baxter was an experienced printer. She could make the letters straight and schooled, or crude and sprawling. These were sprawling. There were three short lines, that for all their brevity, almost covered a piece of blue-ruled composition paper. There were two words to the first line, two to the second, two to the third. "THE WAGES—OF SIN—IS DEATH!" the note read, and the final word was huge and black and underscored heavily to the foot of the page.

Miss Baxter added more exclamation points, and a signature. The signature gave her some trouble. "One Who Knows" would not quite do. She nibbled the end of her pen for a moment, and then printed simply "A Friend."

On the whole, she was pleased with the note. The message was one she had sent sometimes before to people who needed it, but never before to Annabelle Micou. "'The wages of sin is death,'" Miss Baxter repeated sonorously, folding the letter. Her voice had gusto, but her eyebrows drew together in a frown. Why "is"? Why not, "The wages *are*"? That always worried her.

She sealed the letter, and closed the desk again. It was quarter past seven now, by the clock in the hall. Miss Baxter rushed up the staircase, leaving the letter on the newel-post where she would not fail to see it and take it along with her to mail. Annabelle should have it first thing in the morning.

She was upstairs but a very short time, during which her rapid footsteps could be heard circulating overhead. She reappeared wearing a ladylike lavender hat and a white silk dress, and clutching a small black book with gilt-edged leaves and a cross on the cover, and a sealed manila envelope containing a contribution. To this handful she added the letter from the newel-post as she passed. Her free hand wrenched the knob of the front door. . . .

Miss Baxter was bound for prayer meeting, for this was Wednesday evening. Tired as she was from her strenuous day, she could not have remained at home. Miss Baxter was very devout. She always had been. "Other people," she often said, "can stay away from divine worship. But I don't know *how* they can! *I* couldn't—and feel right with God."

BEFORE RAIN—CHARTRES

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

THERE is a windless stillness in this place.
The canopy of coming rain is cool,
The air is like the surface of a pool
In which sounds drop like pebbles out of space.
The sound of children's voices, clear and high
Like passing birds that twitter in their talk,
The tap of wooden shoes across the walk,
And call of rooks against the autumn sky.
Sounds fall and echo and are lost again.
The silver circle of a cloister bell
Troubles the pool a moment, then is still.
The sky draws closer, and the curtained rain
Holding the breathless silence of this spell
Falls softly on the roofs below the hill.

Before this speechless eloquence of stone
The little sound of human life is lost;
Great rhythms here are crossed and intercrossed.
This is a harmony that we have known
Deeper than any sense of blood or bone,
A lifting exaltation rising, tossed
Into a spire; a surging passion forced
To stand as pillars where the arch is thrown.
The great walls mount tier upon high tier swelling
Like rapture in the soul. The deep carved doors
Lead inward to that center place of dwelling
Ever the secret heart of man explores.
Above untouched by time, the Rose full blown
Blossoms forever in enduring stone.

Close the doors gently on the dropping rain.
Under this vaulted height the light is soft,
Falling upon us from a space aloft
As if a sudden sun had come again.
Colors that are not of the earth or sky
Gleam through the jewelled facets of this glass,
Where once a miracle had come to pass
And now remains for ages to defy.
This is the spirit of these massive walls,
For this the arches stand, the towers reach.
And where the radiance of this color falls
Is a communion beyond need of speech.
This is the aspiration, and the strong
Pæan of praise, the Triumph, and the Song.

THE REAL VALUE OF THE LEAGUE

BY GILBERT MURRAY

THE League of Nations may or may not be effective. It is certainly indispensable. It would not now be possible to conduct the affairs of the civilized world in peace for any length of time without the League any more than it would be possible to keep up the necessary communications between men in different countries without an International Postal Union. If there were no International Postal Union patriotic politicians in Ruritania would soon discover that their own country was carrying more than its share of letters and parcels, while their neighbor Jabberwockia was carrying much less than its share. The Jabberwockians would produce figures to show that these statements were the very contrary of the truth and threw a lurid light on the political ambitions of Ruritania. Besides which, certain Ruritanian letters that had been opened and examined by the Jabberwockian authorities showed conclusively. . . "And what right had they to open our letters?" would the Ruritanians reply; and so on and so on, through all the tedious commonplaces of international wrangles. Obviously you must have an international organization if you want your letters to go regularly to and fro. And a defender of the International Postal Union would be making a great mistake if he based his defense on an argument that the mail service never went wrong, or had detected so many frauds, or achieved such and such remarkable successes in particular cases. Again, if it were proposed to abolish the House of Representatives in America or the House of Commons in England, it could be risky to base the defense of either on the number of wise and good acts which it had passed, and the remarkable absence of unwise ones. The justification for the existence of these representative bodies is simply that a modern democracy cannot get on without them.

People who attack the League of Nations always want to have a list of the positive good deeds of the League; and its defenders are generally beguiled into trotting out the disputes which it has succeeded in settling after other means had failed, and the wars or germs of wars which it has stopped at the last moment: how it sent the Serbian army back out of Albania in November 1921; how it prevented the forcible annexation of Corfu by Italy in 1923; how it stopped the invasion of Bulgaria by Greece in 1925 when the first big battle had almost begun. They add the peaceful decision about the Aaland Isles, and the Mosul frontier—cases which might easily have led to war between Sweden and Finland or perhaps Russia, and between Great Britain and Turkey; less proudly, they point to the prevention of the war between Poland and Lithuania and its transformation into a perennial unseemly wrangle in which at least no blood is shed. They produce the various conciliations brought about by the Council and international disputes settled by the International Court. These points are all sound; but they do not confute the determined skeptic. He can always argue that the wars in question were between small nations and could have been stopped quite as imperatively and

suddenly by the intervention of one Great Power, or that the problems before the Court were largely concerned with minute points which no one would go to war about. The League has by that time been maneuvered on to wrong ground, the sort of ground on which no human institution could successfully defend itself. If the League cannot instantly assert and enforce its sovereign will against any strong power or combination of powers it is futile and ineffective. If it could do so it would be a superstate and an intolerable tyranny.

II

Let us get away from these wrangles and try to envisage the general problem of what is really wanted for the peaceful and satisfactory management of the world's affairs. In a sense it is world government that is wanted; or rather, since most of human affairs are more or less efficiently controlled by the various national governments, it is some provision for settling without too much friction the residue, large and always increasing, which is outside the control of national governments. One must not expect perfection. Even inside the most civilized nations, where the machine of administration has been improved and improved for centuries, and all the conditions are favorable, the government of large masses of men is a job very poorly done. Party politics is a method which would ruin any practical business firm. Law is expensive and not always satisfactory. The best men are seldom very powerful, and even the worst criminals sometimes get away. One must not expect the "ersatz" government which we contrive for the unprotected parts of human society to be better or quite so good. All that is absolutely necessary is that it should seem at least preferable to anarchy in the eyes of the average man.

That is the basis on which all government really rests: it must be better than the obvious alternative. How far the element of force, as an eventual sanction, enters into the count is a curiously elusive psychological question; but it is certainly not the main element, not even in the countries which are popularly said to be "held by force." In India, for example, before the War, when the British forces were stronger than now, the proportion of Englishmen to native Indians was rather less than one in four thousand. One man cannot keep down four thousand by force. He cannot govern four thousand unless the four thousand, on the whole, find it less troublesome and disagreeable to live under such government than to take the risk and trouble of rebelling against it for the sake of some alternative. On the other hand, in Ireland, where there was in the majority of the people a real determination not to be governed by Great Britain, the immensely superior force of Great Britain was not enough to keep the government going. To take a third case, I remember before the War a certain foreigner from a despotically governed country looking over a private rifle-range in Sussex and observing with astonishment, "But there is nothing to prevent the populace getting hold of the rifles!" Nor was there, except that they did not want to.

This is not to say that force is of no importance whatever. It seems to be necessary somewhere in the background, and the more overwhelming it is the better, because the less likely it is ever to be used. But it certainly is not important in the foreground of government. To criticize the League on the ground that it could not prevent one first-class Power, or at any rate two first-class Powers in conjunction, from making war if they really were determined to do sō is to utter a meaningless truism. The answer is that the League's business is so to arrange international business that no nations, great or small, are "determined to make war." Suppose the people of Scotland were unanimously or by a vast majority determined to make war on England; suppose the peo-

ple of Massachusetts were determined to wash out in blood the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of Vermont, nobody could stop them. But the point is that they are not. No such idea ever occurs to them.

The League of Nations has had to deal with a situation in which the cohesive force is vastly weaker than it is inside any single country and the reasons for a quarrel infinitely more acute; and one measure of its success is that in no country at all is there a majority, or anything like a majority, which desires war. The League has not yet established the same sort of solid unquestioned peace as a matter of course which subsists inside the United States or the United Kingdom; but it is worth while remembering that Sir Henry Wilson, the British Commander-in-Chief, said soon after the Peace of 1919 that he knew of thirteen separate wars ready to burst out in Europe in the next ten years. The ten years have passed and there has been no war. On the whole, the knowledge that at the League every nation can get its case fairly heard, and decided with some decent approximation to justice, together with the risk involved in antagonizing the whole League by a breach of the Covenant, has brought about that no single nation, not even the most discontented or the most ambitious, has ever seriously tried to make war. At the worst one or two of the less scrupulous or less civilized have been goaded into some dangerous imprudence or perhaps some sharp practice, and never successfully. It is a good sign that by now most members of the League have begun to grumble mildly and half-jocosely—just as they grumble at their own governments!

What human beings really want is some security that they will not be grossly cheated and oppressed, or not more grossly than is customary. Deprive them of that security and they will fight or go mad. Give them that, and they will usually stay quiet and go about their business—except of course certain predatory tribes or individuals. It is not chiefly force that they need to keep them quiet; it is access to justice or some fair approach to justice. There was a certain part of Macedonia where, some years ago, assassinations and outrages were frequent. Fear was a sort of endemic disease. A friend of mine traveling there once found a man tossing with fever under a blanket in the corner of a hut, and on asking what was the matter with him was told simply "fear." That region is now peaceful. The last time I heard about it there had been no outrages for two or three years. The change came about not through any overpowering force of police, but through the presence of two men—one a Canadian and one a Belgian—who were engaged on some special League of Nations work, but who happened to inspire confidence outside their special work. People who heard rumors—the sort of lying rumors that generally form the first excuse for outrages—asked these men if the rumors were true. The lie was scotched, and the excitement died down. People involved in a quarrel asked these men to look into it and advise them. I do not suggest that they were men of superhuman virtue or ability; but they were sensible and disinterested and they inspired confidence. And many a Balkan peasant who, if there had been no chance of justice, would have taken his rifle and murdered half a dozen people because he had been robbed of a sheep, would now quietly acquiesce in some settlement which did not entirely satisfy him rather than face the trouble and danger of a blood-feud.

Again and again in the history of Eastern nomadic peoples we hear of a time when people grew tired of lawlessness and looked out for a Kadi or judge. What they wanted was not a man with an army behind him, but a man who struck them as fair and sensible and, in Moslem countries, one who knew the law. If they could not get justice they would fight; but if they could they preferred it. Both parties went to the

Kadi under the tree: one or both usually came away grumbling at his decision, but it was at least an attempt at justice and better than fighting.

It is important to remember that such justice need not be perfect; for of course under human conditions it never will be perfect. It will work, so long as it is honest and well-intentioned. People will submit to a good deal of inconvenience provided it is not dishonoring to them, and one of the great advantages of even an imperfect tribunal is that it saves the honor of all parties. When the frontier in Upper Silesia was drawn by the League, an English and a French diplomat were discussing it. The line in certain respects proved to be just what the British had at one time proposed and the French indignantly rejected. "Why did you reject it before," said the Englishman, "when you accept it with pleasure now?" "We did not mind the frontier," said his French colleague, "but we were not going to have it laid down by England." Of course, such feeling was perfectly natural.

A more interesting and far more acute difficulty was solved by reference to the International Court, in the Tunis case of 1923. Tunis being a French protectorate, the French Government issued a decree conferring French nationality upon all persons born in Tunis of parents who were also born there and were justiciable by French courts. (This last point depended on certain treaty rights of Europeans in Tunis.) French nationality carried with it the duty of serving in the French army, and consequently a considerable number of British subjects in Tunis found themselves called up for service and, when they refused to come, imprisoned. A dispute followed between France and England of a very acute kind. The British argued that France had no right to seize British subjects and make them serve in the French army; the French replied that their own nationality laws inside their own territory were entirely their own domestic concern. Both contentions seemed plausible; and it would, I think, have been extraordinarily difficult for one government to give way to the other. France would not even consent to go to arbitration, because to do so would have been to admit that the dispute was international and not purely domestic. In the end, Great Britain brought the matter before the Council of the League under Article XV of the Covenant: France claimed that the League had no right to consider the question because it "was solely in the jurisdiction of France" and not in any respect international. The Council thereupon asked the International Court to give an advisory opinion on that specific point. The Court advised that, since the French protectorate of Tunis was created and conditioned by various international treaties, the action taken under the Decrees was not solely within the domestic jurisdiction of France. That decision once given, France loyally accepted it, and an arrangement was reached without any difficulty or any humiliation to either side. No patriotic newspaper or politician in either country had a chance of attracting the limelight by stirring up national animosities. And this was due simply to the existence of an international instrument.

Suppose there had been no such instrument. Suppose we still lived, as many people still imagine they do, under the regime of sovereign independent states, each entirely mistress of its own acts, and each encouraged by its coat-of-arms to emulate the behavior of a lion, an eagle, a bear, or some other savage beast of small brain power, in the proud assertion of its independence. Suppose we lived under the conditions of the nineteenth century even, apart from the modifications which resulted then from the accidental wisdom or common sense of individual statesmen. What would have happened?

First the two Foreign Offices would have debated the point at issue, as they actually did, "with signs of rising temper." Then there would have been

a communiqué to the newspapers. Downing Street would have made clear to the English newspapers the superiority of the English case; the Quai d'Orsay to the French newspapers that of the French case. The English newspapers would have published editorials, articles from correspondents in Tunis, and specialist dissertations from leading lawyers, all stating more and more strongly the British side of the case, emphasizing the hardships suffered by British subjects, the tears of their wives, the brutalities of the French and Tunisian police, the sinister intentions which obviously lay behind French policy with its dreams of an African empire, or a world empire. The French newspapers would have published similar articles, showing the strict legality and moderation of the French government, the open contempt for law and loyalty shown by the British in Tunis, laying bare the intention of Great Britain, by sending her subjects secretly into French protectorates and colonies and encouraging them to defy the government, to undermine and destroy the French colonial empire, and so on and so on. The two presses would pay no attention to each other's arguments except when either was betrayed into some manifest absurdity. Then the absurdity would be quoted in large type as illustrative of the mentality of the nation which produced it. And the unfortunate readers of the newspapers, starting with a prejudice in favor of their own country, and fed entirely by one-sided statements calculated to please and strengthen the prejudice, would become steadily more and more unreasonable until something exploded. Private individuals who happened to have connections with both countries, or to have thought independently about the problem, might lift their voices and be shouted down. Practical politicians who had to make speeches would be compelled to state the case for their own country more and more forcibly; if they explained fairly the case of the other country they would be attacked and denounced and probably lose their seats at the next election.

Nobody might be much to blame; nobody would be really wicked. But by the system of the sovereign independent states every element that could work for strife and trouble would be automatically encouraged; every element that worked for peace, depressed or destroyed. The best hope would generally lie in the common sense of a few conscientious statesmen, diplomats, and journalists on both sides who would keep out of the general tornado and in private discussion or correspondence discover some way out of the difficulty without actual war. After that all that was necessary would be for each side to proclaim, in different degrees of stridency, its "victory" over the other, and perhaps for the public to discover some hero who had won their cause and some villain or traitor who had let them down.

III

When one looks into the international anarchy which formed the ideal and, to a large extent, the practice of the nineteenth century and which still dominates the nationalist parties throughout the world, one is astonished to think that any international disputes were ever settled. That they were was due not to any machinery—for there was no such machinery; it was due simply to the good qualities of individuals who happened to be in positions of influence. The nations, in international matters, were like the invalids called "bleeders" whose blood does not coagulate and who consequently are liable to bleed to death if they cut their finger. A doctor on the spot can save a bleeder; good statesmanship could save the disputing nations. But as far as the machinery went, there was nothing to prevent things taking the worst course.

There was plenty of national machinery, powerful, skilful, constantly overhauled and improved as conditions might change. There was no interna-

tional machinery at all, unless one dignifies by that name the various individual treaties between different nations. When the system produced its inevitable fruit in the World War, spreading desolation and prolonged poverty over all nations but one, it was almost universally recognized that the international anarchy must end. The pride of perfect sovereignty and contempt for the rest of the world was too expensive a luxury for a nation, as it was for an individual. And yet, since all government, and almost all political emotion and idealism, was organized on a national basis, statesmen found it impossible to go far. It was even impossible to take any step which was not unanimously approved by the representatives of all the nations assembled after the War in Paris. A single over-drastic proposal would have upset the whole scheme. It is interesting to consider just how far the world was willing to go —or at least that part of the world which had really felt the full horror of the World War and was ready for the requisite sacrifice of pride and the effort of constructive thinking to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of such things.

One point was simple. Nations ought to confer and talk things over before they fight. All nations found they could agree on that. The World War broke out largely because Germany would not come into a conference. In the future it must be laid down that before making war nations must come into conference. And why wait till it is a question of war? Let them agree to have regular conferences, conferences at least every few months, and special conferences when necessary. Let nations all bind themselves at least to come to the Conference, although not necessarily to accept its decisions. It was difficult to refuse so moderate a request, and practically all nations agreed. It was afterwards agreed to go a little farther: that if all the members of the Conference—not counting the actual parties to the dispute—were unanimous in some recommendation, that recommendation should be binding, or at least that no nation would resort to war to resist it.

The establishment of regular conferences had one result, which came as a matter of course, but has proved momentous for the government of the world. Regular conferences imply the existence of a Secretariat. There must be secretaries to prepare the agenda, to make the necessary inquiries, to execute the decisions passed, to be there in case of emergency to carry out the Council's instructions. But few people in 1919 recognized the difference which the Secretariat would make in all international business. In the first place, few people realized what a remarkable set of men and women would be got together. The salaries were fixed on a high scale, at least for Europe, so that men in good positions were attracted. The Secretary-General, Sir Eric Drummond, had a very wide field of choice before him in all the innumerable civil servants and publicists who had attended the Congress of Versailles, and he chose with great skill. But another circumstance deserves to be remembered. When the United States decided not to join the League many thought that the whole scheme had received a blow which it would probably not survive. Consequently, all the people of weak faith or poor courage thought it better to stick to their more ordinary occupations and not stake their fortunes on the success of the League. Those who offered themselves were the men and women who had faith, as well as the other necessary qualities, and who cared enough for the work of creating peace to be willing to risk their future upon it. The result has been that there exists now a great staff of international officials, men of unusual abilities, whose business is international co-operation and whose professional self-respect is wrapped up in the preservation of peace.

When any rift occurs between two or

more countries, the national newspapers may make mischief, the national politicians may accumulate votes by appealing to national jealousies and dislikes. In the old days they had things all their own way, but now there is the Secretariat working for peace. In the dispute about the Tunis decrees, for example, besides the English people in England and the French talking with French people in France, besides the diplomats on both sides who were engaged in upholding their country's interests, there were both French and English members of the Secretariat at Geneva, and neutrals with them; they were meeting every day, knowing one another and one another's national point of view, and all actuated by the wish to find a peaceful settlement, not to score a "victory." And they are there all the time. As soon as the first "unfortunate incident" occurs there are now people at work to heal its consequences. Differences are not allowed to become dangerous.

IV

A system of conferences with a Secretariat: that was the first point on which the nations of the world were practically unanimous. The next point was the provision of some tribunal of International Justice. The composition of such a Court presented great difficulties, but the ingenious scheme proposed by Mr. Elihu Root solved the difficulty, and must count as one of America's chief contributions to world peace. Every judge is elected both by a majority of the Great Powers sitting separately and by a majority of all the nations together, great and small. The Great Powers cannot impose their will upon the world; neither can a collection of small and unpopulous nations out-vote the great. Each judge must have the confidence of both. It is an immense advantage to have a permanent tribunal. The process of arbitration, which was the nearest approach to international justice practiced before, was a cumbrous and complicated process. The two parties had to agree on so many different points before any action could be taken. First they had to agree to arbitrate—and to that there was always patriotic opposition; they had to agree on the arbitrators, and find if each one was willing to act; they had a world of trouble in agreeing on the *compromis*, or statement of the exact point at issue. On each of these points there might be a breakdown. And when the tribunal was formed it was open to criticism because the judge nominated by a particular disputant would sometimes feel himself specially bound to safeguard the interests of that disputant. All these difficulties now disappear.

It is instructive to notice the history of the Court. When first set up it was merely a voluntary affair. It had no compulsory jurisdiction. Nations involved in a legal dispute could go to it if they liked; nobody could compel them to go. A strong nation with a weak case might well prefer to settle a dispute diplomatically, or by some informal method in which it would draw advantage from its strength. All that the keener advocates of international justice could obtain at the time when the League was founded, was the insertion of a clause (now Clause 36 in the Court Statute) permitting nations, if they chose, to accept once for all the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court in specifically legal disputes. (The clause enumerates four particular classes of dispute.) At first no important nation would look at the clause, but the attraction has been too much for them. Great Britain under the late Conservative Government was the chief obstacle to a general acceptance, and year by year close observers could see the obstacle weakening. As soon as the government was changed the signature of the Optional Clause by Great Britain became a certainty, and within a week after the announcement of the change in British policy thirty-eight nations, including all the great-powers members of the League, have

signed, or are about to sign, the clause accepting the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court. Henceforth if France or Great Britain does a wrong to Haiti, Haiti can sue them at The Hague. The reign of law is established in the sphere of law.

It will be observed how extremely small in all this development of international machinery is the element of compulsion. Members of the League *must* confer before going to war, and it seems likely since the signing of the Briand-Kellogg Pact that they will soon be bound not to go to war at all—there are exceptions at present under both instruments. They *must* obey a decision of the Court, and *must not* resist a unanimous recommendation of the Council. The Council *must* meet and consider what shall be done if any nation makes war in breach of its Covenant, and the members must be ready to treat the Council's recommendation as a matter of the gravest importance, though not absolutely compulsory. These are the things they must do: and if they do not? Well, if they do not, presumably the Council considers what should be done. And that no doubt will depend on circumstances.

The ordinary means of coercion is publicity. I do not mean advertisement, but the publication of some fact or the putting of some question in the Assembly. I have seen a great nation which was behaving badly absolutely coerced into decent conduct by a series of three polite speeches in the Assembly. The delegates of the nation in question simply could not bear the ignominy of the situation and compelled their government to change its course. I have seen again and again the extreme eagerness with which a nation labors to justify itself or to change its course of action under the pressure of publicity. The history of the drug traffic and the traffic in women and children provides several cases. If there is further need of coercion, there is open the whole field of diplomatic pressure—now vastly increased in scope and power by being made international—to make the offending nation suffer in prestige, in popularity, in financial conveniences, in commerce.

I am not denying the possibility that the League might have to exercise the *ultima ratio* of coercion, combined action with all arms for preventing an aggressive war or restoring a broken peace. But if that ever happened the League, and world peace with it, would very nearly have failed. The whole conception of the League as an instrument for forcibly "stopping wars" is erroneous. The League's business is to make peace a firm habit and international co-operation the normal method of human progress. The good schoolmaster is not he who resolutely throws disorderly pupils out of the windows. The good officer is not he who relentlessly shoots down his men if they run away. The success of the League is not to be judged by the four or five wars which it has nipped in the bud, or the desperate quarrels—like that between Poland and Lithuania—which it just keeps within bounds but no more. It is to be judged by the passing of ten most difficult years without war; by the increased friendliness between nations; by the fact that the Foreign Ministers of France and Germany, instead of being remote and semi-hostile potentates, are now friends who can trust each other and chaff each other; by the steady and rapid growth of all the constructive international organizations with their splendid record of work: the Labor Organization, the Health Organization, the Economic Committee, the Mandates Committee, and the rest. There is no part of the League's organization which has not grown year by year; and they have all grown because the world needed them.

The League started with a distracted world, not yet at peace and not thinking the thoughts that lead to peace. It had as its material the nations as they then were, led by the statesmen as they then were. There is not, there can never be, any other material possible.

One sees in the Assembly and Council the faults of this man or that; one of them vain, one lazy, one thinking chiefly of his career at home. One sees the special prejudices or ambitions or ignorances of one country or another. They are the same men, the same countries, as before. The extraordinary thing is that, met together in the atmosphere of Geneva, with the eyes of fifty-odd nations upon them, they do show a sensitiveness to general opinion, and a consciousness of their duty not merely to their own voters at home but to a wider constituency. The nationalists become less nationalist, the violent drop their violence, the boastful boast of their concessions and not of their victories; and almost every man goes home to some extent a missionary for a new cause to which most of his countrymen are not yet awake.

FOR MISS MAUDE IN HEAVEN

BY MARY WILLIS SHUEY

HER long, thin back, Scotch-Presbyterian straight,
Will never rest on flowery beds of ease.
She will not dawdle inside Heaven's gate,
So give her work at once, St. Peter, please.
You'll find her helpful with the Heavenly rolls—
She taught a small-town school for fifty years—
She knows the ways of West Kentucky souls,
The sins of Richards, Wallers, Ames, Brashears.
She saw three generations live and die,
Knew Flournoys, Youngs, and Sparks as pupils, friends,
Knows which are honest, which will sometimes lie,
Which hold their grudges, which make quick amends.
Miss Maude can judge folks by the family name:
She found three generations just the same.

WHO GETS THE CHILDREN?

ANONYMOUS

NOT long ago I met an acquaintance aglow with the triumph of just having obtained a very satisfactory divorce. "Of course," she declared, "I would not have considered applying for it if I hadn't been assured that I should get the children. Now they are mine—to manage as I please, without having to consult that man who was my husband."

Although this acquaintance does not know it, I, too, have faced the possibility of seeking a divorce and legal control of my children. I cannot lightly put aside the conviction that the poor woman may be deluded, that over filial affection and parental influence courts have no jurisdiction, that not a judge's decree but the attitude of her children themselves toward their mother and father and the divorce suit will determine whether or not she will keep them in such complete subjection as she imagines.

My acquaintance and I are not alone in asking, "Is it worth while to go on living legally bound to a man (or a woman) I have ceased to love?" Every year more people than we shall ever know confront this problem, and more than we shall know answer that divorce is not always the wisest way of attempting to get out of unhappy domestic situations. Because of rather general interest in whether divorce is a practical escape from difficulties in homes where there are children, I set out—somewhat reluctantly—to give my conclusions from experience. Briefly, my situation—which I believe is fairly typical—is this. Years ago that powerful but very fleeting attraction which we lightly call love vanished between my husband and me. We found that our interests and ideals are different. We respect each other, but both of us know that each one would be happier not continuously irritated by the other's presence. Neither of us is very "bad" judged by the world's standards, so neither has what is considered a serious claim for divorce. However, evidence of the "mental cruelty," for which some States make provision in their divorce laws, is not hard to secure when two people who "get on each other's nerves" have been living together for years. My husband would not apply for a divorce from me because this is a deadly sin according to his religious beliefs; but I do have grounds for a divorce from him and in the settlement should probably "get the children."

Desire for independence and for absolute control of my children makes me long to "go to law," demanding my "rights." Living with a person who hugs his inherited notions concerning woman's subservience in the social order, I frequently feel the "urge" to seek a divorce as a demonstration that traditional shackles no longer bind. Although Charles would not admit his belief in words, he shows clearly by his behavior that, according to his scheme of thinking, everything a wife does is of concern to her husband. Take just the trivial matter of smoking—he disapproves of smoking by women and assumes that he has an undeniable right to command me not to smoke. My reason tells me that it is foolish to stir up a family quarrel over what is not a neces-

sity of life, but a silly habit. Nevertheless, the more I reason the more I feel my personal liberty violated and want to exhibit my power to do as I wish—to smoke incessantly if I want to. If Charles had ever asked me as a favor not to do this or that, in a manner indicating that he thought I had a part in making the final decision, probably I should not feel so abused; but his words concerning my acts of folly have always been dictatorial in tone, consequently, have caused my inward revolt against compliance with his wishes. When infringement of my freedom involves more vital matters than smoking reasons for submission are hard to discover.

Among all individual rights I can conceive of none much more fundamental than the right to read what one chooses. Many of us rebel against the censorship that restricts the range, at least, of everybody's liberty in this respect; but when a husband sets himself up as the censor, assuming that it is his privilege and duty to determine what is good and bad mental pabulum for his wife, the censorship becomes especially repugnant. If I lived in sensational novels all night long when I ought to be gaining strength and poise for the next day's duties, or neglected my household and children in eagerness for the sordid details of the latest murder and divorce cases, I might see that Charles had a right to demur—if, with such reading tastes, it were possible to retain the power of reason. But I like perfectly respectable literature—HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for example, which, as far as I can judge, is not so overstimulating emotionally that people, because of its perusal, forget they have lives of their own to live. To me, James Truslow Adams and Walter Lippmann—taken at random from a number of well-known writers about whom Charles and I differ violently—seem sane stimulators of one's thought, safely conservative even when voicing mildly iconoclastic ideas. But Charles doesn't consider these gentlemen "safe" mental companions for his spouse. They do not consistently follow timeworn paths of thought; therefore, they should be shunned by all faithful wives of husbands who disagree with them. I am pretty much in the position of a youthful seeker after knowledge in the medical book—hiding *A Preface to Morals* under my pillow or in any nook where it is not likely to be discovered, taking it out surreptitiously but eagerly to snatch a few lines when the paternal eyes of my husband are not upon me and there is no danger of raising a fiery argument as to whether I possess the right to read even Ernest Hemingway and H. L. Mencken if I wish.

These little annoyances, to which I must submit if I am to remain married to Charles in a semblance of peace, are beside the point, except in proof that "individual liberty" is to me far from a vague, abstract term. I know what it is to have my freedom and "self-expression" very definitely and unpleasantly restricted by marriage, and know the overwhelming yearning one may experience to assert independence once and for all by one great act of rebellion. If I believed "the law" could give me what I want I might seek its aid, although this would be unfair to my husband, who is no worse or no more cruel than I am. He simply lives by a different system of thinking or of "complexes," or whatever we want to call our mental processes, and is very kind as long as my life seems to conform to his code. Personal freedom I might secure. Present-day people—women especially—find the urge to demand independence very alluring. We fall into the scramble for liberty in itself with all the zest that is natural when a formerly forbidden path is suddenly opened. Because our right to it has been so recently granted, self-expression seems the great goal that every human being must achieve if life is to be worth living. Now when the cries of the individualist are forever in the air, we may lose our sense of direction and follow the shouting mob without realizing whither we are being led.

II

Do people really want independence above everything else? Are there deeper, more enduring desires than to do as one pleases? Are there any human relationships that may mean more to us than freedom from shackles could ever mean? I believe there are. To be sure, revolt against being tied by the old rotten strings of marital bondage may make us feel that the greatest pleasure on earth would be to break them; but, after they were once torn and the first exhilaration of triumph over, we might experience no such bliss in freedom as we had anticipated.

The only thing we can do to make sure we are not following a will-o'-the-wisp is to sit down calmly and decide what we want above all else. Sometimes, I admit with a sense of shame bequeathed by a Puritan upbringing—though I am not unique in entertaining such desires—I feel that what I need is another, different kind of a husband, one who would give me at the same time his devotion and my own full liberty. I have never laid eyes on this ideal man; but, in moments of hope, it seems that he must be somewhere waiting. That another love affair might prove disappointing I cannot make myself really fear. Why not throw off the yoke of an unhappy marriage, thus announcing my freedom to attach myself to my real "affinity" if I should ever stumble upon him? In the midst of such dreams—whether they are the indulgence of a sunshiny day or of a moonlit night—comes the imperative question, "How would a second husband feel toward my children?" Being a dream man, my hero enfolds my son and my daughter in his arms, while I merely stand by, forgetful that those arms are my place, experiencing no thrills but the purely maternal ones of satisfaction that at last my children have the kind of father I covet for them.

Though I'm not a Freudian, I believe that our dreams—day-dreams included—index pretty accurately our greatest desires. If one has ever been a mother she will never know perfect happiness—even in rosy visions—apart from her children. She cannot imagine life that is satisfying without their sharing it. Maternal affection is a deeper—though a calmer, less exciting—emotion than is sexual love. That the ecstasy is lacking in mother-love is only an evidence that it is more enduring and vital; for ecstasies never last. To be sure, a woman may be unconscious of this maternal want: she may go about seeking gratification in ecstatic experiences, but, in the end, she is always a Madame Bovary who never knows satisfaction. If I cannot speak for all women, I can for myself and the majority of others. In men, too, the paternal need is great, although perhaps more frequently suppressed or concealed. When marital love departs, the longing for a satisfying parent-child relationship becomes more powerful. Between mates who themselves have grown antagonistic there is almost inevitably a struggle for control of their child as well as for his sympathy and love.

Our case is just a typical illustration. As my husband and I have grown farther and farther apart, each has become more and more devoted to our children—each more anxious to become the governing force in their lives. No more pleasurable experience will ever come to me than when my little son, toddling along the street at my side, used to grasp two of my fingers whenever we came to a crossing. Apparently he felt secure holding those fingers to lead him through the maze of traffic. If I were a poet I should sing a song of parental exultation over this childish, trustful act and of hope that my son would always thus grasp for my guiding hand in moments of need all his life. Not being a poet, but only a person trying in plain words to explain some of the motives that actuate common people, I sound sentimental when these desires are expressed. Not only do I sound so; I *am* sentimental. But what father or mother is

not? My husband, one of the most practical and matter-of-fact of men, has experienced, I know, the same emotions that I did when this same son grasped one of his big fingers as a symbol of safety. We both long to keep throughout life, not this dependence of our son, but this confiding certainty on his part that we can help him steer his course wisely. Desire to be the one great influence in our children's lives becomes a mania and a source of conflict—conscious and unconscious. There's no more misleading myth than "Children draw parents together." Instead of being a unifying bond—between people already separate in spirit—the children are a bone of contention.

To face this fact is disheartening. Fighting over a bone doesn't injure the dogs as much as it does the bone. Children in such domestic situations usually have a hard time of it—not materially, because every wish is probably granted by one or the other parent anxious to win filial favor, but spiritually. They are tossed back and forth between two people who, they cannot help knowing, are at odds—used as an emotional football, when, instead, they ought to enjoy the right of growing personalities to develop naturally without so much excitement and nervous strain, without being forced to "take sides" in a conflict.

With the wish for parental control, there is, normally, desire to do what is best for one's child. The danger is that by rationalization one may try to reconcile what one wants oneself and what is best for his child. "Why not remove my son and my daughter from this conflict—get a divorce, take them myself? Even if my influence upon them is not all that could be desired, they will be better off not living in the midst of a battle where every blow strikes them." Thus I have often rationalized, because this is the course I should like to take.

The question is whether—when the struggle between husband and wife for control of children has once begun—it *can* be stopped by mere court decree that they go bodily to live with this or with that parent. How early in a child's life emotional attachment to a mother or a father becomes powerful, we seldom realize. Even in a person's infancy connections to a parent develop; after infancy they are frequently too strong to break. With many psychologists, I believe that what we call filial affection is not instinctive, that it is built up by a process of pure "conditioning." If some other woman, with a personality similar to mine, had taken my son on the day of his birth and treated him throughout the years exactly as I have treated him, this other woman—not his natural mother—would be loved by him as I am now loved. But does the behaviorist's explanation of filial dependence change matters? Although the child loves no one person instinctively, he will, instinctively, grow emotional roots that bind him to somebody. Emotional capacities—in fact, emotional necessities—are a part of every human being's make-up. In our social structure, natural parents are the ones to whom a child normally adheres. Whatever the cause, to me and also to their father do our children cling—quite impartial in their attitude toward each of us. We have both been good to them.

These normal attachments can never be severed by direct means stupidly recommended. Among some farmers there is a belief that certain plants need to be partially pulled up by the roots and the tiny fibers broken to induce the plant to develop a more efficient root system. Whether or not this tendency of some roots to grow stronger after being torn is a scientific fact, it may serve as a figure to clarify our conception of what takes place when we try to break the tendrils by which a child clings to a parent. Instead of weakening the hold, the process of trying to kill filial affection merely strengthens the ties. With such intensifying of attachment on one side goes a corresponding weakening of connection on the other. There is a negative as well as a positive reaction.

Against the person who has tried to break unbreakable bonds, there develops on the part of the child an antagonism—a natural recoil as from a poisonous or irritating substance. Arbitrary command that my children reject their father, love me, and follow my instructions would probably lead them to shrink from me and to hold more tenaciously to him. Once in the conflict, a child cannot be removed from it. The wisest plan, in many cases, is not to disturb normal attachments, not to force a child to "take sides," to try to keep him from realizing how bitter is the hostility between his parents, to allow him the companionship of both father and mother without constant reminder that the two are enemies.

This way, I am convinced, will not only, under present conditions, be better for the children, fairer to their father, but also, finally, more satisfying to me. I will not allow myself to be placed in a disadvantageous position in the showcase from which parents are viewed, nor will I allow my children's father to assume a halo in their eyes. Halos adorn the heads of martyrs only. If I should "go to law" pleading a case against my husband, which, to be respected by existing courts, must distort the truth somewhat, my children could not help feeling that their father had suffered injustice. We live in a world where public opinion and the judge are against you if you don't produce "charges." In most States one must tell—if not lies—at least misleading truths to obtain a divorce. These charges may not make much difference when there is no child involved, because both husband and wife know they are mere legal tools used to gain a desirable end. But to a child, who in his "reason" is governed not by his parents' emotions but by his own, the whole legal process seems unjust. "Why," he asks, "should anybody say such dreadful things about someone I love? And why should *I* be separated from a person I like because my mother and father don't care for each other?" The fact that children know that the parent from whom they are torn returns their affection intensifies their rebellion and makes them cling all the more obstinately to the martyred member of the family. How the persecutor fares is illustrated again and again. He is cast aside. Although he remains a powerful influence in his children's lives, he is not a positive but a negative force. "I won't be led by him. I'll do just what he doesn't want me to do" are natural, though perhaps unconscious, decisions of children in such situations. Among my acquaintances are two fathers who have been divorced from their wives for a number of years. Each man clings desperately to his children. One man receives their sympathy and love; the other does not. The first helped his wife secure trumped-up evidence against him, accepted all the blame for an unhappy domestic situation, and allowed the court to "give" the children to his wife. As a matter of fact, he "has" them—loyal, anxious to visit him and "play around" with him whenever there is opportunity, ready to listen to his counsel on everything from clothing to prospective husbands and wives. The other man took legal action against his wife, fought for control of their children, which he received—as far as the court could give it to him. Now from college they mail him their bills, but in other ways they ignore him or defy him in what he considers his rightful authority. To their mother they send their affectionate letters and make their eager visits, and of her they solicit advice. These two cases—so similar except in each man's treatment of an uncongenial wife—show how a child will cling by emotional roots to the parent who has seemed to suffer injustice, and how the one who has appeared the persecutor is repulsed.

III

Above all, a thinking parent wishes to be a positive factor in his children's

wholesome development. Not so much does he want to be a physical or a material asset—to nurse a child through a sickness or to pay his bills—as to be a spiritual force, helping him to a philosophy of life and habits of action that will make his life a success. We all want to stamp our offspring with the "behavior pattern" that we admire, although frequently this is unfair to the children. In many instances husband and wife do not differ so fundamentally in their conception of a satisfactory pattern of life as do my husband and I. Nevertheless, our case is just an extreme example of the difference in ideals that exists nearly always when husband and wife disagree vehemently. Charles, very sincerely, thinks it best for the children to grow up under the influence of a church where a definite path is authoritatively laid down for everybody to follow. I don't believe that God tells people what is right and wrong through the ministers of any church. I want my children to utilize their reason—not an authority's command—in determining their behavior in every situation of life.

Of course, I may be wrong. In spite of this, is it fair to my child, by my unreasoning action, to make my point of view seem unworthy of notice? If somehow I can maintain real tolerance for my husband's views, control myself as far as not to oppose his religious beliefs openly and allow him and his church to present their side fully to my children, I believe that they will attain an open-mindedness they never would if I tried to keep them, by *my* authority, from consideration of ecclesiastical claims. After all, my views should not be imposed on young minds any more than their father's should be. If my children learn to *think*, rather than to uphold what they wish to accept by rationalization, I shall be satisfied. When both sides, or several sides, of a question are allowed a hearing—without emotional appeal on any side—there is encouragement of the rare art of thinking. What good would it do, for instance, for me to storm against my daughter's learning the catechism? If I calmly let her learn the words—which probably don't mean much to her at present, anyway—I show her that I don't fear words, and now and then I do get a chance to drop a question in her mind as to whether these words are to be taken as the final expression of truth. With both my son Paul and my daughter Esther I have had such opportunities, when we have been alone and in the mood for exchanging confidences, to lead them to a questioning, thinking attitude, simply because I have never objected to rote learning of the catechism, but, instead, have heard the lessons time after time. When a teaching especially offensive to me has come up, I have said, "Father believes this, and so do many other people. You should respect their opinion, because we shall never discover what is true without hearing, with a kind of reverence, what others believe. But mother doesn't agree with this." After explaining why I reject the doctrine, I can easily make the only request I shall ever make of my child in this respect, "Please think the matter over and sometime you may decide for yourself whether you agree with your father, with me, or with neither of us."

Perhaps this way of handling the situation is unjust to Charles, because it is more adroit and more likely to make the children differ from his opinions than would my bitter opposition. I feel like a traitor when I consider how I am using what would seem to him—if he knew it—underhanded means to gain my ends. Never could I do it if I did not feel that this is the only fair way to treat the children. The influence upon them of words—in the catechism or anywhere else—I do not fear; but I do fear the influence of strong emotional appeal to accept these words as truth. My applying for a divorce, commanding my children to separate themselves from their father and all that he stands for, would be a blow which would make them recoil from me and give them an

emotional incentive to lay hold not only of him as an individual but also of the things he wants them to believe and do. He would have a distinct advantage; while now, not having dealt the blow but having used more subtle methods in attaining my purpose, I have the advantage. It would be fairer all round if parents in such situations could agree that each one should have full liberty to influence their children by suggestion rather than by command—at least in matters where the standards of the parents conflict; but seldom will such a happy solution of difficulties be found, because seldom will both adults agree to the terms. Charles, for example, would never consent to having my views exposed in our household. I am forced to be secretive, almost deceptive, if I want to keep my children out of an open warfare.

This, I realize, is setting a bad example. I don't like it. But what else could I do in justice to the young personalities under my care? Although this is irrelevant to my main point, I want to explain that I have tried never to give the impression that I am ashamed of my views and have never asked the children not to mention what I have said to them. They can be depended upon to realize that I would never deny any statement I have made. The point is, in this discussion, that apparently they never think of bearing tales about me or my belief. As I have analyzed their attitude, they respect my views, though they have never taken sides with either parent in these matters so vital to us both. By refraining from discussion of their mother's confidences, the children show that they hold these confidences sacred.

Since Paul is only fifteen and Esther only thirteen, it is impossible to prophesy what the outcome will be. Personally, they are devoted to their father and, without a word of protest, attend church with him. Sometimes I am sure they realize, as young as they are, what a blow one gives a person who loves one by differing with his cherished opinions. Of course, I want the children to realize this—in fact, I have discussed it with them. Once, after I had been reading how Theodore Dreiser, for love of his father, deliberately gave an evasive answer to the aged man who would have been distressed to know that his son had cast aside the religion of childhood, the children and I talked the question over together to try to decide whether Dreiser was justified in his deception. Paul thought that evading an answer to a direct question was cowardly, but that if one could avoid discussion of the topics on which there was disagreement everybody would be happier. Esther was for a little evasion if it could be managed without telling an out-and-out lie. I didn't give any opinion, because I'm uncertain. Puritan traditions, with which I was branded in childhood, give me an uneasy feeling even now when I wonder whether we owe "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" to our legal mates. However, I am certain that I owe truth as I see it to my children.

Whether I am doing right or wrong is not the question in this paper. The detailed account of the means I have used to make my children respect me and my judgment is used only as an illustration anyway. The point is that I have gained my goal as I probably should not have gained it if, with help of "the law" I had tried to break my children's attachment to their father and force them to my side. In detail, the dissension between other antagonistic parents may not resemble that between my husband and me; but the method that will "work" in getting real hold of our offspring is the same in nearly all instances. The negative influence legal decrees exert in determining human behavior we see in the "noble experiment" being carried on in America to-day. The same tendency to defy law is exhibited whenever we resort to the courts to help us solve domestic difficulties. People who think they can

control their children's affections and behavior by authority are as blind to the "negativism" of the human being as is the rabid prohibitionist—or, by the way, as is my husband Charles in his attempt to control my reading and thought and action. My thinking has probably been influenced far more by what we term "modern literature" because Charles has objected so fervently to my giving it consideration. After all, my children—and everybody else's—are very like me in this "negativism," not at all unique. By trying to force a child one way, one often drives him in the opposite direction.

Every person who is daring enough to attempt to control his son's or his daughter's attachments at the mating period discovers how futile is such an effort and how opposition to a "love match" seems to do nothing but add fuel to the fire the objector wishes to quench. Among my friends is a man who early in life married, to find himself bitterly disappointed. "As I look back," he says, "I see clearly that my mother's antagonism to Alice was the thing that made me select her as a wife. When I first knew her she appeared no more desirable than three or four other girls—all of whom I liked. As my mother's protests at my showing the slightest attention to this one girl became more and more fervid, Alice grew more and more resplendent in my eyes. I decided that, of all the attractive girls I knew, she was the one I wanted to marry." The effect of such parental attempt at control is generally recognized, because the fire of sexual "love" burns so vividly that it cannot fail to be seen. However, where the calmer, less heated emotions are involved, the results of opposition are no less real.

IV

After deciding that what I want most is genuine respect and love from my children, I could do nothing else but remain in our family as they want it—undisturbed by withdrawal of anybody. Although this has seemed a big price to pay for gaining my heart's desire, I am now convinced that the reward is worth the cost. As the years pass by day-dreams become less and less vivid; I see more clearly that there never would be for me a satisfying love affair; that, for many of us, happiness in later life lies in a trustful parent-child relationship, and that, if one is blessed with this, it is full compensation for loss of the personal liberty for which we all are at times so eager.

Perhaps this, too, is irrelevant—but I find that as time passes the differences between my husband and me seem less and less glaring in my eyes. I am less annoyed by the molehills that used to appear mountains. Now, without resentment toward Charles, I can laugh at myself as I pull my "doctor's book" from its hiding place. Through the effort—for the sake of retaining my children's respect—to be just to their father, to give him and his creed a fair hearing, to keep them out of family strife, is developing a genuine tolerance to replace that which was once feigned. Personally, I enjoy more peaceful moments than I once thought it would be possible for me to know. Perhaps such calm is natural when one feels in his heart that he has already won the battle, that there's no reason to keep on fighting. After all, I am perhaps freer, in realms where liberty is a necessity, than I should be if I had asserted my right to light a cigarette at table or to mention James Truslow Adams's latest article.

If the future should show that by giving up the privilege of living my own life unhampered I have helped to make my children's lives worth while, I shall feel that I have had an opportunity for the kind of "creative effort" that is enduring in its satisfactions. At least I entertain the bright hope that my children may prove to be my masterpieces in "self-expression."

Even now I experience a purely selfish joy when I see evidences that my children appreciate the little sacrifices I

have made to preserve peace in our home. At table a few weeks ago, Esther inadvertently made a harmless remark indicating that she knows more than her father thinks she should know about sex relations. "Keep children innocent," is one of his maxims, which I, independently, have not followed, since he really means, "Keep children ignorant." First Charles upbraided Esther for her immodesty in speech. Then he turned to me with reproof, "If your mother kept better track of your reading and weren't so lax in her ideas herself we might not get into some of these 'modern' troubles." Paul thought it time to take up the cudgels for me. "Well, mother doesn't believe in telling us anything that we ought not to know. I'm mighty glad I've learned about things I'd know about anyway from her instead of the fellows who don't see things straight but are always trying to talk about things they think are bad." In his defense of me Paul had just about let the cat out of the bag—but I suppose real live cats can't be kept in bags forever. I was so overjoyed at my son's taking my side that the first tears I have shed for years came to my eyes. Naturally, Paul thought I was hurt by his father's words and after dinner followed me to my room to tell me not to worry. In his boyish way he explained, "Father is all right. He doesn't mean anything by what he says. He just doesn't understand things the way you do; but Esther and I side with you even if we don't want to hurt father by showing it too much." To think that the day has come when the children begin to understand my point of view! The day may come, too, when I can tell them that the sacrifices that seem too trivial to mention now were all made, when they seemed great, not only *for* my son and my daughter but also to *keep* my son and my daughter.

In this account of my individual experience I do not pretend to settle the divorce problem for all parents who face it. All I wish to do is to point out the futility and stupidity of relying on a court's answer to the question, "Who gets the children?"

"SLAPSTICK"

A STORY

BY ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

TWENTY years ago there was a saloon in Hoboken near the waterfront known as Micky's. It was ten o'clock on a Saturday night, and the place was full of a half-tipsy, roistering, thirsty crowd. They milled about the bar, exchanging banter with Eddie, the barkeeper, picking up and setting down drinks, leaving on the marble slab little wet rings which Eddie instantly pounced on and mopped up with a foul rag. Then they moved on to the free-lunch counter, munched thirst-producing victuals, and made way for newcomers who, in turn, shoved their way to the bar.

There was a good deal of loud talk, laughter, snatches of song, which was suddenly merged into a yell of welcome as Big Tim O'Connors came in. He was a huge, muscular man standing six feet four in his stocking feet and making the other big, brawny men present seem puny by comparison. He was one of Micky's best and most popular customers, and each Saturday night he spent all his week's pay in a grand splurge there and invariably went home and beat his wife. Even this added to his prestige. He was a big man, a whale of a man, a giant of a man.

On this particular evening, because it was summer and hot, he wore a stained and faded blue shirt open at the neck, showing a great bristle of stiff, coarse, black hair which sprang out from his chest and grew along the length of his tremendous arms. But his face was handsome, if sullen, and women stopped and eyed him admiringly as he passed, and even half envied his wife, beatings and all.

The crowd paid him the tribute of immediate and undivided attention. They elbowed one another out of the way to greet him and to receive in return his casual salute. They laughed when he flung down in rapid succession first one, then a second, then a third whiskey. They laughed when he asked Eddie, who was sweating like a horse and laboring, with the aid of two anæmic youths, to serve the crowd, make change, open bottles, and wash tumblers at one and the same time, "How's business?"

And they laughed at Eddie's reply, "Rotten."

Everything he said, in his deep-chested voice, like the roll of thunder, was calculated to bring a shout. He was the Saturday night wit, but it was not until a few minutes past ten that his feeder, his foil, his friend came in through the swinging doors. When he appeared he was instantly greeted with a roar of delight, "Here's Runty now. Lookit. Here's Runty, Tim. Here's Runty."

Tim did not acknowledge his presence by so much as the flicker of an eyelash. Runty came in grinning. He was as small as Tim was tall, barely four feet high, thick-set and ugly.

Now the fun would begin. The crowd around the bar, as if at a signal, cleared an aisle, and Runty, showing a row of yellow stumps of teeth, sauntered towards the glasses and bottles.

"What'll it be?" Eddie demanded, winking at Big Tim.

"Make it a whiskey. Straight."

The crowd chuckled and nudged one another and pressed forward. They presented to Runty, idly turning to survey them, a circle of eager, expectant faces. Big Tim, leaning indolently against the bar, seemed absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts, staring down at his tumblerful of amber-colored fluid.

Bill set the drink before Runty. Runty reached for it.

Like lightning Big Tim's tremendous hairy arm swept up and caught the little man a stunning blow across the chest that dashed him against the wall. The crowd yelled its ecstatic delight and Runty, his face crimson, grinned at them.

Big Tim returned to his drink, downed it at a gulp, and became once more completely immersed in his dark thoughts.

This was real comedy. Rich. Fruity.

"Go to it, Runty!" they shrieked. "Show the big stiff you ain't scared of him!"

"Go on, get yourself a drink and don't let nobody stop you."

"We're backing you, Runty."

"Go on, Runty, paste him one."

After a minute, in which Runty recovered his breath, he once more approached the bar. He did not even glance in the direction of Big Tim, but snatched at the glass set before him and started it towards his mouth. Before he could touch his lips to the rim of it he was flung violently against the wall and the glass fell and shattered and was ground into a thousand tiny pieces underfoot. The place was in an uproar. Men laughed until the tears came. It was better than a show! Better than a circus! They told one another that Runty had never yet succeeded in getting a drink inside of him at Micky's on a Saturday night. They clung to one another, laughing helplessly.

Runty, his face purple, emerged from his corner, and approached the bar again. He gave his order, watched it poured out, essayed to drink it and was immediately dashed against the wall. This he did over and over, always grinning, until he became so winded he was forced to sit down. His friends surrounded him and jeered at him, good-naturedly.

"Aw, Runty, why don't you stand up to him?"

"What are you scared of?"

"Why don't you sock him one?"

They were impatient with him for resting. They wanted the sport to recommence. They wanted to feel again that split second of thrilling suspense in which Big Tim permitted him to grasp the tumbler but never to quaff its contents. They came there Saturday nights expressly for this and talked about it throughout the week, laying odds against it with any newcomers in the neighborhood who could be beguiled into betting with them.

The little man sat without speaking, breathing hard. His hair, mussed and soaked with perspiration, stood up on his head in stiff points. His necktie was askew, his shirt was torn, and through the gap they could see his chest expanding and contracting rapidly.

After a while Micky strolled over to him. "Are you going to sit there all night?" he demanded. "How about stepping on the gas and giving us another round?"

Runty resented the suggestion. This was an act for which he neither asked nor received pay. His one compensation was the plaudits of the crowd. The longer he kept them waiting the more impatient they became, and the more impatient they became the louder they shouted when he did start in again. It was up to him to decide when to resume the sport. Micky, he knew, was thinking only in terms of dollars and cents. He wanted to keep his customers amused. And noisy. Well, let him wait. Let all of them wait. A man was entitled to get his breath.

Micky attempted to prod him into action. "What's the matter with you? Getting old? Winded? Can't you stand a few rounds of punches any more?"

At this Runty got up, brushed past

him, and went towards the door. Hands reached out to stop him.

"Where are you going, Runty?"

"Aw, come on back, Runty."

"Give us some more, Runty."

Even Micky strove to capitulate. "Stick around. I didn't mean nothing."

Runty did not answer. He went outside. It was cooler there, and the air, for all the mixed odors of the mean street, was salty and pungent. As the doors swung back and forth behind him, he turned and glanced into the hot, garishly lighted room, blue with smoke which hung like a gauze curtain from the ceiling. He saw Micky looking after him disconsolately. This cheered him immeasurably as he went next door to see his friend Abie Lowenstein who kept the butcher shop. On Saturday nights it was open until midnight and at present it was crowded with customers, most of them women. Abie stood by his chopping block in a blood-stained apron, a great, round, beefy man, with thick red fingers. He was busy with his customers when Runty came in, but stopped to call out to him:

"I see you're at it again."

He laughed as he said it, showing a black gap in his mouth where two front teeth were missing. The women, recognizing Runty, became interested.

"Is Tim picking on you yet?"

"Why don't he get somebody his own size?"

"If I was you I'd have him arrested."

Others answered for him, "Aw, Runty, he don't mind."

"He's as hard as nails."

"You ought to see his muscle. Show 'em your muscle, Runty."

"Runty lets Tim do it on purpose, don't you, Runty?"

"He does it to make 'em laugh. That's why you do it, ain't it, Runty?"

They were all eager to talk to him; to claim his friendship.

"Are you going back for more?"

"Sure he is. I bet they're hollering in there for him already."

He sat down on a three-legged stool while the women continued to question him. As he sat there he watched Abie dispatch his work with neatness and precision; watched him wield the shining knives and part the red lips of the meat. A pattern of flies rose and dipped, rose and dipped, like miniature vultures, above the carcass he was dissecting.

After the crowd had thinned out, Abie wiped his hands on his apron and leaned across the block.

"What's eatin' you?"

"Nothin'."

"Aw, you can't kid me."

"Nothin', I tell you."

"Why ain't you in there, then?"

"Micky got too fresh."

"What do you mean, fresh?"

"Aw, he got me sore."

"Didn't want to give you time out to even get your breath I bet."

"You said it."

"He should get knocked into a wall himself once yet. Want a drink?"

"Sure."

Abie produced a pint bottle from his hip pocket, and Runty took a long swig of it and felt immediately better and more cheerful.

"He got me sore," he repeated, but with less venom.

"And after all you done for him."

"If it wasn't for me the crowd would go up to Grogan's place."

"They got better stuff up there."

"Don't I know it."

"He ought to pay you good instead of bawling you out."

"He don't need to pay me. I don't want no pay. But he can't tell me when to start in again. You don't always feel like it. It ain't up to him to tell me when to start in again."

"Sure it ain't."

"I'll take another swallow."

"Help yourself. Keep it. I don't want it no more."

"Thanks." Runty pocketed it.

"Guess I'll go up to Grogan's awhile."

"Why don't you?"

"Guess I will."

"And I wouldn't go back there tonight if I was you."

"It would serve Micky good and right if I didn't."

"Sure it would. He'd be out of luck."

Runty got up and tucked in his shirt, which he suddenly realized had been flapping out behind him.

"See you later."

The street was filled with Saturday night activity. Children darted across his path, screaming, tagging, pummelling one another. Young girls sat on the steps, fanning themselves. Old women in the windows above leaned far over the sills on their elbows and screamed at the children. Suddenly above the shouts, the screams, and the whines there broke a concerted and ringing chant. It came from Micky's place.

Small boys stopped in their play to run and peer under the swinging doors. It was one of Runty's favorite tunes, and he almost turned in there again, irresistibly drawn by it, but instead he straightened up, with a frown, and turned his back on it. He went up the street. He could see, some distance away, the bright red snake of light coiling around Grogan's illuminated name. He tried to find pleasure in the thought that he would soon be there, before a bar. But it was foreign territory to him. He was wedded to Micky's and seldom went elsewhere. Never on a Saturday night.

As soon as he pushed open the doors at Grogan's a shout went up.

"Well, look who's here."

"Hello, Runty."

"How are you, Runty?"

"Come on in, Runty."

"What's the matter, Runty, wouldn't Tim leave you have a drink?"

"What's the idea of coming here, Runty? Ain't Micky's good enough for you?"

They were frankly delighted to see him. Even Grogan leaned over the bar and shook hands with him.

"How are you, Runty? What'll you have? This is on the house."

"Make it a whiskey. Straight."

Grogan set the bottle beside the glass. "Help yourself."

Runty did so, generously.

The men closed in around him and discussed him as if he were not present.

"He's a little feller but he's a bear-cat for punishment."

"He can take a bigger licking than any man living and come back for more."

"If you ask me, he's more than half the team. Any big guy can clout a little guy, but find me the little guy who will ask for more."

Runty filled his glass and drank it off, filled it again. He grinned at the circle of men. They were great fellows. And so was Grogan. He felt kindly towards them all. And towards the whole world. And a little sleepy.

Grogan said, "Come inside my back room. I want to talk to you."

Grogan's back room was a bare office containing a roll-top desk, a swivel chair, a table, and several straight chairs. On the wall were some fly-specked sporting prints. The room reeked of stale beer.

"Sit down," said Grogan, occupying the desk chair himself.

He was a small, cadaverous Irishman. He said, "Listen, I got a proposition to make to you."

Runty felt magnificently fortified to hear it, whatever it was.

"How much does Micky pay you to do your act down there?"

"He don't pay me a red cent."

"What?"

"Not a red cent." Runty felt suddenly aggrieved about it. "And he even crabs when I take time out to get my breath."

"No kidding?" Grogan was frankly shocked at the disclosure. "Listen, Runty, how'd you and your partner like to make a ten spot apiece? With you two fellers up here I could turn 'em away of a Saturday night."

Runty was steeped in unutterable sadness.

"Micky don't treat me right."

"Never mind about Micky. You're going to be through with him. You talk it over with Tim and see if he likes the idea."

Runty bridled. "Tim? What's Tim got to do with it? Tim does whatever I tell him to. I'm the brains of this act. Who did you think was the brains of this act? Me or Tim?"

Grogan soothed him. "You. You, of course. Now you tell Tim—"

"Tim does what I say. He's a big guy but he does what I say, and Micky don't treat me right. You've got to admit that. He don' treat me right."

"Sure. That's what I'm telling you." Grogan got up and patted his shoulder. "Listen, Runty, go on down to Micky's now and get Tim to come up here."

Runty stared at him vacantly. "Wha' for?"

"What for? I've just been telling you. Ten bucks apiece if you bring him up here."

Runty shook his head. "Too late."

Grogan took him roughly by the arm. "Too late? How do you get that way? It ain't twelve yet. It's just the shank of the evening. You go on down and bring him here and the drinks are on me."

"Too late."

Grogan turned on him with a snarl. "Say, what's the matter with you? You're a four-flusher. You're stalling. I don't believe you can get him up here at all. I don't believe you could make him come if you tried. He wouldn't do what a little runt like you told him to. Why should he?"

Runty lurched to his feet. He flung the chair he had been sitting on behind him with a crash.

"Say that again," he roared.

Grogan stood over him glowering. "Sure I will. I'll say it again until you show me different."

Runty's fists fell to his sides. "All right," he said, striding to the door, "I'll show you."

The men shouted at him as he pushed past them. "Where are you going, Runty?"

Grogan's voice rose above the tumult. "He's only going down to Micky's to get Tim. He'll be right back."

"Good boy."

"Atta boy."

"We'll be lookin' for you."

He went into the street, reeling slightly. He was going back to Micky's. He was not clear as to exactly why. Something to do with Micky. Or was it Tim? No, Grogan. Anyway, he'd show them. He'd show them all. They couldn't tell him where to get off. He was the brains of the act. Tim had the easy side of it. He did the punching. Anybody could do the punching. But it was another thing to get punched. He wondered how Tim would like that for a change. Or Micky. Or Grogan. By God, he'd ask them. He'd put it up to them. And watch them stall. He'd stood about enough from Micky. Or was it from Tim? He'd stood about all he was going to stand. What did they think he was made of, anyhow? Didn't they think you ever wanted to catch your breath? And he didn't want ten dollars for it either. Nor a hundred. Nor a thousand. All he wanted was . . . Well, he wanted something, anyhow. And he'd get it, too. He'd give them an eyeful. He'd show them what he was made of.

The noise in Micky's place was deafening. He waited outside for it to subside. He was too good an artist to enter on that. Let them finish with one act before staging another. He pushed open the door and looked in. Someone spied him, yelled, "It's Runty!" and he was dragged in and rushed forward.

He resented their hands pushing, pulling, propelling him towards the bar. He wanted to tell them something. He wanted to tell Tim something. He wanted to tell Micky something. He tried to speak but his voice was drowned out in the tumult.

And then he saw that Tim was brandishing a long bologna sausage. He

was waving it round his head and he was singing. His dark, handsome face was flushed, and his eyes bright. Someone shouted, "Give Runty a drink. Come on, Eddie, give Runty a drink."

Runty eyed them savagely. All right, he'd have a drink. He'd have it at the bar like any of the rest of them, and when he got through drinking it, he'd tell them something. He'd tell them that after this he and Tim . . .

Eddie slapped the drink on the bar. The crowd went wild. They shouted and yelled. They climbed up on tables and chairs to see. They pummelled one another. They urged him on. They shrieked warnings and admonitions, and then came the tense, electric silence as he reached for the drink. A sudden swish through the air of the long sausage. It caught Runty across the head and face, smashing the glass, cutting his lip, and sending him crashing into the wall.

The crowd rocked with laughter. Runty straightened up and approached the bar again. He was going to have that drink. This time he was going to have that drink. He wanted it, and he needed it. And he was going to have that drink.

He reached for it. Whang went the sausage, across his chest. He coughed and sputtered and the crowd roared.

He couldn't get a drink, and he began to shake as if from a chill. Each time he strove to raise one to his lips, down came the sausage like a club. He was half blinded, white, trembling. He had to have a drink. Good God, couldn't they see he had to have a drink?

He retreated to his corner and dabbed at his cut lip with his sleeve. Micky came by. "You're going great, Runty! Keep it up!"

Keep it up! Be a clown. Let them knock you about and smash you to bits just as long as they laughed and bought more liquor and laughed again.

He wormed his way through the crowd and went outside. He fumbled in his pocket for the bottle Abie had given him, found it, and unscrewed the lid with shaking fingers. He drank deeply and the whiskey burned his throat like liquid fire. He finished the bottle; flung it away and staggered into Abie's shop. He felt a mounting rage which was like a red flame before his eyes. A rage at Micky. At Tim. At Abie. At Abie for selling Tim a sausage to clout him with. Was that the act of a friend? Was it? But Abie was not in the store. He could hear him moving about in the back room, talking to his wife. Runty ranged around, head down, shoulders hunched. Approaching the chopping block, he picked up the cleaver and brought it down on the wood with such force that it stuck fast there and he could not wrench it loose. It gave him a certain savage pleasure to tug at it. Then a burst of laughter next door at Micky's arrested his attention. He moved towards the sound.

He went inside again. No one noticed him in their complete absorption in a comedy Tim was enacting. He was brandishing the bologna, striking anyone within reach. They ducked, bumped into one another, and scrambled, squealing, out of his way. Runty watched him coldly. He approached the bar, and put one foot on the rail.

Tim did not wait for him to order. With a whoop he swung the sausage around his head and brought it down on Runty's shoulders. It was at that moment that Runty lunged at him and drove a knife through his chest.

Tim straightened convulsively, then slumped forward and slipped to the floor. He rolled over on his back, and his eyes, puzzled and hurt, stared straight into Runty's. He seemed to be asking a question. But before it could be answered he was dead.

In that instant of startled, breathless silence, somebody cried out, "Where'd he get the butcher knife?" and then, "Why did he do it?"

Runty, staring down, went cold all over. Where had he got the butcher knife? He could answer that. Why had he done it? He could not answer that.

IS HISTORY A FRAUD?

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

EVERY generation must rewrite history. New facts become available, and old facts are interpreted anew. In the last century several new standpoints have been adopted, and in particular the attempt has been made to interpret history in terms of economics. But the greatest change has been in the extent of history. A hundred years ago it began about 700 B.C. Before that date there were various legends. Those of the Bible were in a class apart, and they were treated as sacred history, and put into a separate compartment from profane, or ordinary, history. As long as one was compelled to believe in the literal truth of two contradictory accounts of the great Mesopotamian flood, it was no use trying to disentangle the very considerable amount of historical fact embedded in these legends. And the effort of faith involved was relieved by a quite undue skepticism about other legendary events with a historical core, such as the Siege of Troy and the story of the Minotaur.

The enlargement of our horizon began with the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics. If Columbus doubled the field of geography by discovering America, Champollion in 1821 doubled the field of history by making possible the translation of documents some of which are over four thousand years old. A generation later Rawlinson decoded the cuneiform script in which the languages of ancient Mesopotamia were inscribed on clay tablets. As a result of this, history now extends more than twice as far into the past as it did a century ago. It is true that the earliest date known with certainty is 2283 B.C. At 11 A.M. on March 8th of that year occurred a total eclipse of the sun, which portended the sack of Ur by the Elamites. This ended the third dynasty of Ur, a city whose history at that time went back to before Noah's flood, which had not completely submerged it, though it laid down eight feet of mud in its low-lying suburbs. The date of the flood is still doubtful, though probably somewhere between 4000 and 5000 B.C. On the other hand, Woolley is quite confident as to the main sequence of events in southern Mesopotamia as far back as about 3500 B.C., though the dates may well be a century out. Egyptian history appears to begin rather later than this.

Where there are no written or carved records it has been possible to construct a very rough picture of the more important events. Thus we have evidence, from sudden changes in the shapes of the skulls in graves and the objects found with them, of two prehistoric invasions of England. And still farther back one discovers, though only in their dimmest outlines, a whole series of different stone ages, each with its characteristic skull-shape and art, until one reaches the half-men of Neanderthal, with great brow ridges and no chins. They chipped flints in a crude way, and possessed fire but, though they inhabited Europe for scores of thousands of years, they have not left a single work of art. Only by a perhaps misplaced courtesy do we call them men. It is against this background of barbarism that history stands out.

As history cannot exist in the absence of records, and archæology has already reached back to the origin of writing from pictures both in Egypt and Mesopotamia, it is unlikely that future research will ever extend our historical knowledge very much farther into the past. We shall probably never know the name of any man, city, or nation before 5000 B.C. Most of historical research in the future will consist in the filling in of gaps. It is, therefore, possible to-day for the first time to take a bird's-eye view of history as a whole.

The picture so obtained proves, I think, that the history taught to-day in our schools and universities is reliable in its details but as a whole quite misleading. English history is taught as a progress in social organization, broken only by the decay of Roman civilization and its final overthrow by the Angles and Saxons. And the origins of our culture are traced back, on the one hand to the Greeks and Romans, who gradually built up a complete civilization, with highly developed literature, art, and law, from rude beginnings; on the other to the Jews, who evolved most of the religious and ethical ideas which predominate in Europe to-day.

The truth is rather different. The curtain rises at Ur and other cities of the land then called Sumer in southern Mesopotamia about 3500 B.C. and reveals a fully developed civilization. They built well, using the arch, which only reached Europe 3000 years later. They had cloth, wheeled vehicles, pottery, bronze, copper, silver, and gold ware, a certain amount of iron, sculpture, music, writing on clay tablets, seals, and a complete social organization. And it is unfortunately quite clear to anyone who visited the British Museum in 1928 that their standard of taste in art was superior to our own to-day. They still killed servants to wait on dead princes in Kur-nu-gea (No Return Land), but this practice had been abandoned 500 years later. Though one cannot defend this custom, it is only fair to remember that in this enlightened age more people were killed in four years as a result of the death of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand than were sacrificed in the whole course of Sumerian history. When we get a clearer view of their civilization, about 2500 B.C., we find sanitary conveniences with adequate drains in the houses better than those of many English cottages to-day. There was a small standing army supported by a kind of feudal system, with conscription in time of emergency for citizens. Slaves existed, but had some legal rights and could own property. So could women, married or unmarried. There was a definite code of civil and criminal law, with professional judges. Forty-five hundred years ago southern Mesopotamia was a great deal more civilized than is half the world to-day. Egypt too was civilized, though probably the average man or woman was worse off than in Mesopotamia. There was a civilization also in the valley of the Indus, of which we know very little, except that it must have been in contact or have had a common origin with that of Mesopotamia.

We do not yet know where civilization started. The Mesopotamians said that their ancestors came from the sea, that is the Persian Gulf. As they represented their gods as standing on mountains, it is conjectured that they came from a hilly country. Their culture cannot have come entirely from Egypt, as is sometimes believed, unless some very serious mistakes indeed have been made with regard to dates.

II

At present the principal clue to the spot where civilization began comes from an entirely unexpected source, namely plant genetics. Civilization is based not only on men, but on plants and animals. It needs a cultivated plant giving high yields of storable food, an animal to carry loads and pull carts or plows, and a plant or animal source

of fibers. The principal plants available are the cereals, the soya bean, and the potato, and these are of very unequal value for biochemical reasons. For example, maize, as compared with wheat or oats, is very poor in vitamin F. Hence populations living mainly on maize get a skin disease called pellagra. This is probably one reason why the maize civilizations of Central America never reached the level of the wheat, barley, and rice civilizations of the Old World. The other reason is that America was very poor in domesticable animals. The buffalo is no substitute for the cow, and the llama a very poor one for the horse and sheep.

Hence if it is possible to determine where cereals and cattle were first domesticated, we shall have gone a long way towards tracing civilization to its source. This task is being undertaken by Vavilov and other Russian scientists. Karl Marx's *Kapital* has largely replaced the Bible in Russia to-day, and one of Marx's doctrines is that if we know how production is organized in a society we know the most important thing about it, and can even deduce its religious or philosophical system to a large extent. So Russian biologists are studying not only the domesticated animals and plants of to-day but their ancestors, which were the means of production in primitive societies. In the case of wheat the results are fairly clear. There are two distinct groups of wheats, which can be hybridized only with difficulty; and each can be traced to a definite center. As that center is approached more and more different kinds of wheat are found, and these show all kinds of characters, such as purple shoots, which have been lost in most cultivated varieties, and which are shown by breeding tests to be almost certainly primitive characters. One of these centers is in Abyssinia, the other, from which the more important group of wheats is derived, in or near southeastern Afghanistan. The former is taken to be the original home of the agriculture that led up to Egyptian civilization, the latter the source of Indian and Mesopotamian wheats, and of the more important varieties grown in Europe and North America to-day. What is more, a great many other cultivated plants seem to have originated in one or the other of these centers. For example, rye, carrots, turnips, some types of beans, lentils, flax, and cotton seem to be of Afghan origin. At present the archæology of these regions is practically untouched, but the results of excavation, especially in the Afghan area, are likely to be of extreme interest.

In the same way a knowledge of the origin of the dog would throw an immense amount of light on prehistory. Dogs have been domesticated since neolithic times at least, probably for far longer than cattle, which is doubtless one reason why they fit better into human society. However, no one has any serious idea where they were first domesticated.

But to return to better ascertained facts. Between about 3000 B.C. and 1400 A.D. there was very little improvement in the quality of civilization at its best. But it did spread out from its original centers in the valleys of the Nile, Euphrates, and Indus, to cover an ever wider area. This area sometimes contracted, as when our ancestors overran the western Roman Empire, when the Turks destroyed the civilization of Mesopotamia after a continuous run of over 4000 years, or when large areas of central Asia dried up into deserts. It is probable that an important part in shifting the centers of civilization to more temperate countries was played by the malaria parasite and the hookworm Ankylostoma, which causes anæmia. These can flourish only in warm, damp countries, and there is a certain amount of evidence that they have been spread about the world during the last 4000 years.

Between 3000 B.C. and 1400 A.D. there were probably only four really important inventions, namely the serious

use of iron, paved roads, voting, and religious intolerance. Perhaps I should have added coinage and long-distance water supply. Gunpowder had been known in China for a long time before 1400 A.D., but did not begin to win battles in Europe till the 17th century. Somewhat before that date, however, it had helped to accelerate the decay of feudalism by diminishing the military value of castles. Knowledge progressed slowly, and we now know that we have greatly overestimated the originality of Greek mathematics. Babylonian mathematical astronomy was very highly advanced. Kidinnu, their last great astronomer, who lived about 400 B.C., was a great deal more accurate in the numbers which he used in predicting eclipses and the like than any of his successors until about fifty years ago. His knowledge had, however, been forgotten in the interval, and his calculations were translated just too late to be of any serious value to astronomers. In Assyria the average educated man knew the multiplication table. As King Ashurbanipal put it in his autobiography, "I recited the complicated multiplications and divisions which are not immediately apparent." The same level was not reached in England till the 17th century. Pepys was grown up when he learned his multiplication table.

As regards law, the code of King Dungi, who reigned in Ur about 2340 B.C., compares quite favorably with that of King George IV of England a century ago. King Dungi's subjects kept slaves, but the slaves were allowed private property. They did not, however, hang children for theft. Their wives, unlike those of our great-grandfathers, were allowed private property, and if a husband took a concubine, instead of having no legal remedy at all, like English women up to 1923, a Sumerian wife had the right to make her supplanter wash her feet and carry her chair to church, though the concubine had also certain definite rights as against the husband. As the legal code gives a rough reflection of the moral standards of those who framed it, we may suppose that, on the whole, morals have not greatly improved during the course of history.

Christianity and other religions have, of course, on occasion been great weapons in the hands of moral reformers, but they have also been effectively used for the opposite purpose. To take an obvious example, slavery and, what is worse, slave raiding still exist in Christian Abyssinia, the latter evil nowhere else. And when William Lloyd Garrison opened his anti-slavery campaign in Boston in 1830 he met with such opposition from all religious bodies that he was compelled to start in an infidel hall. These facts must be weighed against the religious motives which prompted Wilberforce and Clarkson in their campaign against slavery in the British Empire. The balance is equally even in the case of other moral reforms.

Iron of a sort was known from a very early age, but it was only produced on a large scale and seriously used in the second millennium B.C. At the Siege of Troy, about 1200 B.C., it was still an expensive novelty. It made a somewhat higher material level of civilization possible, but it also made war more efficient and terrible. Paved roads increased the possible size of the state, and voting made various republican forms of government possible, though democracy was extremely rare. The so-called democracies of the ancient world were almost invariably governments by associations of slave-owners. Religious intolerance (which was probably a Jewish invention, as the Old Testament shows) had important effects in producing uniformity of culture and was a great means of spreading civilization. The ancient Romans, who were not intolerant, could not conquer the Germans and did not try to make them substitute Jupiter for Thor. Indeed, they thought the two were the same. (I always have to remember this fact before I translate *Jeudi* into English, my natural tendency being to equate Jove with Woden.) St.

Boniface and other missionaries persuaded many of the Germans to leave Thor for Christ, and incidentally to adopt various Roman customs which went along with Christianity, just as modern missionaries diffuse trousers and football along with the gospel. In this way the Germans were ultimately civilized. But religious intolerance, both Christian and Mahomedan, also played a great part in lowering the level of civilization throughout what had been the Roman Empire.

Up till about 1400 A.D., then, civilization spread a great deal, but rose very little. It is only if we confine our attention to such areas as Western Europe, where it arrived very late, that it appears to have improved. In the fifteenth century a new process began. For thousands of years educated people had despised manual labor. This was natural enough when it was largely performed by slaves. But in the late Middle Ages things were different for three reasons. In the first place the ruling military class was illiterate. Many kings could not sign their names. There was, however, a fair amount of education in other parts of the population. Second, thanks to St. Benedict and certain other founders of religious orders, a large number of the clerical class, who were relatively educated, had a first-hand acquaintance with manual labor. Third, the towns were very largely governed by the gilds, in which men who had become skilled workers rose to positions of wealth and power.

Hence the possibilities for experimental investigation on a large scale by educated men arose. The scientists of the past had investigated nature, but almost always by observation, and not experiment, and they had never made elaborate apparatus. Plato had believed that the future of humanity lay in the hands of the philosopher who was also a king. He was wrong. The combination required was that of philosopher and craftsman. Modern physics began in Leyden, where the great Simon Stevinus founded statics in 1586 by a study of the principles underlying the lever and the sluice. Incidentally, he invented decimals and influenced world history about as much as Napoleon or Washington by devising the system of defense of Holland by sluices. This enabled the Dutch to win the eighty years' war against the Spaniards, who were far better soldiers, and saved the Reformation. And modern industry had begun with printing about 1450. This invention was important not only because it cheapened books but because it was the first example of mechanical mass production applied to articles formerly produced one by one.

Even so, the old civilization might perhaps have been saved. The main principles which have guided scientific research ever since were laid down by Galileo, who first used the experimental method not merely as an occasional resort in difficult cases, but as a normal method of investigation. The man who is probably the greatest living experimentalist once said to me that but for Galileo and men like him he would never have thought of using experiment rather than unaided observation and thought to search out the nature of things. If Galileo and a few more like-minded men had been burned alive at an early age we might very possibly still be living under a civilization not greatly different from that of the Middle Ages.

But the progress of science was slow. Galileo died in 1642, and it was not till one hundred and sixty-one years later that Symington's steam tug *Charlotte Dundas* towed two barges for nineteen and a half miles on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Leeuwenhoek invented the first efficient microscope in about 1660, and it was two centuries before Pasteur used that instrument to discover the cause of infectious diseases. It is only in the last century that civilization, after six thousand years, has begun to change all through. But to-day the external conditions of life in civilized communities differ more from those of 1830 than did

the conditions of 1830 from those at the time of Noah's flood. And this change, the real world revolution, has only just begun. We have gone an immense way in improving and organizing production and communication; we have nearly abolished water-borne and insect-borne diseases, and that is about all. Science has not yet been applied to most human activities, and it can be and, I hope, will be applied to all.

III

The world is, of course, full of alleged applications of science outside the realms of production and hygiene, but the vast majority of them show no trace of scientific method. Thus there are numberless systems of education which are supposed to be based on scientific child psychology. But they are usually applied to small groups of children, in many cases to the children of unusually intelligent parents, brought up in unusually intelligent homes. If such children later turn out to be more successful than the average, this proves nothing at all. In order to prove the superiority of some new system, for example the Dalton plan, it will be necessary to follow up some thousands of average children educated under it, and some thousands educated under the ordinary system, and to find out which group on the average grows up into better citizens. This has not yet been done, and until it has been done it is ridiculous to talk about scientific method in education. Scientific method combines observation with experiment. Experiment without observation may be an enthralling occupation, but it is not science.

But the application of science to industry and medicine has entirely altered political problems. Until a few years ago every "civilized" country really consisted of a small number of more or less civilized people among a multitude of uneducated poor who shared to a very slight extent in the benefits of civilization. Any equalization of incomes would merely have reduced the few to the level of the many, and destroyed what little culture existed. Socialism and civilization were obviously incompatible. To-day the national income is large enough to admit of universal education, and it could be more evenly divided than it is at present without endangering science, art, or literature. That particular argument against socialism is no longer valid. And hygiene has provided another serious argument against our present economic system. We now live so long that a large proportion of the capital in many countries is in the hands of people over sixty years of age, who naturally show less enterprise than younger men and women. A good deal of socialism arises from irritation at this fact, though anti-socialists can fairly reply that a government official at forty commonly shows as little enterprise as an ordinary man at sixty-five.

For this reason history helps us very little in deciding for or against socialism. The situation of to-day is something entirely new. The old civilization, which had lasted for six thousand years, is in process of replacement by something which will differ from it as completely as it differed from savagery. History, as generally taught in schools, is the story of the political squabbles of the last two thousand years and is, on the whole, rather a futile story. It becomes valuable when it is studied in detail, because it illustrates the psychology of politicians and that of crowds. Far more light is thrown on the English Civil War by the fact that Charles I was afflicted with severe stammering in his youth than by the quaint legal arguments which he used to justify his ill-considered actions. This is why men and women to-day prefer to read biographies of historical characters rather than histories of the British constitution. We have our Charles I's in politics to-day, and biographical history enables us to understand and pity them. But conventional history may lead us to share their delu-

sion that they are now living in the eighteenth century, as Charles I apparently supposed that he was living in the Middle Ages.

The interpretation of history has tended to oscillate between two fallacies. The obvious fallacy is to regard it as the story of great men and great movements. But on a long view these very nearly cancel one another out. The struggle between freedom and authority has gone on all through history, and any unbiased person must recognize that each party at any moment has had a good deal of right on its side. Few of us can be whole-hearted partisans in any war of more than a hundred years past. In disgust with these great political figures we turn to the idealists who took no direct part in government but produced novel ideas and points of view. Here, we like to think, are the real leaders of mankind.

> We are the music-makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams,
> Wandering by lone sea-breakers, and sitting by desolate streams,
> World-losers and world-forsakers, on whom the pale moon gleams,
> But we are the movers and shakers of the world forever, it seems.
>
> We in the ages lying in the buried past of the earth
> Built Nineveh with our sighing, and Babel itself with our mirth
> And o'erthrew them with prophesying to the old of the new world's worth
> For each age is a dream that is dying, or one that is coming to birth.

I believe that this is as great a fallacy as the other. The dreamer of dreams can at most replace one set of symbolic ideas by another, the Cross by the Crescent, or the mother of the gods by the mother of God. After wars and revolutions, crusades and martyrdoms, the new dream is sometimes adopted. The world has been shaken, but there is very little evidence that it has been moved. But if the dreamers and the music-makers have not greatly altered the world by imposing their special dreams on it, the greatest of them have slightly raised the level of human life. We can meet the prospect of death with greater equanimity because Shakespeare wrote:

> We must endure
> Our going hence, even as our coming hither,
> Ripeness is all.

We can love more passionately because Marvell told his coy mistress that

> The grave's a fine and private place,
> But none, I think, do there embrace.

And we can be better citizens of the universe, better botanists, even better horticulturists because Jesus said, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The reason for the relatively small ultimate effect of the dreamer is, I think, fairly clear. He or she is primarily concerned with the human spirit. Even to-day the workings of the spirit of man largely elude our intellectual grasp. In other words, psychology is not a science. Spiritual things must, therefore, be shown, if at all, in symbols; and these symbols are interpreted in different ways by different men, so that Blake could write:

> The vision of Christ which thou dost see
> Is my vision's chiefest enemy.
> Yours is the healer of mankind,
> Mine speaks in parables to the blind.

Thus religion tends inevitably to crystallize into theology, and the letter to choke the spirit.

Ultimately I can see no reason to doubt that psychology will become scientific, with results of incalculable importance. Even to-day the first feeble attempts to introduce scientific method into it are producing a change in human thought and conduct only comparable with those which are generally brought about by a new religion.

IV

Who, then, have been the real world-revolutionaries, the men who have done

such deeds that human life after them could never be the same as before? I think that the vast majority of them have been skilled manual workers who thought about their jobs. The very greatest of them are perhaps two men or women whose real names will remain forever unknown, but whom we may call Prometheus and Triptolemus, the inventors of fire and agriculture. Prometheus, who was a Neanderthal man with great brow ridges and no chin, discovered how to keep a fire going and how to use it to such advantage that his successors were induced to imitate his practice. Probably some later genius discovered how to kindle a fire by rubbing sticks together, and I like to imagine that it was a woman who first presented her astonished but delighted husband with a cooked meal. Fire was a very ancient invention, made in the early part of the stone age, but apparently seeds were first systematically sown not so very long before the dawn of history. The immediate result was to make possible a fairly dense and settled population in which civilization was able to develop.

All through the historical period great inventions were made which were so clearly useful that they were bound to spread over the earth. Great intellectual discoveries were also made, but they were often forgotten because they led to no practical result. Thus the ancient Egyptians possessed a primitive kind of algebra. The chief algebraical papyrus known to us, which deals with simple equations, is called "Directions for obtaining the knowledge of all dark things." But this algebra was forgotten and had to be re-invented because it was not applied to any useful purpose, whereas the Egyptian methods of surveying have developed into those in use at present. To-day science is important because it is applied, and it is only the applicable portions of science which are reasonably sure of survival.

Compare the two greatest biologists of last century, Pasteur and Darwin. Pasteur's fundamental ideas are fairly sure of survival, because any nation that disbelieved in them would double its death-rate if it carried that disbelief into practice. But although Darwin's main ideas are accepted by most scientific men, no obvious disasters would follow their rejection. Both in England and America there are religious bodies which are either anti-Pasteurian or anti-Darwinian.

It is perfectly conceivable that during the next century the Roman Catholic Church may gain control of Europe, or the Fundamentalists of North America. In either case, Darwinism will be proscribed, and the average man will not be much worse off on that account. But if in the next fifty years Darwin's ideas are applied to produce some great improvements in agriculture, hygiene, or politics, such a proscription will at once become more difficult. A government of consistent Christian Scientists, who refused to take preventive measures of a material kind against the spread of epidemic disease, would be far more dangerous than a government of Fundamentalists. Darwin's intellectual achievement may have been as great as Pasteur's, but so far it has only led to a change in fashionable beliefs which may not be permanent, while Pasteur's has affected the whole structure of civilized society, and will probably go on doing so.

If I become Pope, which does not at present seem very probable, I shall at once take all the steps in my power to secure the canonization of Pasteur, who was of course a sincere Catholic. And I shall give the official blessing of the Church to some of the theories and practices which he introduced. But I shall point out the really weak points in Darwin's argument, which most defenders of the faith seem to miss completely, and anathematize them as errors.

It is significant that Pasteur was not only a great thinker but a superb technician, a man of immense manual skill who invented a great deal of the complex technic by which substances can be kept free from microbes, and one kind of

microbe can be grown without contamination by others. Bacteriological theory is largely the verbalization of this technic. Pasteur clearly thought a great deal with his hands, Darwin rather little.

Many of the more historically important ideas were not at first put into words. They were technical inventions which were at first handed down by imitation, and only slowly developed a verbal theory. When they did the theory was generally nonsense but the practice sound. This was obviously the case, for example, until quite recently, with the extraction of metals from their ores. Certain methods worked, but no one knew why; and those who thought they knew were wrong. As the historical importance of production was not realized until recently, we shall never know who discovered iron smelting or, what would be more interesting, how he discovered it.

But there is another reason too. The first-rate technician is generally much more interested in his craft than in his personal fame, or even in his life. In order to obtain the necessary conditions to create a masterpiece or perfect a new process he is perfectly willing to lose himself in a glorious anonymity. The architects of many of the world's greatest buildings, like the great inventors, are often unknown, and generally mere names. The knowledge that this would be so would not have distressed them. Their attitude is summed up in one of the songs sung by airmen during the War.

> Take the cylinder out of my kidneys
> The connecting rod out of my brain
> The camshaft from under my backbone
> And assemble the engine again.

The engine remains as their very real memorial. Similarly, I am inclined to think that such men have been very largely responsible for so much of steady progress as is traceable behind the ebb and flow of history. The British Empire was made possible by the gradual improvement in navigation during the 17th and 18th centuries, and was consolidated by the steamship. The United States are united by railroads. The aeroplane is going to create the World State.

The point of view which I am urging is unpopular for two reasons, apart from the inevitable shortness of historical views until recently. In the first place history is written by people impressed with the importance of their own political and religious views, and inevitably takes on the character of propaganda for them. But a more fundamental cause is as follows. Historians have inevitably thought in terms of words. They have read many books and documents. They have often been great stylists like Gibbon and Macaulay. They have realized the power of words to move multitudes. They have not been manual workers, and have seldom realized that man's hands are as important as and more specifically human than his mouth. Those intellectuals who have also been intelligent with their hands have mostly confined their writing to scientific and technical questions. Perhaps I ought to do so myself. But when I look at history I see it as Man's attempt to solve the practical problem of living. The men who did most to solve it were not those who thought about it, or talked about it, or impressed their contemporaries, but those who silently and efficiently got on with their work.

I BELIEVE IN KINGS

AN ENGLISHMAN LOOKS AT ROYALTY

BY GEOFFREY LAYMAN

AS I was changing for dinner the other night, my younger son John, aged five, who sleeps in my dressing room and shares with me, at that hour, the topics of the day, informed me in tones in which astonishment and reprobation were equally mingled that a lady of his acquaintance, Rosemary by name, did not believe in kings. It was to him as though someone—not so much impious as merely foolish—should express a disbelief in day or night or any other of the elemental facts of life. It would not enter his head to doubt for one moment that kingship was an institution naturally ordained, and that he should love the King with a personal devotion, less intimate perhaps than one's devotion to one's mother but certainly a good deal more direct than one's devotion to God. Indeed, inasmuch as there is definitely an element of religion in his conception of royalty, and inasmuch as he has on sundry occasions seen the King in the flesh, and is aware that his parents have actually shaken hands and spoken with him, I suspect that the King has to a large extent usurped in his mind the place of that somewhat shadowy abstraction to whom he has been taught to say his prayers, and that he does not really distinguish between the King and God except that he knows that he adores the King and only knows that he ought to adore God.

It occurred to me to wonder, as I tied my tie, what kind of idea in the mind of his friend Rosemary was represented by her statement that she didn't "believe in" kings, and why on the other hand John believed in them, or at any rate in one particular example of kingship, so fervently; and these speculations, of the desultory kind appropriate to the daily tasks of dressing and undressing, led me, as I brushed my hair and put on my coat, to consider what were my own feelings in the matter and, inasmuch as I regard myself as a pretty typical example of my countrymen, what the average Englishman thinks (in so far as he thinks about such things at all) on the subject. And so to dinner.

What follows, therefore, is to be regarded not as an essay in constitutional history or political science, but simply as an attempt to portray what the average Englishman thinks and feels about kingship.

II

As for Rosemary, John's lady friend who "doesn't believe in kings," she of course merely repeats what she has heard from her parents. She attributes no particular meaning to her statement, but she certainly is without any of that peculiar passion of loyalty which glows in John's bosom. Now it so happens that her father, though himself born in England, is the son of a German Pole; and I think that that fact is not without significance in connection with this question of kingship. The English conception of kingship is in fact something peculiar to the English (and perhaps also to the Scottish) mentality; and

when people of other races say that they don't believe in kings the conception of kingship which they have in mind is something quite other than the English conception. The English, greatly as they pride themselves on their intellectual achievements, are a people who feel rather than think. Their beliefs and their actions spring not so much (indeed hardly at all) from reason as from an inherited racial instinct, which slowly adapts itself to the changing circumstances of their history; and the fundamental doctrines by which they guide their lives are derived not from any specific teaching handed down from father to son, but from something, the fruit of experience and tradition rather than of reason, inherent in them from their birth and from before their birth. It is not from us, from my wife and myself, that John has acquired this semi-religious loyalty to the Throne. We ourselves certainly share it, but I cannot remember that we have ever made any effort to instill it into him: there was no need to do so, for it grew up with him. When, therefore, Rosemary's father says that he doesn't believe in kings and I say that I do, we are not really talking the same language or about the same thing. He is discussing the institution of monarchy in the light of political science; I am registering an emotion which has its roots in the history and experience of my forefathers.

III

Before we attempt to examine the real nature and meaning of this emotion and the effect which it has upon the English social and political economy, it may be well to endeavor to make clear what in fact the King is in the structure of the British Constitution and what he does. Such a clarification is very necessary, for it is a point as to which there is considerable misapprehension in other countries, not only on the part of the ordinary reader of newspapers but also on the part of the real student of politics. The former has been brought up to believe from his daily reading, and from such smattering of history as he may possess, that a king is a personage occupying a position of great importance and power who has been selected to hold that position not from any personal merit of his own but simply by the accident of birth; and he lets it go at that. The thing is an obvious anomaly in this democratic age, and no man with the desire for freedom in his soul (and the newspaper reader has been taught that democracy and freedom are synonymous terms!) would tolerate it for a moment. The student of politics knows more than this. He is aware of the process, marked by certain outstanding events and occasional reactions, but nevertheless continuous, by which the absolute monarchy of the early Norman kings has developed into the so-called constitutional monarchy of to-day; but he is liable to be deceived by that very word constitutional.

The British Constitution presents two great difficulties to the foreign observer. In the first place it is nowhere embodied in a single instrument, as is the Constitution of the United States of America, but is to be found scattered throughout numerous statutes and judicial decisions. And in the second place (and it is here that the foreign and even the English political scientist tends to go wrong) it differs widely in actual practice even from the statutes and decisions on which it is based. It is in fact a curious and striking example of the English habit of "making things do"—of preferring, when a new need arises, to apply some existing tool to new uses rather than to make a new tool for the purpose. And the foreign observer not unnaturally assumes that the purpose for which the old tool is being used is still the old purpose. When, for example, the Constitution provides that no Bill involving the expenditure of public money may even be introduced into Parliament without the written consent of the King, it is natural to suppose that this is (as undoubtedly it was) a check upon the liberty of the people to govern themselves and not (as

it has in practice become) one of the great safeguards of democracy. Monarchy in this country is in fact something widely different from what anyone who studies our laws or even our Parliamentary proceedings without being acquainted with the actual machinery of government would suppose.

Nor are these the only difficulties which the external observer of the British Constitution has to surmount. There is further the fundamental distinction, nowhere expressed in any statute or decision but a part, nevertheless, of the foundation upon which the Constitution rests, between the King and the Crown, that is to say between the monarch as a person and the monarchy as an institution. The distinction is one particularly difficult for the American to make, for the nearest American equivalent to the King, namely the President, is in fact the most powerful monarch in the world, and acts always as a person and never as an institution. The idea that a human being can, in relation to a great part of his activities, divest himself of all individual personality and become a purely impersonal source of power for others to use is a conception wholly foreign to most minds outside Great Britain and the British Dominions. And it is because they inevitably regard the Crown as a man and not as an institution that Americans tend to assume that monarchy, as it exists in Great Britain, and liberty cannot be fully consistent with each other.

It is in the reconciliation of monarchy —in its origin absolute and uncontrolled —with liberty, if by liberty we mean the government of the people for the people by the people, that the British genius for political adaptation, for applying to one purpose tools designed for another rather than devising new tools for the new purpose, has perhaps most strikingly manifested itself. In theory the King still exercises, as at one time he did in fact exercise, the whole authority of the State. He appoints his own Ministers and Judges; he gives or withholds his assent to Acts of Parliament; he empowers his Ambassadors to negotiate treaties, which without any necessity to consult Parliament he can ratify or decline to ratify; the Army and the Navy are his Army and his Navy; he declares war and makes peace. But in practice, while he remains the source of the power which is exercised in his name, that power is exercised by the people, through their elected representatives, and by the people alone. It is the exercise and not the origin of power within the State that is the criterion of liberty; and while the newborn Republic in America was attempting to secure her liberty by vesting the origin of power in the people and the exercise of it in an elected officer with a prescribed term of office, Great Britain was achieving the same end—perhaps with a greater measure of success—by leaving the origin of power in the Crown but transferring the exercise of it to the people.

In truth, of course, the origin of power in the modern democratic State is always the same: it can come from no other source than from the willingness of the people themselves to be governed. But the fiction of the British Constitution, whereby the power of the State resides in a single visible receptacle, external to the people and unaffected by political changes, is peculiarly congenial to the British character. It preserves unbroken the traditions of the past, and we are a conservative people, not given to casting down our idols if only we can make them serve our purposes. It embodies the State in a visible and concrete form; and our minds (or rather our instincts, for as a people we act by instinct rather than by reason) deal more easily with the concrete than with the abstract. And it creates a sense of continuity and permanence, of something adaptable but in essence unalterable, which is comforting to us. It is precious to us just because it is neither new nor modern nor obvious, but something we have had with us always and have ourselves molded to suit our ends. And it does suit them.

The King, then, to us is the State,

made visible to our eyes: and when we say that we "believe in" kings, we are saying, in truth, no more than that we believe in ordered government and that we share with the vast majority of our fellow mortals that not ignoble instinct, which it is becoming the fashion to decry, called patriotism. It is an instinct which in America, I imagine, centers in the flag. With us too the flag is a very vital element in our patriotism, all the more so, I think, because in our minds we connect it so closely with the personal embodiment of the State. Man, after all, has always felt the need for visualizing in some concrete form the abstract objects of his devotion—he has always personified his gods. It is as to a living and human, and not merely a visible, embodiment of the State, and of all the traditions handed down to us, not without glory, by our forefathers, that we are loyal to the King.

IV

The Romans deified their emperors, and we deride their superstition or despise their sycophancy. But in truth we do not ourselves look upon our kings as wholly human. I have shaken hands with King George, I have spoken to him, and he has spoken to me. Regarded simply as a man, he is not, I should imagine, more intelligent than I, he is not, I think, better looking, he has, by his own personal merit, achieved nothing of which I believe myself, in like circumstances, to be incapable. For what reason, then, other than that I regard him as something not wholly human, as a being not to be judged by the criteria which apply to all other men, however great their distinction, do I feel that the fact that I have come to the personal notice of the King distinguishes me above my fellow-citizens who have not? Because the King to us embodies the whole authority and essence of the State, he has become, not perhaps *deus*, but certainly *divus;* and this tendency has grown more marked as in course of time the royal power ceased to be personal and became impersonal. The first four Georges and William IV, all of whom actually exercised in their own persons, though in a diminishing degree, the powers which George V exercises only in theory, were judged by their contemporaries as men among men. The sanctity that doth hedge a throne was, down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, in essence if not in degree, the sanctity of a priest: it is not until the reign of Victoria, when the last vestiges of the personal power of our Kings disappeared, that it began to take on something of the sanctity of a god. The process was no doubt helped by the fact that Victoria was a woman, and a very remarkable woman, and that during a great part of her reign she was as withdrawn from the public gaze almost as that other semi-divine monarch, the Mikado: but the process could hardly have begun but for the fact that the King, from being the wielder of power, and hence liable to make mistakes and to be visibly swayed by human passions and weaknesses, had become the Crown, the source of the power which was wielded by others, withdrawn, passionless, almost mysterious.

Hence we get what at first sight appears an anomaly, but on analysis is natural enough, that in proportion to the growth of the real liberty of the people and the transfer of all effective power into their hands—in proportion, in fact, to the development of democracy in Great Britain—monarchy, as a system of government, has become immensely strengthened. Great Britain enjoys now a greater measure of liberty, personal and political, than any other nation in the world, not excluding the United States of America; and at no period in her history has the substitution of a republican for a monarchical form of government been less likely.

V

There is in man a capacity for worship which, at any rate among the less

thoughtful, is not satisfied by a belief in an abstraction—by devotion to the State, or to the good of mankind, or even to the flag, which is but a concrete and inanimate symbol of an abstraction. Not only has he always personified his gods, but, on occasion, he has deified his fellows. And both processes are, I think, visible in what we English have done with that very abstract conception, the authority of the State. We have expressed it in two forms—the Crown, a personification of the abstract, and the King, a deification of the individual—and we have made the two coincide. One result has been to direct the human capacity for worship towards the State, and thereby to introduce an immensely stabilizing factor into the machinery of government.

I do not mean to suggest that this process has been at all conscious. The English are not given to conscious analysis of their mental processes, and indeed their fundamental political beliefs do not spring from any mental process in the ordinary sense of the word. They do not arise from any individual act of reasoning and from the communication from one mind to another of the resultant concept, but from some slow growth of a belief, an emotion, a loyalty in the nation as a whole rather than in any individual brain. Neither his mother nor I taught our son John to "believe in kings": it is a belief he inherited at birth. Moreover "religion" and "worship" are perhaps words too strong to apply to the emotion which I wish to describe, but there are no others adequate to express what I have in mind. If you told the average Englishman of the middle or lower class that monarchy in England was a form of religion, and that the King expressed in his person the authority and the idea of the State and was worshipped as such, he would probably not understand what you were talking about, and if he did understand would either laugh at you or be exceedingly indignant at being accused of idolatry. But you would not be far from the truth. Read what Stephen Graham, surely no natural monarchist, has to say in *A Private in the Guards* of the feelings of himself and his fellows on their first King's Guard.

Nor shall I easily forget what I saw one Sunday early in August of 1914. It was about nine o'clock in the morning, during those days of suspense after Great Britain had declared war but before we knew whether our contribution to the Allied cause was to be our Navy alone or whether we meant to throw in all our strength. The Government Department in which I serve was working under pressure, Sundays and weekdays alike, and my wife (but I was only engaged then) was walking with me across the Park on my way to the office. Hardly anyone else was about. As we reached Buckingham Palace we met a battalion of the Guards. They were at full strength, reservists and all, and in heavy marching order, the men carrying entrenching tools besides the rest of their impedimenta, the officers and N.C.O.s wire-cutters and the officers revolvers; field cookers and water-carts came behind. I knew enough of military matters even in those days to perceive at once that they were en route for France, part of an Expeditionary Force, and my heart rose: we had not become used, then, to seeing men go to war. As they passed the Palace, the Company Commanders, one by one, gave the command "Eyes left," and we saw the King, standing alone and bareheaded, at the Palace front. I am not, I think, easily moved; but I was moved then, more profoundly than ever in my life. For it was not one man saying good-by to twelve hundred that we saw, nor even the supreme commander of the Army saying good-by to one of its first and finest units. It was the Nation itself saying good-by to its men on their way to war.

VI

Just as men need an object of devotion, and it is well (at least from the point of view of those who believe that our

present forms of government and of society afford at least a reasonable measure of human freedom and happiness) when that object is the State, so also they need an outlet for that love of pomp and circumstance—of play-acting, if you like to call it so—which is certainly not less marked among the Anglo Saxon than among other races; and it is no bad thing when this also is centered on the State. A monarchical system of government, combined, as ours is, with as high a standard of political liberty as is to be found anywhere in the world, affords precisely such an outlet. The trappings of royalty, the ceremonies of the court, the pomp of guard-mounting and changing, the traditional splendor and awe of coronation are the ritual of this "religion" of which I have written above; and because they are the ritual of a religion which is definitely related to our daily lives and of which each part has its roots in our national history, they have for us a meaning and an emotion more deep, I feel confident, than the rites of Freemason or Elk or Kiwanian.

Last year I attended, as I do every four years or so, the King's Levée. I robed myself in an exceedingly expensive and, objectively considered, rather ridiculous uniform of superfine dark-blue cloth and gold lace, with strapped trousers, court sword, cocked hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, and white kid gloves. I hung round my neck the Order which the King had hung there some years before. I arrived at St. James's Palace in the midst of a crowd of other arrivals, in scarlet and blue and gold, in the silk gown and bands of the judge or the bishop, or the black velvet of the plain gentleman. I passed up the staircase, at each corner of the stair a life-guardsman in jack boots, polished steel breast- and back-plate, plumed helmet and drawn sword, through the picture gallery lined with the Yeomen of the King's Bodyguard armed with halberds, to the great anteroom, looking pleasantly out to St. James's Park, bright with rhododendrons and iris edging the Lake. While we wait, the gate outside the windows swings open and into the garden below marches the new guard—first the band, headed by the drum-major in his ceremonial dress of long white gaiters, knee-deep surcoat of cloth of gold embroidered with the Royal Arms, and black velvet cap, then the Ensign bearing the Colors and surrounded by his escort, and then, rank after rank as though ruled with a ruler, the guard, scarlet and white, with bayonets fixed and towering bearskins. As the hour approaches, the gate swings open again, and we see the King's escort of Life-Guards clattering down the Mall. They wheel to each side of the gate, and the carriages roll through, first those containing the Officers of the Household, and then, ponderous, clumsy and swaying, all glass and gold surmounted by the Royal Crown, the King's coach. Promptly at eleven thirty the Levée begins; and after the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers and their staffs have passed through, the doors of our anteroom are opened and we file in, one by one, through a second anteroom to the Throne Room. Facing us is the Throne, and standing in front of it the King, in uniform. Behind him are grouped the Royal Princes, the Secretaries of State, and the Officers of the Household. Facing him, at a distance of twenty paces or so, in two ranks, are drawn up the Gentlemen of the King's Body-Guard, all retired officers of high rank, in scarlet and gold, with steel helmets crowned with cocks' feathers and great damascened halberds, and among them the two native orderly officers attached to the King's Person from the Indian Army. We pass up the length of the room, give the cards bearing our names to the gentleman usher who hands them to the Lord Chamberlain, and each man, as the Lord Chamberlain reads out his name, turns to the right, halts before the King, bows, and passes on. The Levée, so far as he is concerned, is over.

What does it all amount to? A great deal of money has been spent on gorgeous uniforms and trappings, most of which are not worn more than once a year, if as often. A whole morning has been consumed, while work is piling up at the office. I have chatted with a few friends whom I might have seen, equally well and much more comfortably, at the club. I have bowed to a man like myself, rather undersized, not more distinguished in appearance than most of those present, elderly, grave, and courteous. And I have gone home, changed into my working clothes, lunched, and gone back to work. But I have been in communion with the spirit of my country, I have been in the presence of the Majesty of England. And I am no less a free man than any man in the world. Nor are those who waited outside the Palace and watched us go in and come out, as the congregation in some great cathedral watches the procession pass up to the High Altar and back again.

I believe in kings.

HOW AND WHY

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

I SAID, I am sick of my own stock
That would run a mile to see a rock,
And that finds ecstatic ground for hope
In a miracle seen through a microscope.
I said, this stock I will breed out;
And I thought that I knew what I was about.
But now that I've been and had my way,
My child and I have nothing to say—
Not to each other—the livelong day.
I've tried him now with everything;
A cirrus cloud, the full moon's ring,
Thistledown thread, and the nap of fur,
The velvet pads of a chestnut burr,
The print of paws in a waste of snow,
A frond as crooked as a fiddle bow,
The tug of tides and the distant swell
Of surf that breaks in a spiralled shell,
The soar of wings on the winds they clap,
The sun-dew's spring of its jewelled trap.
But one and another he sees them all,
As next to nothing—as nothing at all;
And I'd give my soul could I hear him cry:
"How—how—how?" And "Why—why—why?"

TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

THE FACTS ABOUT SUICIDE

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

LIFE is to all peoples their most valued and sacred possession and must remain inviolate if civilization is to endure. In spite of hardships and denials, struggles and defeats, suffering rarely blots out the wish to live. There are few persons, however, who have not at some time longed for the peace and rest of death. Existence is usually too complicated to be entirely free from despair, and situations do arise which may cause us to weigh the value of life against the relief afforded by the grave. Such morbid thoughts and the suicidal tendencies they engender last only for a moment. The healthy individual soon realizes that his troubles will pass or that he can triumph over them. Certainly there is an immense resistance, objective as well as subjective, which must be overcome before an act so desperate as suicide can be committed. Yet in spite of all the safeguards provided by instinct and social sanctions, the death motive does often gain the ascendancy. Whatever the cause, all too many persons each year choose self-destruction as a way out of what appears to them a hopeless struggle. But those who escape in this way from the bitter experiences of life are the vanquished, and they thereby frankly admit their personal futility and failure.

In this essay, we shall concern ourselves primarily with the facts of suicide, hoping through their study to gain insight into the motivation and the nature of this act. At the very outset, a series of questions arises which may clarify our thinking. How many suicides occur each year in the United States and how has the number varied since the beginning of the century? How does the United States stand in comparison with other countries of the world? Are men or women more likely to take their own lives, and at what ages does the suicidal impulse reach its greatest force? Do more rich or poor, urban or rural, educated or uneducated persons kill themselves? These questions will lead to an evaluation of religious and racial influences which tend to encourage or discourage suicide and to a consideration of the psychological maladjustments which are everywhere so important. Certainly when we have brought our array of facts together, we shall have a better understanding of the problem in its varied aspects. From the tangled web of human desires and the cultural backgrounds which determine standards of life, there may emerge a valuable clue that will help us to check and perhaps even prevent a form of behavior that, from every point of view, is so greatly to be deplored.

II

Each year there are well over 16,000 suicides reported in the United States. The actual number is much larger, since many cases are recorded as accidents or as deaths from natural causes owing to the care that is taken by the families to cover them up and to falsify the record. It is difficult to say definitely whether or not suicide has been increasing among us.

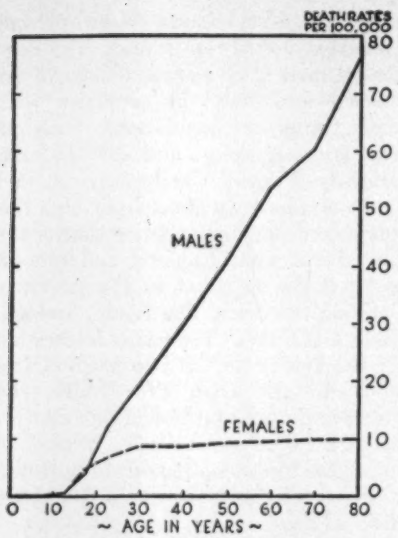
Authentic figures for the country as a whole go back only to the beginning of the century, and since then the rate has fluctuated greatly from year to year. In 1900 the suicide rate was 11.5 for every 100,000 persons in the population. In succeeding years it went up more or less steadily, rising to the high peak of 17.8 in 1908, falling the following year and remaining fairly stationary around the figure 16 per 100,000 for the period preceding the outbreak of the War. From the time we actually entered hostilities in 1917 the rate steadily declined, until the lowest point on record was reached (10.2) in 1920. This experience was similar to that in European countries, all of which showed a reduction in the suicide death rate. Thus apparently, in spite of the disorganization and chaos, the all-engrossing activities of wartime kept the mind from brooding over personal disappointments and troubles. In the United States the rate for suicide began to rise again in 1921. It receded in the two succeeding years, but since then has been going up slowly. In 1928 the rate was 13.6 per 100,000 of population. The trend in the population as a whole during the last quarter of a century has, therefore, been neither definitely upward or downward, although since 1911 there has been a rather steady decline. It is interesting to observe that among the wage-earners of the country, however, the rate has fallen far faster than among the population as a whole.

As might be expected, there is great variability in the amount of suicide in the different countries of the world reflecting the varied habits and customs, religious convictions, social points of view, climatic conditions, and the many other factors that may tend to inhibit or encourage self-destruction. The United States occupies a middle position in reference to suicide frequency. This it shares with Sweden, England, Wales and Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, and Finland. Belgium, Denmark, and France have slightly higher rates; and Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, and Canada somewhat lower ones. The very highest rates of all—around 25 to 30 per 100,000—are found in countries with large Germanic populations, such as Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Japan also have an abnormally high suicide record, more than twice that of the United States and England, and from six to ten times as great as the devoutly Catholic countries, like Spain, Ireland, Chile, and Cuba. Especially interesting are the figures for the two parts of Ireland. In the Irish Free State, the southern Catholic portion of the country, the figure, 3.2 per 100,000, is next to Cuba, the lowest on record; in northern Protestant Ireland, the rate is 6.0, about twice as high.

III

Suicide in the United States is almost altogether limited to white people. Among our 11 million negroes there are annually only about 500 cases of self-destruction. This fact is particularly significant since it is among the colored people that the very highest homicide rates prevail. There is, therefore, apparently little ground for believing that suicide and homicide go hand in hand, and that both reflect a contempt for human life. Two different psychological mechanisms are apparently involved. Homicide is generally the outcome of sudden passion and follows immediately the murderous impulse. Suicide, on the other hand, is usually the result of premeditation and a brooding introspection, the very conditions which make homicide impossible.

Age, like color and race, is an important factor in the causation of suicide. Contrary to general opinion, the problem increases in intensity with advancing years. It is fair to say that children practically never kill themselves. Their natural buoyancy does not permit disappointment to last long, nor are they often driven to despair. Up to age fifteen, although there are occasional exam-



ples of personal maladjustment serious enough to cause a child suicide, the cases are so few as to be statistically negligible. During the two years 1923 and 1924, out of over 23,000 suicides in the Registration Area of the United States, only 78 were children, or about three-tenths of one per cent of the total number. Thus, in spite of the few spectacular cases that are so graphically described and featured in the daily press, suicide as a social problem is not bound up with the weariness and disillusionment of youth. In contradiction, moreover, to what recent discussion would have led us to expect, the decline in the suicide rate has been greatest among adolescents in recent years.

Beginning with the years of adolescence, each advancing age period shows a steady and consistent rise in the amount of suicide. In fact, more than half of all the suicides occur among persons 45 years of age and over, although this group constitutes only a little over a fifth of the total population. Both sexes show the highest rates in old age, although this tendency is far more pronounced among the males. On the whole, suicide may be called a masculine type of reaction. More than three times as many men as women do away with themselves each year. Only at one age group (and that a relatively unimportant one), namely, 15 to 19 years of age, are there more women than men suicides. It would seem, therefore, as if adolescent maladjustments play more havoc with young women than with young men. But after age 20 the order is reversed, and the contrast between the two sexes becomes increasingly more striking. As the following chart shows vividly, the line of the two curves is very different: that for males goes steadily and steeply up, skyrocketing in the older ages of life; while the curve for females rises rather slowly up to the age of 30 and thereafter stays more or less stationary on a slightly rising level until old age. It is clear, therefore, that the ratio of suicide in the two sexes varies very greatly at different ages. Among those 25 to 34 years old, there are more than twice as many men as women; during the next ten year period, about four times as many; in the next decade, approximately five times; and after age 65 there are about seven times as many men suicides as women.

The methods used by suicides follow fairly well defined lines. In general, men employ the more active means, such as shooting and hanging. These are the two leading modes used in this country; whereas women use more passive measures like poison or asphyxiation. Very seldom do women choose any means of death which involves the shedding of blood or bodily disfigurement. For example, in the four years 1921 to 1925, over a thousand men shot themselves, as compared with just over two hundred women. So unusual is it for a woman to use firearms that it has been pointed out by a number of psychiatrists that this method of suicide is in all likelihood the symptom of a homosexual tendency. Though men shoot themselves and women take poison, there are always new methods coming into vogue and very decided suicide fashions. At present, for example, we hear a great

deal about people hurling themselves out of windows in tall buildings. The agent employed to cause death varies from country to country. In Switzerland men hang themselves instead of using firearms, and women drown themselves instead of taking poison. In Italy, too, drowning is very popular, being the second most frequent mode of suicide for women and the third for men. Of course, ready accessibility, to a large extent, determines the choice of the weapon used; although it is equally true that some persons will go to infinite trouble to die in a definite predetermined manner that satisfies some inner psychological need. There was a striking illustration recently of the first suicide from an airplane. A woman threw herself out of the machine when it was at a great height in order that her spectacular method of death might attract the attention she had failed to receive in life. Only by playing a melodramatic and gruesome role could she assert her pathological desire to achieve personal importance.

IV

An attempt to trace the relationship between economic status and suicidal tendencies shows clearly how involved the whole problem is. Only one conclusion can be dogmatically drawn—namely, that suicide rarely depends upon any single causal factor. It has been asserted that those who have every financial means to enjoy life are more apt to take their own lives than those who barely have enough to keep body and soul together. But our facts do not support this contention. Official death statistics of the United States throw no light upon the economic, social, or financial status of individuals committing suicide. The best data come from the records of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company which furnish a comparison between the rates of "Industrial" and "Ordinary" policyholders. In the first group, comprising millions of the urban wage-earning population of the country, the suicide death rate is consistently higher at every point after age twenty than it is among the Ordinary policyholders, who may be roughly described as the professional, mercantile, artisan, and salaried-executive class. Only in the small, unimportant age group, 15 to 19 years, is this order reversed; and it is interesting to note further that the difference between the two social classes becomes greater as we move from the younger to the advanced ages of life.

There is other evidence suggesting that the suicide rate is partly determined by economic conditions. The rate among males fluctuates with the business cycle. In 1922, a study made by Professors Ogburn and Thomas showed that prosperity plays a definite role in cutting down the annual toll of self-inflicted deaths and that hard times tend to increase it. A few years ago we analyzed the relation between the business cycle and suicide for ten large cities in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania over a period of fourteen years. We likewise found that low suicide rates tended to prevail in times when business was above normal. The downward trend for general business conditions between January, 1913 and January, 1915 was associated with a rise in suicide frequency. During the war years the suicide rate went steadily downward, until it reached a minimum in February, 1920. With the onset of the depression which followed thereafter, the suicide rate rose, suggesting again a close connection between the two phenomena. When the stock market crashed last fall enough people threw themselves out of windows to lend point to the story that went the rounds in New York City. It was declared that the room clerk of a large hotel asked all prospective guests whether the room about to be engaged was to be used for sleeping or jumping purposes. But the spectacular cases that the daily papers played up so luridly were so few in number as to be lost in the official records.

The suicide figures for the last quarter of 1929 were no larger than in the previous year for males insured in the Ordinary Department of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. In December alone was there an increase, amounting roughly to about 10 per cent.

On the other hand, in England and Wales, where a careful attempt has been made to correlate death rates with economic and social status, a different result is apparently found, showing that the problem is not so simple as our American figures suggest. The latest report of the Registrar General for England and Wales divides the population into five social and economic classes, corresponding in general with the broad economic divisions of the nation. The suicide rates for the two upper classes are above the general average, especially that of Class II which is 28 per cent in excess; whereas the three remaining classes are slightly below the average. Perhaps the most striking feature of the British study is the fact that among the very highest suicide rates were those registered for certain groups of professional workers, notably physicians, dentists, barristers, and solicitors. But in this class other professional workers, such as teachers, have low rates, and clergymen stand near the bottom of the entire list. There are no deaths at all from suicide reported among the Roman Catholic priesthood; non-conformist Protestant ministers have strikingly low rates; whereas Anglican clergymen have an almost average suicide death rate. Greatly above average rates are likewise registered for insurance agents, those engaged in various lines of the liquor trade, such as brewing and bartending, innkeepers and a number of different classes of textile workers. The British figures, therefore, tend to support the claim that the financially favored portions of the population are more prone to suicide than are the lower economic groups. But it is necessary to point out that the differences found are not great enough to settle the matter conclusively.

V

Whether or not there is something inherent in the congestion of urban living which predisposes to suicide, the fact remains that death rates are higher in cities than they are in rural areas. This may be due to the greater stability of the country family, to the lower divorce rate, to the relatively few childless couples, to the greater number of children in each family, and to the more unified interests, traditions, and beliefs. Not only is suicide more frequent in the cities than on the farms throughout the world, but in general, other factors being equal, the larger the city the higher the rate is apt to be. The last year for which there are fully classified statistics for the United States is 1926, when the suicide rate for the nation as a whole was 12.8 per 100,000. In the cities, it reached 16 and in the rural portions of these same States it fell to about 10. Suicide statistics for a selected group of cities disclose that those with a population of 500,000 or over had a rate of 18.4, as compared with 15.9 in the next smaller cities and 13.5 in cities with less than 10,000 inhabitants.

A study of geographical differences in various parts of the United States shows that the lowest suicide records prevail in some of the textile cities of New England, such as Fall River, Lowell, and New Bedford. Scranton, Albany, and Yonkers likewise can boast of very low figures. We do not wish to imply, of course, that the textile industry in some magic fashion prevents suicide, but rather that racial composition, age distribution, and other factors inherent in these cities are responsible for the result. Abnormally high rates are found in many important Southern cities. The white populations of Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, New Orleans, Louisville, and Memphis all have rates over 20 per 100,000. Omaha, Denver, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Spokane, Oakland, and Los Angeles have high rates. San Diego and San Francisco are notorious for

the worst records of all. As a matter of fact, the whole Pacific Coast makes a very unfavorable showing, with a rate double that of the Middle Atlantic Seaboard. Both rural and urban areas share this dubious distinction; whereas the Southern states have uniformly low rates, although Southern cities have not. In short, it is in the South that we get the most convincing demonstration of the adverse effect which urban life exerts upon suicide mortality.

There is one highly significant sidelight on the great variations in suicide frequency that are found in different parts of the United States. Undoubtedly they are due in no small degree to the heterogeneous character of our population with its divergent racial, religious, and cultural attitudes. It is, therefore, much to the point to examine these in turn and see what light they throw on suicide causation. Regarding racial proclivities, we find that the German-born population contributes far more than its just proportion of suicides. In a study we made some years ago of the mortality of our race stocks in a number of states, we found that self-destruction was an important cause of death among this nationality. In Pennsylvania the death rate reached the amazing figure of 80 per 100,000 for German males of all ages and 141 in the age group 65 to 84; in New York it went even higher, to 92 for all ages and 137 per 100,000 for the other age group. In San Diego, which claims the distinction of having the highest suicide record of any American city, 95 per cent of the foreign-born who died by their own hand were of North European stock. This quite agrees with the international comparisons of suicide prevalence which we have already given, showing that members of the German race are more prone to self-destruction than any other in the world. The Italians, on the other hand, show very low suicide rates, which conforms to the situation in their native land. The Jews likewise rarely commit suicide. This is not true in postwar Europe, where suicide among Jews is notoriously high. The Irish-born, on the whole, show favorable rates, although the figures are decidedly higher than in their native country. Those born in Great Britain living in the United States have suicide rates well above the average for the whole population. They stand, in fact, close behind the Germans in this respect.

It does seem, therefore, as though some consistent attitude regarding suicide exists among different races. But since the term "race" is so loosely and inaccurately used, we must define it with greater precision. We use it here to mean the possession of a common cultural heritage and religious beliefs and customs. These we know have a most potent influence in determining habits of thought and a general philosophy of life. Where the guidance and authority of religion are accepted without question, where the Church forms the background of communal life, and where duties are rigidly prescribed there is little suicide. On the other hand, where the power of religion is tenuous and the Church less highly organized, and where the individual is allowed freedom to control his own life and become the arbiter of his destiny, there people are likely to kill themselves much more frequently. These observations help to explain some of the differences we have noted in suicide rates. They partly account for the low rates in Catholic countries. Not that the Catholic Church is more strongly opposed to suicide than other religions; but the power of the Church is more absolute, its organization is more closely knit, and it has fewer rebels than other creeds. As we have already pointed out, suicide is an unusual phenomenon among the simple and devout peasantry of Ireland, Spain, Italy, and other thoroughly Catholic countries. There is a decided difference in the rates for southern Catholic and northern Protestant Ireland. Even in Germany with its large number of suicides, there is a contrast between the rates of Lutheran Prussia and Catholic Bavaria.

Bound up with the religious ideology there is the dominant mental point of view and the typical life patterns that various civilizations present. There are submissive peoples who accept the yoke of authority whether it be religious, political, or social and regard trials and tribulations as the will of God to which they must resign themselves. The peasantry of most European countries and our own farmers are for the most part of this character. They do not question the teachings of Church and State that condemn suicide as a means of escape from an intolerable personal predicament and look upon it with horror as a form of murder in the sight of God and man. They consider human life as a sacred God-given gift. They exhort each individual to bear life's cross with courage and resignation, nor presume to question the righteousness of the Almighty who has afflicted mankind with trials and tribulations.

Such ideas are in striking contrast to those of the rebels and the intellectuals of the world. They are generally city dwellers and they emphasize the importance of the individual in the scheme of things. They demand that life shall justify itself to each one. When this does not happen there is intense resentment and a feeling of frustration which augments the psychic conflict. In Germany, especially, coincident with educational enlightenment there developed an idealistic and romantic tradition which encouraged suicide. In *The Sorrows of Werther* the sentimental hero pursues this line of thought until he reaches the inevitable position of the pessimist that "nature finds no way out of the labyrinth of confused and conflicting thoughts, and the man must die." The modern skeptic, likewise cast adrift from the old established certainties of life, has lost the feeling of security formerly found within the close, intimate circle of family and friends. The calm conviction that an all-wise Providence guides human destiny and the solace of a comforting faith which accepts without complaint all the variegated experiences of life are not for him.

VI

We have now seen that certain external factors, such as economic conditions, city life, religion, social customs, and traditions, exert a very real influence on the frequency of suicide. But though group patterns are inhibiting or encouraging forces, suicide after all is due to an internal conflict. It is the terminal act in a complicated psychic drama and the final response which an individual makes to his inner emotional distress. Such personal difficulties as ill health, physical pain, the loss of money, position, honor, freedom, prestige, success, or of any of the things that to the individual seem most desirable may prove the decisive factor leading to suicide; but ordinarily these merely bring matters to a head. They are the last straw that breaks the camel's back. The real cause of suicide is the inability to adjust to the disappointing circumstances. We must, therefore, seek to understand the motives or the desires which animate human conduct if we are to understand why men kill themselves. In this, the knowledge of the psychiatrists is our best guide.

They tell us that suicide rarely, if ever, occurs among well-balanced, adjusted people, but is much to be feared among those who are mentally deranged. All agree that many suicides are psychotic. Doctor Pfeiffer, who made 600 autopsies of suicides, found an astonishing number with gross brain lesions indicating mental deterioration. More recently, Doctor Stearns, analyzing a series of suicides in Massachusetts, found that about one-third were frankly insane and an additional group either psychoneurotic or addicted to alcohol or drugs. It would be quite untrue, however, to claim that all suicides are insane. Certainly, a considerable number of them give every appearance of being able to conduct their affairs with great efficiency and others are possessed of more

than ordinary intelligence and creative ability.

Melancholia, the depressed state of manic depressive insanity, is the most common form of mental disease in which suicide occurs. In fact, every manic depressive is a potential suicide. A feeling of inferiority and of personal inadequacy is usually at the bottom of most cases of this type of insanity. Sometimes mental distress caused by a physical abnormality such as extreme overweight acts in much the same way. From small beginnings such feelings of inferiority may go on to morbid brooding and may finally assume obsessional proportions. It is then that the suicidal impulse usually follows. Fortunately, this mental disease is generally temporary and curable. The mood of darkness and depression will in most cases lift, and the patient will become well again. Many of these patients are valuable citizens possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. It is, therefore, very important that they be carefully watched since they rarely, if ever, attempt suicide in the presence of another person.

Dementia præcox is another mental disorder which often has serious suicidal consequences, especially among young people. Their derangement may take on a number of forms. The paranoid type often suffer from delusions of grandeur, and their superiority complex brings them into constant conflict with other people. Their peace lies in release from the impossible situation. In other cases, their hallucinations take on peculiar forms. Patients receive calls from God ordering them to die; in other cases there are sudden calls to suicide without any apparent reason. These præcox cases, unlike the manic depressives, give very little warning of their suicidal intentions, and their attempts are so persistent that they often succeed. Alcoholic insanity and syphilitic insanity are likewise found behind many suicidal acts. But in addition to these definite psychotics, there are many suicides or potential suicides who can hardly be classified as insane but who are mentally and emotionally maladjusted. They come for help not only to the psychiatrist but to physicians of every medical specialty. They suffer not so much from organic disease but from functional disorders growing out of defective emotional development. A fixation at some childish level may prevent these people from adapting themselves to the demands of life. They cannot fit themselves into a changing environment and they rarely attain the self-reliance of maturity. They constantly suffer from feelings of frustration and personal defeat. It is only a step from this situation to that of definite pathological depression.

VII

No one method of prevention is likely to prove a panacea for a problem so complicated as suicide. As we have seen, there are so many external factors, so many types of personality and so many methods of reacting to any given situation that no simple rule of thumb can possibly be effective. Nevertheless, much good work is being done to prevent suicide, and the outlook for the future is even more promising. The psychiatrist is to-day successfully treating many cases of potential suicide; and whenever the suicidal impulse is an accompaniment of psychotic disease he is the only person able to give relief. If only all those who show signs of mental depression could be spotted early and skilfully handled, many people could be helped to solve the difficulties which now cause exaggerated feelings of personal inadequacy and despair.

But the services of the skilled physician are not always required. Sometimes the priest or minister, a sympathetic confidant, or an understanding friend may give the necessary help and encouragement. In many a case all that is necessary to tide over the difficult period is to establish a friendly connection with the would-be suicide, to con-

vince him that someone cares for him and to strengthen his confidence in his own value. This explains the success of Doctor Warren and his Save-a-Life League in New York. Doctor Warren is an intelligent and understanding man, tolerant and kindly disposed toward those who come to him for help. All kinds of people talk with him about their personal problems or discuss the condition of members of their family who have attempted suicide. It is generally agreed that those who consult him gain new courage to take up their burdens and solve their perplexities in a more constructive fashion than through self-destruction. Many lives have undoubtedly been saved by this man's simple and humane counsel.

The churches have always been a constructive force in the prevention of suicide. Not only have they condemned it as a sin and a cowardly escape from the vicissitudes of life but they have fostered a mental attitude that tends to make suicide impossible. The religious point of view has always served to integrate the life of man and has given many a satisfying explanation of their origin and of their place in the universe. By emphasizing the worth of each individual and by giving a sense of security and reliance upon a loving Providence directing human destiny, religious faith has organized the spiritual life of the masses and has confirmed their desire to live. It has given joy and certainty and strength to many people and a mystic feeling of unity with the cosmic force which guides our ways.

But all people cannot build their lives upon a trusting faith. For the large number who are no longer bound by the authority of the church, there must be other methods of coping with the disappointments and the spiritual conflicts of life.

Fortunately, another source of power is arising to help those very people who because of their adventuring are most inclined to commit suicide. The mental hygiene movement supplies this need. It aims to bring about a satisfactory adjustment of each individual to the world as he finds it. It seeks not only to cure and to prevent mental disease but even more important to build up each personality through self-discipline so that a feeling of adequacy, of efficiency, of contentment, and happiness may be achieved. Mental hygiene implies the attainment of emotional peace and maturity and the acceptance of life's varied fortunes, the bitter and the sweet, joy and pain, victory and defeat as integral parts of human experience. Guided by the principles of mental hygiene, church and state, home and school will in the future place their emphasis on positive values and practicable ideals, that we may have courage to face the battle of life with a healthy zest and to conquer the obstacles that now impede our progress.

THE WALLFLOWER COMPLEX

BY BRENDA UELAND

NEARLY all women suffer in social life from a feeling of inferiority which might be called the wallflower complex. I use this term for it because it is caused, I believe, by our ballroom education as little girls, which, strange to say, is just as anti-feministic to-day as it was under the supervising nose of Queen Victoria. This ballroom experience and the mark it leaves upon us account for many feminine traits that handicap us and make us less likable than we should be.

Now all women know what it is to be a wallflower at some time or other; those who were belles at eighteen are often (if not usually) wallflowers at thirty-five or forty, and vice versa. For example, the slim butterfly who looked down on me when I was a wretched, burstingly plump wallflower of sixteen, my handkerchief a sweaty ball in my clammy hand, my smile a wound—well, I have lived to triumph over her, though I hope I have the compassion and magnanimity not to; for she soon became a homey little matron. Some of us do not become belles until we are fifty or sixty or seventy (by "belles" I mean those who have in social life an easy, comfortable feeling of being liked), and many seem to be belles and wallflowers alternately in cycles of five years, or some such interval. I myself was a wallflower from early childhood until twenty-four: then came a spell of success, a period of unaccountable ease and nonchalance during which young men seemed to like me very much and stood two or three deep to get a dance with me. After a few years, a period of non-success again which lasted until long after thirty. Again, the magic power visited me, and just last summer I had suddenly quite a debutantish interval, quite a whirl of it, though how long it will continue I cannot say. I believe, in fact, it is now waning; but I do not repine; it may come back when I am fifty-five or sixty, or several times. I have at least learned one thing: that the last thing to do is to cultivate it, for then it will never come back. The reason for that statement is the object of this discourse.

If you argue that only a few repellently homely women know what it is to be a wallflower, you are wrong; all women know the feeling and just how painful it is. Is there any raving beauty of any social experience who will not be made fairly ill, sympathetically, by the experiences of Booth Tarkington's heroine, Alice Adams?

Alice Adams, you remember, was a poor but a very pretty and likable girl. She was invited to a dance at a big house in her town. In the first place, she had to contrive her own dress, which is always a very bad start. Then, because she could not afford flowers and had no beau to send them to her, she picked some wild violets for herself and made "a triumphant bouquet with the stems wrapped in tin-foil." After two hours spent on her toilet, her anxious, fluttering mother pronounced the final verdict: "You'll be just a queen to-night!"

At the dance, needless to say, nobody danced with Alice except her brother, and so the wretched girl began to practice the arts that all of us women know only too well and have likewise prac-

ticed thousands of times—the subterfuges of the wallflower.

Subterfuge number one. Left partnerless, she began to practice the art of seeming to have an escort or partner when there was none. In this subterfuge you imply merely by expression and attitude that the supposed partner has left you for only a few minutes; that you yourself have sent him upon the errand. If possible, observers must be led to believe that this errand of your devising is an amusing one; at all events, that you are alone temporarily and of choice, not deserted. You await a devoted man who may return at any instant.

> Other people desired to sit in Alice's nook but discovered her occupancy. She had moved the vacant chair closer her own and she sat with her arm extended so that her hand, holding her lace handkerchief, rested upon the back of this second chair claiming it. Moreover she added a fine detail: her half smile, with the underlip caught, seemed to struggle against repression as if she found the service engaging her absent companion even more amusing than she would let him see when he returned. . . . There was a jovial intrigue of some sort afoot evidently.

Now the trouble with subterfuge number one is that it cannot be used longer than ten or fifteen minutes and hardly more than twice in an evening. So one must resort to others.

Subterfuge number two. Going to the ladies' dressing room, secretly tearing your dress, or the buckle off your shoe, and getting the maid to fix it.

Subterfuge number three. Joining a group of matrons, talking eagerly with them, and thus presenting the picture of a jolly girl too much interested in older women to bother about every foolish young man who asks her to dance.

Subterfuge number four. Sick headache, neuritis in the knee, blistered heel, and so on.

II

My own experience was as horrible as any. When I was fourteen my mother made me go to dancing school. We lived in the country and, therefore, my mother thought that we should gain a little social aplomb by attending a very nice private dancing school in town where we should have the joy of associating with the children of her socially charming friends. The stylishness of those city children was a horror to me. In the first place, I was one of seven children and half Norwegian (two humiliating and plebeian facts in themselves, I thought), and we were sensibly, wholesomely brought up; whereas the city children wore hats, regular millinery hats, I wore a stocking cap. They wore kid gloves, I wore mittens on strings; it seems to me that I wore them until the year I went away to college, though this may be an exaggeration.

Dancing school came every other Friday night. I, wearing rubbers and carrying my slippers in a bag, would be accompanied by our hired girl on the street car, my stomach turning over with dread. Or I would be driven downtown, those long five miles, behind our old horse, the hired man driving. I shall never forget my fear and melancholy going down Lowry Hill on a very cold night, seeing the reflection of our equipage in the plate-glass windows: the hired man muffled up like a moujik and covered with flying, acrid-smelling horsehairs, our old horse's winter coat, as long as a bear's, ruffling in the bitter wind and long icicles hanging from her chin. The downtown girls came in shiny broughams with two horses and wore fur-lined carriage slippers that reached to the calves.

As for my being a wallflower, I can best describe the situation by saying that I was the girl for whom they had the Paul Jones. Mrs. de Long, the dancing teacher, would blow a blast on her whistle and bellow "Paul Jones!" We formed a big circle. Another blast, and the girls tramped one way and the boys the other, weaving in and out, hand over hand. When the whistle blew again we halted and were supposed to

dance with the boy confronting us. But the boy who should have danced with me always feigned confusion and turned and danced with the girl behind him, leaving me there in the middle of the floor, smiling at what a joke and a mixup it all was until, on the other side of the room, the chaperon or Mrs. de Long herself caught the look of frozen horror behind my smile and hurried across the floor to dance with me. Then she would always compliment me on how well I led.

Now I do not complain about the pain; pain is our lot; "every hour wounds and the last one kills," and we must get used to it. But this experience gave me —as it gives other girls—two ideas that are very handicapping: first, that the end of all social life is to charm somebody when, on the contrary, it should be just the opposite—to find men and women who are charming, a search for magnificent human beings; second, that the only way to be charming is by the most indirect, passive means, *i.e.*, by waiting simperingly on the sidelines, pretending utter indifference to those whom we most wish to attract. The little girls must never express their preference for any little boy, nor must they act upon this preference. On the contrary, if they have a preference they must conceal it, for otherwise the object of their liking may think them forward and be horribly repelled, and so, frightened away.

The irony of this situation is that the real secret of magnetism and social charm is self-confidence and assurance and bold honesty; undoubtedly the greatest sorceresses of the world from Cleopatra downward have been women of the most flawless, unhesitating sexual bravery. Ballroom training, ironically, is supposed to help us to become sorceresses—yet what does it do? It teaches us from the start to inhibit and edit all attractive, strong, self-confident acts into an anxious, pitiful, ladylikeness that any man, whether he is searching for romance or friendship or conversation, will go miles to avoid.

You can see the wallflower complex working at any country club dinner-dance. Watch a table of ten middle-aged couples. There is no chance of any woman being left out of any dance because all dancing is in rotation, fair and square. Yet when the music starts all the women (and myself) cast down our eyes, or we take a sip of water with a thoughtful, preoccupied air; a far-away disinterested look comes into our eyes, and when our next dancing partner, who is due and obvious according to the inevitable rotation, asks us to dance, we cry, "Oh!" in maidenly surprise. There is only one woman among us, perhaps, who does the natural thing, and incidentally her fascinating ways will be held to be phenomenal and of mysterious origin. She smiles open-facedly at her next partner and says, "Come on." This woman, you will probably find, has not had the usual ladylike bringing up; I once met such a paragon of boldness and discovered that she had been a poor orphan raised in a lumber camp. For those of us from gentle families are the worst sufferers. The three women of my acquaintance who have the most extraordinary social ease, an uncomplicated pleasure in all society (and who enjoy, therefore, a remarkable popularity), whose faces light up with interest and good nature at every introduction whether it is to a millionaire or a scrubwoman, who have not the slightest fear or hostility for rich and socially prominent people (which rich and socially prominent people, the women at least, usually have for one another) were the children of very poor working people and so, as children, had never had a single hour's training in ballroom repression and faking. No wounds—no scars! All have become socially successful and deserve it because of their engaging ways.

Another example of the workings of the complex: you, a well brought up woman, are at a tea party. You see there a man whom you would like to know. Do you go up to your hostess

and say, "I should like to meet that very handsome man over there"?

The chances are that you do not. It is more likely that you keep as far away from him as possible, stay at the distant end of the room, look at him only furtively, and are in nervous trepidation if he approaches. This trepidation is of course due to the fact that you fear he may discover the fact that you like him. So, if he happens to look at you, you will put on an unnaturally disdainful expression, a lorgnette-expression, because you have been taught that if you pretend to be especially *uninterested* in him then perhaps he may be "intrigued," as some say, may happen to think well of you. Or you begin to talk to someone near at hand, but for his benefit, saying, of course, nothing that you think, but making either cultured-sounding or blasé-sounding or morally-splendid sounding noises, whatever you think will be the most effective.

III

This complex is responsible for some very bad feminine conversational habits. It causes most women to think of social conversation as a sort of desperate, vivacious pause-filling. I remember those terrible Friday evenings on the way to dancing school; all the way downtown, in the carriage behind our lumbering horse, I would plan vivacious conversation to use on a boy if by any chance one should happen to ask me to dance. None of it would be an expression of my mental life; the whole effort was just to make it *sound* like regular party conversation. And the main thing was to keep going. And laugh, laugh, laugh! No matter what he said, laugh gaily with musical notes. In view of modern educational ideas, what sort of an effort was that for a stolid, naturally honest child to be making? (The boy, of course, from that time onward became a lumpish conversational loafer; no doubt he is a great trial to his wife at this moment.)

The other day I heard a poor ex-wallflower, a millionairess in her own name, say at a tea when asked whether she would have one lump or two, "Oh!"—with a little half-gurgle, half-scream of delight—"Oh, *look* at the *too* darling little sugar lumps!" (I believe they were of an unfamiliar shape.) In this speech I could detect the result of twenty years of pathetic wallflower effort.

The complex makes many women old-maidish, schoolma'amish. It works this way: a handsome, thoughtful woman whom I will call Jane Jones was born incapable of any indirection such as flirtatiousness or archness. What was the result? She was a failure in the ballroom from the start. Moreover, she had a sister who was perfectly adapted to the ballroom—the kind of girl who jumps up and down stiff-legged in one spot clapping her hands, whose volatile laugh goes off if a youth looks cross-eyed or wiggles his ears—and this threw Jane's inadequacy into high relief. Now I do not find fault with these graces; if they come naturally they are very nice. But the equally pretty and likable Jane got the idea that if she was to be tolerated by men at all, such actions were absolutely necessary. Yet she was by nature neither vivacious nor arch; to try to be so makes her feel to this day like a fool and a ninny, which, indeed, she would be if she tried. The result? She is an angular prig in the company of all men. "An intellectual stiff," as she puts it.

Left alone with a man, even with an elderly brother-in-law, she experiences a sort of conversational panic. What to say? How to act? What to do about the small talk? She feels her whole expression changing, her features assembling themselves into a false, facetious smile. She casts around for some frippery to talk about.

"Why not talk sense?" I said to her one day when she described her difficulty.

"Why not?" she said. "That is what I say to myself. If he were a woman I

should. But because he is a man I feel that nervous need to inveigle him, to make a hit. This, in turn, makes me ashamed of myself. I begin to hear my own words floating in the air. You know how disagreeable that is."

Her discomfort of course is communicated to the man, and so he and other men will never know how nice she is. She will probably never marry. And I am sure that the case of Jane Jones accounts for the following sad fact, which you can corroborate if you will look about you: that old maids, far from being the ill-favored, waspish women of the world, as the belief is (such women seem mostly to be safely married), are more often exceptionally honest, straightforward women who cannot put on airs to save their necks, all of which is unfortunate for biological reasons.

The wallflower feeling accounts, too, for our fear of not being married, for our depression when some fourth-rate man whom we would not think of accepting, withdraws his attentions; for a wallflower, you see, must hang on frantically to what she can get no matter what a sad bird he is.

Bachelors seldom feel inferior because they are not married. They may think sadly that it is too bad, but they seldom regard their singleness as a matter for shame. And bachelors seldom have that "waiting-for-a-telephone-call" feeling. Why should women have it, as all of them do, beautiful and plain? Why should a young woman wait for a man to telephone her if she knows his number? If she wants to see him, why not ask to see him? If he begs off, why not accept the blow in a manful way and try again to-morrow? The wallflower complex! He might think she likes him! Well, he knows it already (since there never yet was a pose which was not immediately as transparent as glass), and certainly to be caught in a pose is infinitely more humiliating than all the arrogant aggression in the world. And if he *does* telephone she will pretend to be surprised! Cowardice has been ingrained in her.

If women were brought up to have a decent, self-respecting boldness, and if we fell in love and wanted to be married, is there any reason why we should not at once marshal all our forces to persuade the man to marry us? If we are self-respecting we know that we have a great deal to offer. Why not offer it? Is there any reason why a woman I know who is wise, kind, beautiful, and who would like very much to be married, should not say to a man, "Why don't you marry me? I love you, and here are my arguments. I have an income of two thousand dollars a year, so that I should not be a serious expense to you. I am nice-looking and good-natured. I am, I hope, high-minded and chivalrous and should never take a mean advantage of you in any way. I should be loving but not too loving. I wish you would think it over. If you don't mind, I am going to importune you until I become completely discouraged. Of course if you find that you cannot possibly fall in love with me, remember always that I shall think none the worse of you for that but give you my blessing whatever your decision may be."

Is there any doubt that she would stand a better chance of being accepted if she did this than if she dissembled? Or is there any lack of romance in such honesty? If it isn't more romantic, endearing, touching than all the pretended, hyper-maidenly flights and retreats in the world, I'll eat my hat.

The woman to whom I refer did really fall in love once with an exceptionally attractive man, a widower who was a great biologist; but inveigling the admiration of a man by the ladylike arts seemed so contemptible to her brave and honest heart, and her wallflower inhibitions made her so bashful, that she avoided him and could hardly endure being in the same room with him. He married his housekeeper, a lugubrious, self-pitying woman.

I think that tough women are unfailingly popular on the stage for the same sort of reason that overfed sedentary

men like to see prize fights: in the Sadie Thompsons and Anna Christies and other bold-faced jigs with their honest, whiskey-voiced, fact-stating ease among men, their emotional courage, their fierce hearts, the women in the audience feel themselves escaping from all this genteel dishonesty.

We are taught that when the opposite sex is interested in us we must pretend indifference, must simulate flight. Then when the man thinks he is quite safe in pursuing us we may wheel suddenly and lasso him with our feather boa. This, we have been told, is being "mysterious, elusive woman with her enigmatic lure." But consider what such a technic does to the woman who practices it.

Suppose she tries the feather boa method and loses her throw. She thinks she has a grievance (since nothing is so galling as unsuccessful dishonesty) and this accounts for her disagreeable proclivity for "being hurt" (imagine a man indulging in that!). The technic accounts, too, for our love-extracting ways. Brought up to believe that to show love is indelicate, we make use of such things as grieved silences to punish our insufficiently attentive men; we try to raise their emotional temperatures and make them show a little ardor by mean, indirect methods such as hurting their feelings, pretending interest in other men, berating them for things that are not the real cause of our annoyance; by pouting, by the martyred air. Oh, the martyred air, what a weapon that is! The other night I was dining in the house of the martyred Mrs. T., and when Mr. T. said anxiously (he had been late for dinner), "My! This is nice strong coffee!" she cried out miserably in a voice nasal with suffering, "Oh, is your coffee too strong?"

Even men, I dare say, go through disagreeable times when they think nobody likes them, but in women the pain is frequent and terribly acute because of our ballroom scars. A pretty society woman once described to me one of these attacks of unpopularity feeling. At a committee meeting she will defy a dozen men if she disagrees with them. Nothing makes her angrier than any reflection on the courage of women. But in a ballroom she reverts to the social female, becomes meekly, timidly dissembling.

"I experienced the unpopularity feeling the other night at a dance. When I got a partner I was sure that he danced with me only because my hostess had brought him up and introduced him to me for the purpose. I tried desperately to please him, though he was a dull man and a very poor dancer; but this of course just had the effect of making me feel that it was *I* who was growing rheumatically clumsy with the advancing years. Nobody would cut in. I had a nightmarish feeling that my partner, who kept dancing past the doorway, was waving a five-dollar bill at the stags, behind my back. Finally I got away and experienced the customary sick headache in the ladies' dressing room, where I spent the evening, realizing that I had now definitely lost all my attractiveness and trying to plan what I would do with my few remaining years."

Now if it were not for the wallflower complex, why should she care whether this man liked her or not? What difference did it make? She didn't like him. She should have been relieved to be allowed to sit quietly against the wall and look on and rest.

Nothing reveals to what an extent we are still cowed as the cutting-in system. Feminism is said to be gaining ground, but the cutting-in system points to a different conclusion. At every large dance there must be scores of extra men, stags. At a recent coming-out party for a rich little girl forty girls who were invited could not attend because no boys would escort them. In my day, at least we went alone to such a party, but now it seems that you cannot go at all unless called for by a male. Twenty-five of these stags appeared late in the evening and trooped out because there was better liquor at another party. You cannot blame them for this, they are so

over-invited—every possible male, even the most fatuous, is invited to every party because of the need for an army of stags; a girl is lucky if she gets half as many invitations as her brother. And the boys, when they do come, can hardly be persuaded to do anything but cut in upon the five or six belles of the evening. The non-belles can go hang. You cannot blame the boys; they simply take advantage of a system that permits them to do as they please. The fault lies with the anxious mamas and with us women in general because of our contemptible ballroom meekness. Think, for example, how the most imperious belle will let some insignificant dub cut in upon a man whom she could die dancing with! How she will spend an evening switching in nervous, three-minute intervals from dub to dub, never dancing with her choice, and at the same time regard this actual boredom as a triumph! And think how the rest of us non-belles have not the spirit to stop dancing with a dub no matter now wearisome he is, for fear of not getting another partner! And how not one of us has enough spirit to ask a man we want to dance with, for a dance!

At those rare Leap Year dances when men have the experience of being wallflowers they behave very differently. A mild little man was passed by a couple of times. He came up to me with his face writhing with anger. I actually think he was nearly in tears. But he did not do as I, a nicely reared woman, would do. He did not conceal his humiliation and sit there smiling like a stuffed fox. Not at all. He thought it was a damnable, rude outrage and inexcusable bad manners on the part of all the women at the party and he said so.

At this Leap Year dance several of us women, by way of revenge, would play billiards, then saunter to the ballroom door and look over the partnerless men appraisingly, and then, just as their hopes were up, lounge back into the billiard room again. But we could not keep it up. No one who has suffered as a wallflower can see any fellow-creature endure it for long.

Tolstoi once went savagely into this very question, saying that ballroom behavior was the symbol of a fundamental immorality in the relations of men and women. Why? Because it showed that women's only means of attracting men is by indirection, posing, acting, by pretending a prudish refinement and at the same time trying to exert a voluptuous attraction by fine clothes, jewelry, and so on; this tacit dishonesty makes such a barrier between all men and all women that "a man cannot with any calmness be in a woman's company" and genuine unself-conscious intimacy is impossible.

"The girls sit around, (says the madman Posdnuishef in *The Kreutzer Sonata*) and then men come as at a bazaar and take their choice. And the girls wait and wonder and have their own ideas, but they dare not say, 'Take me—no, me—not her, but me; look, what shoulders and all the rest!' Well, if the system of match-making where a go-between arranged a marriage was humiliating, this is a thousand times more so. Then the rights and chances are equal, but in our method the woman is either a slave in a bazaar or a bait in a trap. . . . You tell any mother or the girl herself the truth, that she is only occupied in husband catching—my God! what an insult! . . . And again it would not be so bad if it were done openly, but it is all deception."

IV

Of course you will say that Tolstoi spoke too grimly for our times. Perhaps this is true. Nevertheless, even to-day there exists an extraordinary paradox in the attitude of women, even the most intelligent and forward-looking women, toward the education of their daughters. On the one hand, such women believe earnestly in an absolute equality between the sexes. They resent the fact that not so long ago parents who spent gladly a great deal of money on the education of their sons economized by skimping on their daughters' education,

which consisted of a few parlor graces and the inculcation of ineradicable ideas about the physical weakness of their sex. Our girls to-day, we say fiercely, must have just as much education as the boys and, moreover, education of the same sort; let the girls, if they like, become scientists, doctors, and lawyers. And let them have as much athletic training as the boys. To-day, if we can afford it, we give them riding lessons, tennis lessons, golf lessons, swimming lessons, so that they may learn early in life to do all these things and perhaps some day excel in them.

Once the birth of a son was the cause of relieved rejoicing, while the birth of a daughter was the occasion for a very secondary joy; but in these feministic days, girl babies are considered just as valuable as boys, just as important, just as precious, just as promising. To-day parents are pleased rather than humiliated, as they would have been twenty years ago, when a daughter balks and will not devote her post-college life to society and to waiting to be asked in marriage, but insists rather upon trying to distinguish herself in some profession or by earning a living. As for the double standard of morality, among modern educated people it has vanished.

To-day our boys and girls go to school together and to college together; the exponents of modern progressive education agitate more and more not only for co-education but for a complete psychological equality between girls and boys from infancy onwards, and they insist upon this not only for the good of the girls but for the good of the boys, asserting that it is a serious psychological handicap for boys either to have contempt for women or to idealize them.

Another thing: modern educators and modern mothers, far and wide, are discussing very earnestly the danger of inculcating children with feelings of inferiority. Everything possible is done to prevent this; the greatest pains are taken to prevent dull children from feeling inferior to bright children, and brilliant, timid children from feeling inferior to stolid, bold ones. For inferiority complexes acquired in early youth, we are told, can disfigure a person psychologically for the rest of his life.

Yes, here we have two of the major aims of modern education: equality for girls and the protection of all children from inferiority complexes. And yet —here is the paradox—even those mothers who send their children to the most modern schools, who are so vigilant in warding off inferiority feelings, who are so eager that their children, especially the girls, shall be brave and free, are at the same time still blandly subjecting their daughters, in their social life, to a nineteenth-century torture, a nineteenth-century training in subservience and dissimulation, the influence of which makes itself felt not only in the ballroom but in all social relations between men and women.

Of course it is probably too late for women of our generation to be cured. No doubt to our dying day we shall feel that if we make any friendly advances to a man because we like him and should like to know him better, he will regard us with horror. But if it is too late for us to be cured of the complex, at least we might try to spare our little girls. If we could only bring them up without the wallflower complex I cannot help but think of all the blessings that would follow: no more men trapped by unfair means; far less of the subconscious feminine dread of growing old, much of which is due to the wallflower complex (as is proved by the fact that women begin to feel it as acutely at twenty-two as at fifty); the realization that spinsterhood is often gayer than marriage and preferable to it; at dances, extra women as much in demand as stags, perhaps more so, for certainly women work harder and more generously to make parties a success than men do; and lastly, the most easy, friendly acquaintance possible between women, even ladylike ones, and all sorts of men.

As for our little girls at dancing

school and at parties, we might look upon their social education, as well as their intellectual and physical education, from a twentieth-century point of view. I am not asking that little boys should be more grimly drilled in being paragons of conscientious gentlemanliness, more grimly drilled in keeping all the wall-flowers constantly a-whirling; and I am not asking that the little girls should be protected from being snubbed and rejected and turned down, because that is the lot of all of us here below. It is the fact that they must *pretend* that they do not mind it, that I object to; it is the fake that is so bad. Rather, I would teach them to be enterprising and bold and the firm makers of choices, so that at last they may learn to take rejections gallantly and with resilience.

REVERSION

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

IF I should some day with homeric laughter
Wander among the trees and there sit down,
Solemnly end a cigarette, and after,
Take it into my head to stay alone
And uncompanioned in that quiet place,
With pines and moss and a thin path of water:
I shall grow goat feet and a grinning face
And get young satyrs by the erl-king's daughter.
With a slight laugh then I shall lay aside
My spectacles and my Theocritus,
And play a tremolo upon my pipe;
And if you hear its low thin laughter glide
Over the hills, you may explain it thus:
That I shall have reverted to my type.

The Lion's Mouth

THE CITY GOES MAD

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

IT HAPPENED at three o'clock in the afternoon. I had lunched at a nameless place in East Fortieth and we had drunk a couple of orange blossoms, I believe they were called, though what they were or the fact that we drank them has nothing to do with the story.

The day was sultry and tense. I remember the heat rose from the asphalt like stench; it engulfed and withered us. It seemed to deaden and at the same time to prolong the noises of the city. Our waiter wiped perspiration from his neck with a towel while he held a tray in the other hand and chatted with us about the menu and the weather. Outside in the street there was a scream of brakes, a slap of steel upon steel, a moment of quiet, and the sound of running feet. Rigidly self-possessed, none of us took the pains to see what had happened.

A moment later the author began to say revelatory things about himself. I looked around and fell to thinking fantastical things. Objects assumed queer and distorted shapes. The distance between me and my fellow-diners increased alarmingly. I felt a sort of trance take hold of me. "What," I asked myself, "if the city, this very afternoon, should snap?"

The idea, once it had taken possession of me, began to assume hideous proportions. I was amused—the orange blossom had something to do with that—and, after a moment, alarmed. It was so terribly plausible that, if some person somewhere should only release the tension, everything might easily go to pieces. I saw it all with delirious accuracy and reality. And then, by a strange process of self-torture, I saw that it would occur. It would happen at, say, three o'clock that afternoon.

"Did I tell you how I came to write my first piece?" the author was asking. His hair was wet with sweat.

"I don't believe you did," I said aloud. Under my breath I said, "And what will become of you in the holocaust, you gibbering ass?" Then, thinking it unwise to speak ill of my brother man so near to an hour of disaster, I added to myself, "And what do you suppose will become of *you*?"

"I doubt," I said to myself, "that you'll make a footnote in the palaver of the future. Who cares how you came to write your first piece?"

In the chatter which followed I kept muttering to myself over and over, "At three o'clock . . . it'll happen at three o'clock." It was as though I had an appointment for that hour. It would happen just as I had always known it would happen. At three o'clock by common consent, and with hilarity and an uproarious and hissing sigh of relief, everybody in New York would suddenly go insane.

It was barely possible that I could get out of town before the crash. Anyway, it was worth trying.

"I think," I said, "if you'll excuse me—"

"Got to run along myself," said the author.

We called for our check. I paid, and the waiter left our change on a tray while he turned to another table. I started toward the door. A hand reached out and jerked me back. It was the waiter's.

"You've forgotten something," he said, pointing to the change.

"Thanks," I muttered, and, trembling, went out. Already the reason of my fellows was beginning to crack. I could not make the station unless I took a cab. One drew up at the curb. The fellow driving it alighted like a footman and threw open the door. That was queer. It was four minutes to three.

"Where to, sir?"

I took a good look at him and gave him my destination.

"Very well, sir." He took his seat and put the car smoothly under way. We drove half a block and he said never a word.

"You've forgotten your meter," I called.

He looked around and smiled graciously. "Thanks," was all he said. Then as we were held up at the next corner by the lights I noticed the hackman's picture. It was the exact image of the fellow driving the car. Instinctively I clutched at my watch. It was nearly two minutes to three. Shivering all over, I held to my seat as we started again. The lights had barely changed, and a moment later we had rammed a car ahead of us.

Both my driver and the driver of the other car were on the ground and moving toward each other in an instant. "Ah," I said to myself, "this is more like it." Then I overheard what they were saying.

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the driver of the car ahead.

"You've no occasion to be," said my driver.

"Well, it was stupid of me," the other retorted.

"Not in the least," said Ike Murphy, the fellow whose picture was before me. "I was driving quite carelessly."

"Don't be foolish," said the other. "It was all my fault."

I glanced through the porthole behind us. Cars were strung along for blocks and not a horn could be heard. Just then the clock struck three, and the city, I knew, was mad.

On every side movement became slower, more thoughtful, more deliberate. It was as if the characters moved in a dream or had been slowed down by a trick of the motion picture lens.

"Look!" my driver shouted. He pointed at the Woolworth's across the street and there, as sure as I live, we beheld a huge sign in the window, and by it was a single tube of tooth-paste, and lo, the sign read, *11 Cents*. From somewhere in the neighborhood at the same moment came the sound of a radio singing "If I Could Care"; then came an explosion and all was quiet.

"This is too much," I cried in a loud voice.

"Suffer me," pleaded my companion.

"No! No! Enough!" He drew up to the curb in a side street. The number on the building where we stopped was visible.

"How much?" I asked.

"Twenty cents," said he.

"You're lying," I retorted. "It jumped another nickel just then. I saw it." My finger pointed accusingly at the meter.

"Never mind," were his words. "My fault!"

I gave him fifty cents. "Just keep the change."

He bit his lips. I could see words struggling to get out. He turned suddenly very red. "You cad!" he called between gritted teeth. "What do you think I am—a federal snooper?" He handed me my change.

There was not a moment to lose. I turned and fled into the building. With one of the nickels he had given me I approached a 'phone booth. Perhaps it was only a dream after all. I put my nickel in the slot.

"Number, please."

"Cathedral 6178."

"Thank you." Three minutes later

—after I had dropped in a second nickel —there were two curt buzzes. "6178."

"Right." Perhaps the dear old telephone system had kept its head in the midst of all the turmoil. Who knew? I was sure of it a minute later. From within came the words, "What number are you calling, please?"

"Cathedral 6178."

"Cathedral 6-1-7-8?"

"Right."

"We'll return your nickel," came the voice. "That's a local call." The nickel came back. I waited breathlessly as the ringing began at the other end of the line. Could it be . . . ?

"Hello."

"Betty?"

"Yes."

"Then it's true."

"It must be," she cried.

"Isn't it divine? Everyone's gone stark mad."

"Yes, I know," she said. "You ought to be out here. All the Columbia boys are wearing hats."

A second later I seized hold of myself gaily. There was just time for a haircut before my appointment, and this was my big moment to get it. I rushed over to a barber shop nearby and threw myself into the first chair.

"Just a haircut," I said curtly.

The barber draped me in towels; then, as if his eye had been caught and fixed by something strangely fascinating, he began to examine my scalp. I waited, frozen by suspense. He lifted sections of my hair and peered down beneath it. A moment later he had, by gesticulating wildly, assembled all the barbers in the shop. Feeling very uncomfortable, I looked around and said:

"Well?"

"You'll pardon us," he replied gently, "but we have found the perfect scalp."

"No!" I ejaculated.

"But, yes," said my barber, who seemed to be the spokesman of the group. "The quest is over. Look!" he said to the others, "how clean and smooth and untouched by dandruff."

I regarded him cynically. "Then you wouldn't sell me a shampoo?"

"*Mon dieu*, no!" he exclaimed.

"Nor a massage?"

"Why should I?" he continued. "You are not in need of it."

"Have it your way," I said smiling and convinced. "There's no point in dreaming," I went on, "but if you'll let me lie back and give me a shave, I think I'll just sleep till the city wakes up."

GUN-LADY

BY CLAIRE WALLACE FLYNN

LÆTITIA came through the revolving door into the shop.

The shop was all black-carpeted aisles and black glass and gleaming nickel and had a ceiling like a sunset on the Timor Sea.

She was dressed—as she would be, having practically reached her seventeenth birthday—in black, so severe that the one little button on her coat stood out like a decoration. A tiny black béret held her bright hair in bondage.

When Heinie Van Tile saw her headed his way he said quickly to his much too beautiful companion, "Darling, here comes my kid sister-in-law. I'll have to put down a cloak so that she can keep her tongue dry—if that means anything to you. . . . Stay here and pick yourself out another gewgaw. I'll be back in a wink."

"How utterly cowardly!" laughed the lady, but she let him go. No use giving Heinie's wife another chance of slaying him with heavy sarcasm, fool though he was. And just lately there had been one little paragraph too many in the gossip columns of the smart weeklies suggesting that Heinie was showing her, Miss Snow of the English "Char-a-banc

Charlie" company, a good deal of the tender side of his nature. . . . Miss Snow, cheerfully philosophic over her desertion, had another tray of costume jewelry brought out before her.

Heinie intercepted Lætitia at the cross-section of the shop.

"Why, Heinie! Whoever in the world would have thought of meeting you here!"

"Whoever would!" exclaimed Heinie, squeezing her white-gloved hand. "Sweet as arbutus, my child! Sweet as arbutus!"

"Arbutus! Oh, Heinie, I don't believe you know what arbutus looks like!"

"Like you," said Heinie, and thought himself rather quick. Then, "Now tell me what *you're* doing in this robber's den!"

"Keeping an eye on you, Heinie."

He could have boxed her ears.

"Well, good luck," he said.

She wasn't listening. Mr. Van Tile saw her eyes travel past him and go on—the flight of two exquisite blue birds—down the very aisle he had come. The devil! He was certain, though he had not the courage to turn his head, that they had stopped and alighted knowingly upon Miss Snow.

(What was it his mother-in-law, in a moment of unwonted confidence, had said to him about Lætitia? "Letty afflicts me! Such pre-war innocence! I could throw myself in the river, positively! She believes in a heaven as naïve as the one in 'The Green Pastures'; she hasn't any more business instinct than a pink baby; it is impossible to make her understand a good plain fact . . . you have to draw a map!")

And now this pure paragon stood before him and slowly brought her gaze back (he could have sworn it) from the jewelry counter.

"Well," he said, heroically, "don't let's pretend, Lætitia."

"No, that's always so silly—don't you think?"

"Well, then, what will you take to keep your darling mouth shut?"

She studied him for a second in thoughtful perplexity. Then she smiled—a deep, secret little smile.

"I adore the way you put it, Heinie, dear, and my mouth looks so much better closed."

"That's the stuff, old girl. Now tell me what you came to buy."

"Oh, I only came to poke around," she told him. "I'm quite flat."

"I'm here to fix that up."

"But I couldn't let you, darling . . . mother'd shriek."

"Adoring you as I do, Lætitia—let her shriek!"

"I'm afraid to tell you what I really came in to look at—you'd *never* guess!"

Heinie screwed up his lashless eyes. "Some of that Ambre de Delhi that I buy for Sarah?"

"Not *that* melodramatic perfume!"

"It puts me back a hundred and fifty a bottle," boasted Mr. Van Tile vulgarly, trying to place a proper value upon his bribe and upon his charming attentions to his wife.

"And whenever you give it to Sarah I always think you are trying to make her unconscious!"

Heinie stared at her, unable to muster a word. A map had to be drawn, had it!

"Come, come, time passes. We must be settling on something. Surely you'll take something."

"Well, what I really came in for was to have some good, clean fun looking at evening wraps."

"I'm not in a position to argue with you to-day, Lætitia—" he could feel Miss Snow's impatience (and a right she would have to it, poor girl!) rush up the aisle and prod him between the shoulder blades. "If you're hell-bent on an evening wrap, let's go."

Why the devil couldn't the child have been satisfied with a smart cigarette holder or a modest this or a that! When all was said, was what she had seen—if she *had* seen—so incriminating? Absolutely not! It was simply a question of not feeding that confounded gossip which was running around. But that's

all there was to it. It struck him that an evening wrap, as price of a decent reticence, was laying it on a bit thick . . . in fact, it was as though she had said, "Stick 'em up!"

They mounted to the second floor, scorning the lift and using the black-carpeted stairs. Half-way up Heinie treated himself to a bird's eye view of the shop. Miss Snow was still to be seen, standing by the gewgaw counter, and was at that moment looking up at him, her handsome face one lovely interrogation in powder and lipstick. Heinie made mysterious eyebrow conversation and an almost imperceptible gesture toward Lætitia. Miss Snow smiled in friendly understanding. There was something remarkably fine about Miss Snow.

In the temple-like alcove of the evening wraps a siren model did her stuff—chiffon and taffeta and moiré and transparent velvet temptations! Lætitia would hardly look at them. She took out her powder case and dusted the tip of her nose in contemptuous comment.

She said, "Much too thin, Heinie dear. If you go near the sea you need something with a little more—rebuff. Don't you think?"

"Something with a little more—rebuff," he suggested to the presiding deity.

Again, a girl came bearing an armful of lovely things. At the very bottom of the load lay something white, soft, and evidently as magnetic as the Pole, for Lætitia went toward it without divergence.

"Lapin! How divine!"

"But *fur*, Lætitia!" Heinie shot one futile hand toward his wallet pocket. "You'll melt . . . "

The model slipped into the little coat as though she had been greased.

"This is what we sometimes call 'summer ermine,'" explained the presiding goddess of the alcove. "Very light. . . . Marvelous for evenings on a yacht."

"Letty—you don't want that thing." Heinie made a last effort to deflect her.

"But I think I do." And in the frail lines of the young creature before him he perceived a dogged persistence.

"You've a way with you, my child."

"It's never failed me yet," she said.

"That's that, then. Try the thing on."

She put it on. She became bewitched with joy. Little spots of color touched the modish pallor of her infantile cheeks.

"Mother will kill me for letting you do this," she confessed in an excited whisper.

"Perhaps, then, we'd better call the idea off."

"To-morrow's my birthday . . . "

"You are heartbreaking, my own," said Heinie. "Simply heartbreaking."

He was writing a check.

Lætitia was being put back into her little black coat.

"I suppose you'll want to take it along—to make sure of it."

"Dear Heinie, that would look as though I'd held you up, wouldn't it? . . . led you to it . . . snatched it and run. . . ."

He marveled at her.

"But with a card, Heinie precious, coming to-morrow—'A swell birthday to Letty,' or something like that—wouldn't it look better to mother and Sarah?"

She went before him skipping down the stairs. He dared not scan the scene for the neglected Miss Snow. They reached the cross-section of the aisles.

"I've been a selfish beast. What were *you* buying, Heinie dear?" Lætitia asked.

"None of your damn business, sweetheart. Now trot along."

"I don't quite know how—but I want most awfully to thank you."

"A mere trifle. Glad you like the thing. Now remember—*don't be a newsreel*, my beautiful one!"

She paused a second longer, looking affectionately into his harassed eyes.

"Heinie"—the voice was the voice of her mother's Letty. "Heinie, I just couldn't resist the darling little wrap. But *please* tell me what I'm not to talk about. I haven't an idea—*honest!*"

Editor's Easy Chair

STEPS TOWARD MILLENNIUM

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THIS world, in which we rush around for a while on our way to what we hope may be a better one, continues to give evidence of large and comprehensive processes of reorganization and remaking. The United States and life in it have pretty well been made over since the beginning of the present century. The automobile has done the bulk of the job by inspiring our vast present system of roads. Our best bet so far in the twentieth century is transportation. We have lots of it and more is coming, apparently, in the air. Besides that, we have mass production, with immense economies in labor and a vast provision of every sort of commodity including food stuffs, all the metals, cotton, and oil. Our productiveness has brought our country to a condition analogous to that of the girl who was all dressed up and had nowhere to go. We have to consider what we are going to do with all we can make after as much of it has been sold within our own boundaries as we can hold. By way of answer to that we have a new tariff which raises domestic prices on very necessary articles and makes export trade more difficult by impeding exchange of production with other countries. That we have saved so much labor has something to do with our troublesome problem of unemployment. The administration is hopeful that the new tariff law will help this, but Wall Street is not, nor the best informed observers and business men.

All this produces uncertainty whether this country in its present phases of development is really a model for the improvement of the rest of the world. It did seem so while wages were high, employment general, stocks advancing, and we had lots of money. As long as we were prosperous foreign observers gave us credit for being on the right track. The Drys felt that Prohibition had enriched us, and Henry Ford concurred and was sure that without Prohibition things could not go forward.

But now where are we? We have come to a point that looks something like the situation in England when factories and steam power first began to take the place of domestic industries. Of course we believe in machinery and its economies and in high wages and in good roads and unlimited transportation, but really we have not worked out yet what machinery will finally do to us, nor how we shall solve the problem of unemployment which it has helped to produce.

We are really up against the age-long question—what shall we do to be saved? One may be confident that we are going to work out all right, and present deponent has that confidence in a high degree; but by what steps we shall do it has not yet been revealed even to the wise.

YOUNG Mr. Rockefeller, having accumulated a lot of land in the Fifties between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

originally with the idea of putting an opera house there, now proposes it to be the home of radio palaces, super movies, and all kinds of entertainment which contemporary mechanics and physics can provide. That is evidence of Mr. Rockefeller's benevolence, for this region between Fifth and Sixth Avenue has long needed to be broken open in some way, and what Mr. Rockefeller proposes to do at a cost of a quarter of a billion dollars will probably work out into something useful even if it is not so at first. For radio means noise and communication, and it seems to be a bit doubtful if our world is going to be saved by that. It is even doubtful whether unlimited transportation and mass production will do the trick for us. Those are all matters that concern preponderantly the physical side of man, but what the world needs most of anything is improvement in man's ability to think. It is his mind, his spirit, his soul, his energies that seem to need medication.

President Lowell of Harvard in his Baccalaureate sermon this year spoke of the need of wisdom. "One of the greatest if not the most salient defects of our day" seemed to him to be "lack of wisdom," and as to this he said, "The wisdom we need is that which considers all things from a standpoint not only beyond the individual and local but beyond the temporary and evanescent; that looks upon society, upon life with its intricate duties and responsibilities, from a high plane; that strives to see questions as Infinite Wisdom, far above all transitory and personal interests, would regard them."

We have had most other things; possibly wisdom is on the way to us. We have run after men who could make things including noises; possibly we are going to turn from them a little towards men who can think. Young Publius, who favors me occasionally with his views, has suggested that the great need of the times is to Christianize the Christians. No doubt that is true. It has been true most of the time for the last two thousand years. Possibly if we have large-scale adversities coming to us we shall have better luck with that process than usual. Undoubtedly a lot of bad religion has existed among us, put out and followed by reputable and useful people who believed in it and practiced it all they could. But has it been something we could offer to Asia? For that matter, is our civilization really something we can offer to China and India, let alone Russia? What about the capitalist system, if anyone really understands what that means? In the face of universal transportation, universal radio noises, chain stores, bank mergers, advertisements, and mass production, is the capitalist system going to wash? If there is anything serious the matter with it we ought to find it out, just as we should try to understand in what particulars and on what general basis our Christians should be Christianized.

One thing that has been patiently offered to the attention of our Christians for the last ten years is that it is not by regulating the conduct of men that we reach their souls, but by inspiring their souls that we reach their conduct. Prohibition and its vicissitudes are teaching us that lesson. There are at least two ways of acquiring wisdom—one of them is by doing wrong and observing the results; and that is the method which is usually followed in human affairs and which we patronize abundantly. The churches that are flourishing best are those that concern themselves most with spiritual efforts, whereas such as have specialized on the improvement of the character by legislation do not seem to be prospering spiritually, though they can still raise plenty of money and cast a good many votes.

BUT what about our mechanistic civilization? Where is it coming out? Will the zeal of men for making new noises, attaining new speeds, putting up still higher buildings, getting every-

one in communication with everybody else—will the zeal for all that go on indefinitely?

How can it? When everybody has been put in communication with everybody else will there be any improvement in what they will want to say to one another? Will the news they may have to impart be more thrilling than at present? Are the headlines in our front pages to be taken up indefinitely by feats of bird-men, crime, sports, and disasters of transportation? Very likely there will always be large companies of readers with an appetite for news of that sort; but surely we are warranted in expecting new topics for the radios and newspapers.

After all *things* are something. Man cannot live by bread alone, but he needs the bread and also a place to eat it.

Russia looks at us and seems to put a high value on what we have and to wish for material blessings that will equal ours, but intends to produce and distribute them on a Marxian basis.

We are not very popular in this world, much of which owes us money; but the things we possess have attraction for others and so many people wish to share our use and enjoyment of them that we have had to make special laws to limit the number of people who want to come to this country.

We have not yet become an awful example to mankind of the futility of material blessings. The truth is that a great many of them are very pleasant. When you want to go somewhere, a good car on a good road is highly agreeable. Electric light is a wonderful contribution to legitimate human happiness. The telephone has great merits together, of course, with some drawbacks from overuse. There are those who find pleasure in the radio. It is probably good for those who like it, and the number of them seems still to increase.

Our idea of the next life, of life in the next plane after we get out of this one, is of an existence amply furnished with beauty, conveniences, pleasures, and opportunities for increasing knowledge. All this multiplication of things that increase opportunity, improve health, and diminish the hardships of terrestrial living are good in their way. The flood of them, which is part of the experience of this generation in this country, necessitates great adjustments, but that is not a fatal fault, for progress implies change and cannot be without it.

What we need most is great leadership, and that we may reasonably and confidently expect to develop. For the past twelve years we have got on with remarkably little in our politics and even in our religion. It has gone to what we call business—to the production and diffusion of material benefits; but the country abounds in diversified ability—no country more so—and the leadership that we need we are pretty certain to develop.

For one thing, when material prosperity begins to be checked by the need of what Doctor Lowell called wisdom—the leadership of men of vision and substitution of large views in our international obligations for smaller ones—great talent may be expected to seek the service which is most essential. In various countries at various times when a prophet has been needed a prophet has come; when a master has been needed a master has come. Great changes in nations have usually resulted from poverty and distress, but to us a change may come out of the embarrassment of superabundance, producing distress because of impediments in distribution. That would be something of a novelty in the history of civilization, but novelties are not rare just now.

Nothing has happened of late so encouraging as the political success of Mr. Morrow. It befell as a prompt response of voters to an able man who was willing to speak his mind. We have passed through a period characterized far more than common by timidity in politicians. They have kept their ears to the ground listening to the voice of the people; but what they have really heard has been the voice of political organizations working

for particular ends with very little regard for what the people thought about them. We were under the domination of an imposing image made of various metals but with clay feet. Mr. Morrow hit it in its feet and they crumbled. There went up all over the land cries of applause and relief. Here at last was something like leadership and from a man of understanding. It may be that in our affairs the worst is still to come, but let us cheer up none the less, for we have the men who can deal with it.

MALTA is not a large place, and the dispute there involving the duties of the British government that rules it and the aspirations of the Roman Catholic authorities to invade that rule in certain particulars may be a tempest in a teapot, but it is an interesting little squall. It will be recalled that the Archbishop of Malta ordered a monk to retire to a monastery in Sicily, but the monk did not want to go and appealed to the government, and the Governor, Lord Strickland, ruled that a British subject could not be sent out of British jurisdiction by an alien power. So Lord Strickland supported the monk, and the Holy Father felt constrained to support the Archbishop, with a large resulting ink-shed and considerable embarrassment both to the British government and the Vatican.

The Pope has had a jubilee and in his final remarks at the close of it on June 30th he deplored the dispute and said it had been forced upon him. He deplored also the privileges accorded to proselyting Italian Protestants, who, he said, had never ceased since 1870 "their work of corrosion and gain, but pursue it with increasing persistence" unabated by the recent Lateran treaties. Because of it, he said, there was all the more reason to increase the number of Catholic parishes in Rome.

But if the Protestants are so active in Rome as to stir up the Roman Catholic Church to increase its local efforts, that would seem a confirmation of the familiar adage "competition is the life of trade."

Opinion is very general in this country that the lively competition of the Protestant forms of religion has been a benefit to the Roman Catholic Church here. If it should have the same effect in Italy it would be applauded in this country; for it is a truth, from evidence of which no newspaper reader can escape, that much too large a proportion of our citizens who have come here from Italy exhibit in their conduct a striking lack of religious influence. If they were either much better Catholics or much better Protestants it would be appreciably to the advantage of law and order in the United States.

Presumably the active proselyting Protestant force in Rome is the Methodist Church, which has a station there, with headquarters built, we believe, or planned to be built, on the summit of one of the seven hills, and has carried on work there with characteristic zeal and possibly with characteristic manners.

Certainly the Methodists could learn quite a bit about religion and conduct proper to it from the Catholics, and possibly the Catholics could learn something to their advantage from the Methodists. At any rate any thoughtful observer would be likely to regret any symptom of the impending removal of Italian Protestants from the influences implied by the near vicinity of the Vatican.

See following pages for Personal and Otherwise

Personal and Otherwise

LAST month Stuart Chase lamented that "to expect integrity from an elected public servant is almost to expect a miracle." We might, however, at least expect a little more backbone among some of our chosen representatives, according to ***Elmer Davis***, and if we don't get it, it is because of our dismal preference for brambles as against olive trees. This is Mr. Davis's first appearance in HARPER'S since he discussed "God Without Religion" last March. As most of our readers know, he is a Hoosier product now reconciled to New York; he was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, taught ancient history for a time, spent several years reporting for the *New York Times*, and recently has been giving his time to the writing of novels (*Friends of Mr. Sweeney*, *Strange Woman*, *Giant Killer*, etc.) and articles for HARPER'S.

Lord Dunsany, the Irish dramatist, follows "The Electric King," which we published last month, with another story of characteristic strangeness and beauty.

A Jugo-Slav by birth, ***Louis Adamic*** came to this country as a boy some twenty years ago. He engaged in a variety of trades and occupations and thus learned something of labor conditions at first hand; for some years he has been a student of the history and methods of the labor movement. His forthcoming book, to be called *Dynamite*, will develop more fully the topic of his present article.

Louise Closser Hale is the last person one would expect to have stage fright, for she has been an actress of distinction for over thirty years; some of our readers may recall seeing her in "Candida," "Miss Lulu Bett," or other plays in which she has taken important parts. She is also a HARPER contributor of long standing. She writes us that as she was leaving Los Angeles to come East, and was working on this article, a young man who had the upper berth in her section came into the Pullman, looked at the typewriter which she had set up, and said impatiently to the conductor, "This woman has a typewriter—where do you expect me to read my HARPER'S MAGAZINE?" Said she, "You can read it right from my typewriter if you care to lean over." But "he didn't believe it," concludes Mrs. Hale, "and went and sat in the wash room."

A writer on New England history and chronicler of *The Adams Family* would naturally cross and re-cross the trail of the patriot who signed the Declaration of Independence in the largest possible script. Hence ***James Truslow Adams's*** study of the riddle of John Hancock's character. Only last month Mr. Adams appeared in the Magazine with a quite different article on the timely subject of "Presidential Prosperity." Other well-remembered contributions of his have been "The Mucker Pose," "A Business Man's Civilization," and "Diminishing Returns in Modern Life."

One of ***Katharine Brush's*** previous HARPER stories gave the title to the book in which it subsequently appeared: *Night Club*. Her other books include *Glitter*, *Little Sins*, and a recently published novel, *Young Man of Manhattan*. Miss Brush did newspaper work in Boston before launching herself—while still in the early twenties—as novelist and short-story writer.

No Englishman has worked more loyally and effectively on behalf of the League of Nations during its first decade than ***Gilbert Murray***, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford; since 1923 he has been chairman of the League of Nations Union. His translations from the classics are known wherever the influence of Greek literature has penetrated. Professor Murray's latest book is *The Ordeal of This Generation;* last January we published an article of his on "The Crisis in Morals."

The authorship of "Who Gets the Children?" may not be divulged.

Elaine Sterne Carrington is accomplished not only as a short-story writer, but as a novelist, dramatist ("Nightstick"), and maker of moving-picture scenarios. She lives in Brooklyn.

Few contemporary writers on science can rival ***J. B. S. Haldane***, nephew of the late Lord Haldane, in combining sound scientific

knowledge with broad understanding of history and contemporary affairs. Mr. Haldane is Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge University and the author of *Dædalus, Callinicus, Last Judgment, Possible Worlds*, etc. This month he writes on history, but the breadth of his scientific background is apparent.

It was the English civil servant who writes under the pen name of *Geoffrey Layman* who told HARPER readers "How the English Middle Class Lives" in our April, 1929, issue and subsequently gave us "An English View of Personal Rights."

As we have frequently disclosed in these columns, *Louis I. Dublin's* position as statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company gives him access to an extraordinary wealth of fact material about health and the life-span in the United States. Doctor Dublin's latest contribution to the Magazine was on the question whether the length of human life can be materially increased.

Brenda Ueland, who first met the wallflower complex as a child in Minneapolis, now lives in Westport, Connecticut; she has done much magazine writing, but is a newcomer to HARPER'S.

There are no less than seven contributors of verse this month: *Witter Bynner*, one of the best-known poets in the country, who lives at Santa Fe, where Mexican partings may frequently be seen; *Elizabeth Hollister Frost*, who since the publication of that fine volume of commemorative verse, *The Lost Lyrist*, has been writing on Nantucket subjects; *Ada Alden*, whose husband, the late Henry Mills Alden, was the great editor who piloted HARPER'S MAGAZINE for nearly two generations; *Katherine Garrison Chapin* (Mrs. Francis Biddle) of Philadelphia, who has appeared in our pages several times in recent months; *Mary Willis Shuey* (Mrs. Arthur F. Shuey) of Roseland, Louisiana, a new contributor; *Margaret Emerson Bailey*, poet and story-writer of New Canaan, Connecticut, who has taught for several years at Miss Chapin's School in New York; and *Frederic Prokosch* of New Haven, another newcomer to HARPER'S.

The Lion divides his space between *Charles W. Ferguson*, author of *Confusion of Tongues* (a review of modern religious cults and movements) and *Pigskin* (a satirical novel of college athletics), who is secretary of the publishing house of Richard R. Smith, Inc.; and *Claire Wallace Flynn*, a New York writer who is making her first appearance in HARPER'S.

The frontispiece of the month is the work of *André Jacques*, a French etcher whose work is comparatively little known in this country.

Edwin R. Embree wishes us to correct an inadvertent misstatement in his article on "The Business of Giving Away Money." On page 325 of the August issue he implied that Abraham Flexner's studies of medical education were made for the Rockefeller Board, whereas they were made under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and the subsequent demonstrations at Johns Hopkins, Yale, etc., were financed by the Rockefeller General Education Board.

We received a large sheaf of tributes on our eightieth birthday, but only one of them was in verse. Mr. Clarence L. Haynie of Atlanta paid his compliment in sonnet form:

LITERARY SPHINX

The Sphinx has looked through forty centuries
Down on the line of Rameses, on Kings
And Pharaohs, whose long lives were offerings
To progress, and whose storied destinies
Outshine the glory of their dynasties;
And yet no story which old Egypt sings
Is half as splendid as the chroniclings
About the Sphinx and its philosophies.

So HARPER'S looks for double forty years
Through endless lines of manuscripts to glean
Romantic tales of triumphs, laughter, tears,
To add to golden thought a brighter sheen;
Yet not one story which in it appears
Can match the romance of the Magazine!

The Director of the Bureau of Educational Service at Columbia University comments on the Magazine in general and our two unemployment articles in particular:

Dear HARPER'S:

If ever there was a better magazine printed than the July HARPER'S I have not seen it. For a long time I have believed HARPER'S MAGAZINE to be one of the important civilizing agencies in the United States. I write this note simply to tell you how grateful I am that there is a HARPER'S. Every issue is good but occasionally you reach supreme heights of achievement as in the issue for July.

BUILDING FOR THE COMMONWEALTH

THE American citizen is the best served in the world. A quarter million public schools educate his children. An abundant supply of pure water comes into his home from carefully guarded sources. The streets of his community are brightly lighted for his convenience and protection. Surfaced highways totaling 660,000 miles enable him to travel swiftly and smoothly between cities.

Part of the cost of such projects, particularly for highway construction, has been paid directly from taxes. A very substantial part, however, has been raised through the sale of bonds issued by the states, counties, cities, and other taxing districts. Thus the cost of such improvements is distributed among those who benefit from them—now and in the future. Of the twelve billion dollars raised for public works in the past decade through bond financing, more than one-fourth was for streets, roads, and bridges, a fifth for schools, a twelfth for water supply. The rest provided sewers, parks, playgrounds, public buildings, harbor developments and other needed improvements.

The need for public works and the increased property valuations resulting from them, together with the recognized safety and tax-exemption of state and municipal obligations, has created a widespread demand for such bonds. Halsey, Stuart & Co. has provided this highly acceptable type of bond to thousands of investors, at the same time enabling citizens throughout the land to enjoy the many benefits accruing from public projects. Much information valuable to investors interested in tax-exempt securities is found in our pamphlet, *How to Judge Municipal Bonds*. A copy will be mailed on request.

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Stuart Chase, always good, was at his best in his article in this issue. And what he said needed saying! "Man Out of Work" reminded me of many similar cases. My own work is to attempt to give to educational institutions in the United States and elsewhere information about graduate students and former students of this college who may be under consideration for positions. This means contact with every type of position in education and with thousands of individuals. There is a large surplus of teachers and educational administrators. Many persons are out of work. Education has not yet done what medicine has been doing within the past thirty years—it has not limited the supply to meet the demand. Thousands have been trained for positions and there is no work for them. And hard is the lot of a middle-aged person who resigns from a position in education, hoping to get a better one! Most school systems and colleges do not care to add to their payrolls anybody who is at middle age or beyond. It seems strange that this should be true, for the teacher who is thirty-five or forty has acquired a breadth of culture, a depth of understanding, and that kind of wisdom which youth, for the very reason that it is youth, cannot possess. Teachers at the peak of their usefulness frequently are denied positions while young, immature girls two or three years out of high school are hired.

I should like to see every senior high school and college in the country put HARPER'S right into the curriculum. Of course, there is little hope of anything like this happening, and if it did happen the good might not be so great as I, in my enthusiasm, might imagine. People must live a few years beyond college to get anything like the full benefit out of HARPER'S. As a factor in adult education the Magazine is of extreme importance. It is a joy—let us hope—forever!

Sincerely yours,
Clyde R. Miller.

Another note—and a fervent one—about "The Nemesis of American Business":

I wish the President, every member of the Cabinet, every member of Congress, every governor and every state legislator in the United States would read that Chase article. As Mr. Chase points out, machine production, mass production, and efficiency methods have made unemployment a chronic condition in this country and all other countries under this system, with a tendency to get constantly worse. Something has got to be done about it, or there will be an upheaval and all kinds of trouble. The millions of unemployed are just ill-mannered enough to refuse to lie down and die, quietly, of starvation. Meanwhile, as Doctor Beard points out, Congress is fussing over piffling things like paying for cows that have a fatal taste for paint, or they wrangle for eighteen months and pass a monstrous tariff bill that will kill foreign markets, make living still higher, and increase unemployment still more. If the "fool killer" should hit Congress, the slaughter would be terrible.

M. B. Butler.

A Canadian reply to Leslie Roberts's paper on the discourtesy of the American Government toward Canada:

Dear HARPER'S:

As a Canadian who has lived in the United States since 1917 I should like to say a few kind words for my poor old Step-Uncle Sam.

In the first place I can see no obligation on the part of the United States to make an exception in the matter of a quota for Canada only, of all the countries in the world. This is a gesture of friendliness and neighborliness and general big-brotherliness which is entirely voluntary. That Uncle Sam should draw the line at Canadian-born citizens is entirely his own business, though even from Canadian-born citizens he expects certain decent courtesies in return.

For example, one thing happened to me in my relation to the United States which might have led to just such an unpleasant experience as Mr. Roberts's English journalist complained of, if I had been as stupid as he was.

Once I went back to Canada for a few months, and when I returned to this country, thinking it might be necessary for me to go back again on account of illness in the family, I left two trunks behind, in which I had some apparel and household things. It was a year before some friends brought them down on their tickets as I did not want them shipped by express.

About a month later I received a letter from the Department of Immigration at Buffalo wanting to know when and where and how I got into the country. Secure in my knowledge that I am legally resident in the United States I could have sat tight and waited for something unpleasant to happen and then proved my right to be here, and made a terrible noise about the raw deal the American immigration officials give the immigrant.

Instead I took the trouble to answer that letter by return mail, giving full particulars as to my entering the country, explaining why the trunks were there and came in without me, and enclosing envelopes addressed to me in New York fully half a year before the trunks came over. Two or three days later I received a courteous letter from the Department of Immigration thanking me for my explanation, and returning the envelopes.

Schooling Raises Pay

Statistics show that, on the average, high school graduates earn $1.00 for every 72 cents earned by boys with merely elementary education.

"Dad, I want to get a job. Lots of rich men didn't go to school any longer than I have."

"My boy, you have heard about only the rare exceptions. You don't know how many millions of men have been barely able to keep body and soul together because they were only half educated and unable to compete with better trained men. You'd better go back to school."

©1930 M. L. I. Co.

MAYBE it is the boy next door—perhaps it is your own boy—who is eager, restless and ambitious, who would like to quit school and go to work. He is looking forward to the day when he will have more spending money and more independence.

He has read of self-made men who had but little schooling. He sees no reason why he could not do equally well.

Tell him that if he had a chance to talk to one of the big, self-made men of whom he has heard, he would probably be told, "While I was earning a place for myself in the business world I studied at night trying to keep up mentally with my old school friends—even those who went through college."

Before he is permitted to leave school it would be a great thing if he could talk to some man or woman in charge of employment for a big company. He would learn that the better educated boys and girls are given preference, from the outset, over those who quit school too soon.

In almost every kind of work, whether manual, mechanical, business or professional, higher wages and salaries, in the overwhelming majority of cases, are earned by the best educated and best trained.

Apart from the greater enjoyment of books, arts and science gained through education—and just as a matter of cold dollars and cents—education pays the best dividends.

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So I can't work up any sympathy with the Englishman who was deported. If he had not tried to come into this country outside of the English quota he would have had no trouble at all; or if before the expiration of the time allowed for a visit he had written to Washington for an extension of time he would probably have been granted it; but what he really tried to do was to take advantage of America's friendliness to Canada and native-born Canadians. In his mind Canada is England's pasture field. In Uncle Sam's mind Canada is his little brother, and his little brother can have anything, in reason, he wants, but he won't take in all the little brother's playmates. It's his privilege to refuse.

Yours sincerely,

Ginty Beynon.

We could fill whole pages of this department with the letters evoked by James Norman Hall's "Concerning Trains." Let Alan M. Kennedy of Minneapolis speak for the whole brotherhood of would-be locomotive engineers:

Unlike Mr. Hall, I was brought up in the city. But no country boy on the inland plains could possibly have had a deeper appreciation of trains and their connotations than I. My home was close to the main line of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul ("Milwaukee") road between St. Paul and Minneapolis, and as these rails were also used by the Rock Island and "Soo Line" roads, scores of trains passed daily. We knew to the minute when a passenger train might be expected, what road it represented, and whither it was bound. And like Mr. Hall, many a night I stayed awake later than usual to watch the Oriental Limited slide smoothly past my bedroom window (the steep grade caused it to move with almost stealthy quiet), and at 7:37 each morning the Pioneer Limited, rip-snorting up the grade with two engines, woke me in time for school.

I am still a young man but I don't believe that trains will ever lose their power to fascinate me beyond words. I have just returned from a vacation motor trip to Colorado, and the biggest thrill of the trip was driving over a mountain motor road between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek, a road which is simply an old railroad grade with tunnels, trestles, and everything. Ask Mr. Hall if he can imagine anything more thrilling than bowling up those easy grades in high gear, "whistling" with the horn at every curve and tunnel and racketing through the rock-walled chasms that were originally blasted for the rails! It came nearer to satisfying my ambition to be a locomotive engineer than anything else I've yet tried.

By the way, I didn't grow up to be a railroad man. I'm in the life insurance business.

M. D. McFarlane of Hartsdale, New York, another railroad fan, upsets Mr. Hall's statement that no English boy can get such a thrill out of a London-Edinburgh express as an American boy does out of a transcontinental limited.

Although I am Scotch, I feel it encumbent on myself to take up arms against such terrible slander. I offer evidence as follows:

In my early infancy, London was my home town. I am reliably informed (my memory does not serve to that distant date) that the only way in which the nursemaid could keep me quiet was to wheel me in my perambulator to the local station so that I might feast my eyes on the "puff-puff." Perforce, my home then being in the metropolis, my attentions were devoted to the local station of the London Underground Railway—its subway system. But in those days the trains were hauled by steam locomotives.

Shortly thereafter the removal of my family to the West Indies curtailed my interest in trains. But at the age of six, on revisiting London, I might have been found on the platform of the local station noting the trains that passed and even keeping a faithful record of the numbers of the locomotives as they went by. On this occasion I managed to insist on my parents engaging rooms in a hotel that overlooked the tracks.

Again at the age of eight, I managed to get located near a main line, but was unable to see trains approaching from my hotel room. So I impressed into service two little girls living in the house opposite, who by means of a complicated system of colored card signals would inform me of the impending arrival of all trains, enabling me to devote the necessary attention to the important business of seeing the express pass through.

Enough of these childish reminiscences—I reached man's estate and arrived in this country. Two weeks later I rode the locomotive of the Twentieth Century to Albany. And a month ago, in the Middle West, I found a local train (which I was to take to meet my wife at her home town) equipped with a new type of locomotive and so I rode that. You can imagine the consternation of the good lady and my in-laws when I emerged dirty, but happy, from the wrong end of the train!

The Real Philadelphia Steps Forward

Advertising with Research Emphasizes the Importance of America's Third City

BY DON E. MOWRY

JUST a year ago, Philadelphia, through her Business Progress Association, set up a working staff to advertise in order that new industries might be brought into the metropolitan district and in order that steps might be taken to secure new business for those industries already located.

The financial goal for this purpose was set at $1,350,000 and this sum was over-subscribed by $5,000.

It was necessary to gather all of the facts before proceeding. The research department was built up immediately. The facts thus far developed have been the basis for the advertising appeals during the past year. The publication of the findings has been received with keen interest by the business and civic organizations. One of the important things brought out was the definite determination of the Philadelphia Metropolitan Area.

Old standards of arbitrary boundaries were discarded. It was felt that drawing a circle with a radius of twenty-five miles, or following the lines of various geographical divisions, was too arbitrary. The answer to the problem was approached by what might be called a synthetic method. The Association found out how far from Philadelphia the department stores maintained daily deliveries with their own trucks, how far the railroad commutations extended, where telephone calls of a certain volume ended, at what point population density tapered to 150 persons per square mile, how far the daily newspapers circulated, the radius of active ticket agency sales, the area within which real estate operations in the city extended, and facts of that type.

With these facts determined separately, they were pieced together and a picture built up of what really constituted the Metropolitan Area of Philadelphia. It was found to be about 35 miles square with a total area of 1229 square miles. In this region there were more than 2,934,920 persons having an annual spendable income in excess of $2,550,000,000.

Overnight trucking areas were figured out and it was ascertained that a Philadelphia manufacturer could have his goods placed in a truck in the afternoon and have them delivered to his customers the next morning at virtually any point within an area that embraced 13.5 per cent of the total population of the United States. The same sort of analysis was made for railroad freight areas and it was found possible to reach 35.4 per cent of the entire population of the country on the second day. The spendable income of this population reached the staggering figure of approximately $40,000,000,000, or 46.6 per cent of that of the entire United States.

Studies and surveys on all of these subjects, including specific information on the Port of Philadelphia, represented a great amount of labor and took considerable time, but the Association, as a result of this, now knows what it has to advertise.

The presentation of these facts through local publicity created a great amount of interest and even astonishment. Philadelphians did not know these things about their city. Many inquiries and requests for data in detail were received from local business concerns and organizations. Citizens said the facts were valuable in their business. A real local service was performed at the very outset of the campaign.

Each of these studies by the research department is made the subject of an advertisement. A booklet embodying them in detail is printed and timed to be published when the advertisement appears. Only a limited amount of advertising has been done during the present year for industrial purposes. During the summer months a bid was made for tourist trade. This was done to stimulate business for merchants and keep Philadelphia before the public.

The Association is not unmindful of the necessity of inquiring among Philadelphia business concerns to find out what an organization such as this can do that the concerns themselves cannot do. An effort is being made to match the buying requirements of one firm with the selling facilities of another.

The real Philadelphia steps forward with a sound development program, designed to be all-inclusive, backed with definite research information, upon which to construct a more important economic policy. Philadelphia is the third largest city in the United States and the tenth largest in the world. It is of more than passing interest that such a city proposes to maintain her leadership.

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IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

The Common Stock Theory

By PAUL TOMLINSON

AS THESE words are being written the market values of common stocks are being wiped out with a rapidity that leaves the observer breathless and dazed. Down, down, down they go, everybody apparently eager to sell and few with courage enough to buy. Many stocks are quoted literally hundreds of points under their highs of a year ago, and stock values have shrunk thousands of millions of dollars, some of them only on paper, to be sure, but many of them representing losses of cold, hard cash. Men who were rich are now in moderate circumstances; men of modest fortunes are without capital and starting all over again. Those who thought that the worst that could happen had happened last October and November have found that May and June were months almost equally disastrous.

WHAT do all these people think of the theory, so popular in recent years, that common stocks are the safest and most profitable investments? Are they still ready to put their money into shares representing only equities, or are they through with common stocks and committed to fixed obligations from this time on, forevermore? Such a viewpoint is humanly understandable, and undoubtedly it is now held by many who have had unfortunate experiences with stocks during the past eight or ten months. Is it justified? Has this theory about common stocks been shattered once and for all? Is the theory fundamentally wrong?

THE theory, of course, is attractive, and once acquainted with it the public accepted it with an enthusiasm unprecedented in the annals of investing. Safety and profit all at the same time; what could be more alluring? To make the picture still prettier, business was good at the height of the theory's popularity and, in addition, wholesale mergers all over the country fired the public's imagination to such a degree that presently they felt there was no limit but the sky to the upward course of stock prices.

PEOPLE who had never owned a share of stock in their lives, who had no clear idea of what a share of stock was, rushed into the market.

They bought blindly, and they pledged their all on the slimmest of margins. They overdid things, of course, just as Americans are wont to do. Values were disregarded, earnings were ignored, and when certain people warned that current prices were not justified they were regarded as rank pessimists. Still prices advanced under this feverish rush to buy, and the issuers of warnings were laughed almost out of countenance. Profits rolled up, and while a few shrewd observers liquidated their holdings last summer and autumn, many others who had stood out against the advance finally became infected themselves and joined the crowd. So absorbed were people in their joyous orgy that they failed to observe the storm clouds gathering on the horizon, and even refused to look when their friends tried to call attention to them.

THEN came the crash, and as the weak margins were obliterated and stocks were sold to protect accounts the downward pace was accelerated. More and more people were forced to sell, and like a great avalanche the decline swept on, carrying with it the hopes and the dollars of thousands who a few short days previously had been complacently thinking only in terms of profits. Now and then the decline was halted, and many who compared current prices with previous highs sensed bargains and hastened to take advantage of them, only to find that there seemed no limits to the depths to which stock prices could sink. Then it was that people found they could be just as pessimistic as formerly they had been optimistic, and there was as much unreasonable selling as there had been unintelligent buying.

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Birmingham, Alabama, is in the midst of the greatest coal, iron and limestone fields of the South. It is one of the World's great steel centers and famous for its cement and countless other products. Building permits in the last 6 years have doubled those of the previous 22 years. The city's population now exceeds 250,000.

THE water needs of this rapidly growing city, one of the great industrial centers of the United States, have been supplied by The Birmingham Water Works Company, one of the subsidiaries of the American Water Works and Electric Company, for forty-five years.

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THE country was in the slough of despond. Business and business men alike were depressed. What was the use of producing anything when no one had any money to buy? Things were in a bad way industrially, and fearing the inevitable political reaction, Washington itself took note of what was happening. Despatches appeared in the press all over the country telling the citizenry that our troubles were not nearly as serious as we imagined, that if in reality we did have troubles, they would be corrected at once, and that business would soon be prosperous once more. Wanting to believe, people did believe, and knowing that stock prices almost always discount industrial earnings, the public began to drift back into the market for common stocks again. Prices started up, and by April had regained a large percentage of their losses of last fall. Then came another decline, not particularly serious, but bad enough to cause people to wonder whether after all the country was as prosperous as they had been led to believe.

THE stock market backed and filled; disquieting rumors as to unemployment were heard on all sides; earnings reports were unsatisfactory; there was much concern over the tariff and its effect on American business. In mid-June came another and more drastic wave of selling, and once more the public found themselves being called upon for more margin, or being sold out in case their efforts to find it were unavailing. Those who owned their shares outright tried to tell themselves that everything was all right, and that there was no need to worry. But worry they did, just the same. What about this common stock theory, anyhow?

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UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

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We distribute the securities of The Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company [listed on The New York Stock Exchange], and other progressive utility companies operating in 31 states. Send for our list of offerings yielding 6% and more.

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STOCKS can scarcely be expected to go up when sellers outnumber buyers by eight to one as it was estimated they did on some days last June. In addition, it was never supposed that the idea of common stocks proving the safest and most profitable of investments would establish itself in the period of a year or, for that matter, in two or three years. What its exponents have said from the start is that "in the long run" common stocks will prove the most satisfactory investments. It is a theory for investors, not for speculators. An investor is a man who buys stocks for income, and in the hope, of course, that they will appreciate in value. A speculator buys for profits only, and cares little about income except in so far as it helps to pay interest on his loans.

THE common stock theory presupposes that purchasers will hold their purchases. It is further based upon the belief that the United States will continue to prosper in the future as it has prospered in the past, and that if it does prosper its leading industries will prosper too, that earnings will increase, and surpluses accumulate for the protection and benefit of the stockholders. No one pretends to think that this prosperity will be continuous and uninterrupted; periodically we have had our periods of depression; and no doubt we shall always have them. At the moment we are suffering one of the worst slumps in our experience, but does anyone think seriously that we shall not recover from this one and forge ahead again just as we always have done before? And if the country generally goes ahead it is impossible for our leading industries not to go ahead too.

THE people who have been hurt in these stock market crashes are those who have been forced to sell, or those

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At the end of that year, consolidated assets of the CITIES SERVICE organization were in excess of $1,090,000,000.

Securities of CITIES SERVICE COMPANY and its subsidiaries are today held by more than 750,000 investors—institutions and individuals, more than 350,000 of whom are owners of CITIES SERVICE Common stock.

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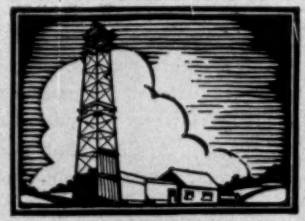

Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company brought in the discovery well that opened the famous Oklahoma City field.

A CITIES SERVICE subsidiary which is one of the largest producers of crude petroleum in the Mid-Continent area. The Company's most recent major accomplishment has been the discovery and development of the now famous Oklahoma City Oil Pool.

The Company holds leases on the major portion of what is regarded as the productive area of this pool, including properties acquired from Foster Petroleum Corporation. It has completed 132 oil wells in the pool and is now drilling 200 additional wells. The Company owns approximately 340,000 acres of gas leases with 205 gas wells and approximately 1,122,000 acres of oil and gas leases of which about 26,500 acres are producing. The Company has been unusually successful in the selection of petroleum acreage. Among its important discoveries have been the famous Seminole City, Bowlegs and Little River pools, where it ranks as an important producer.

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who have become panicky and disposed of their holdings in the belief that the country was going to the dogs and they had better save something out of the wreck. Investors owning stocks outright have not been obliged to sell, and while there may be a shrinkage in the value of their holdings, they have not suffered any actual loss. As a matter of fact, investors who bought the best common stocks five or ten years ago, and have kept them, have in the majority of cases had profits on their investments even at the lowest panic prices. Perhaps this fact is the best proof obtainable that the common stock theory is sound in practice and operation.

PEOPLE who ten years ago invested in stocks like American Telephone and Telegraph, General Electric, Pennsylvania Railroad, and United States Steel, have had little to worry about during these troubled times. They certainly have had no cut in dividends, and they have had profits to take at any given time they wished to take them. Their stocks have fallen in price from their highs, of course, and the owners frequently are distressed by the thought of how profitable it would have been to have sold at the top and to have repurchased many points lower. Many of the losses one hears about are undoubtedly fictitious, people regarding what they might have made as actual losses. A man told us recently, for example, that he had lost over forty thousand dollars since last September. When we asked him if he cared to explain, we discovered that a stock he held had shrunk in value by that amount since then. Further questioning, however disclosed the interesting information that even with the shrinkage these shares still showed a profit.

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INVESTMENT INFORMATION

A list of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

INVESTMENTS FOR YOUR INDIVIDUAL NEEDS: Upon request The National City Company will submit a list of recommended issues. The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

SYSTEMATIC INVESTMENT PLANS: A definite program of systematic investing is offered by the First National Old Colony Corp., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

"OUR INSTITUTION," an illustrated booklet describing the various types of securities and the varied services available to investors, is offered by Peabody and Company, 10 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet containing information on Public Utilities Securities of special interest to all investors is offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 230 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will gladly furnish complete information of the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

THE SEAL THAT CERTIFIES SAFETY is the title of a booklet that gives complete information of guaranteed investments; it may be obtained by addressing General Surety Company, 340 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE REPORT of United Founders Corporation for six months ended May 31, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN BUSINESS, 1904–1929. A brief, conclusive survey of recent business history is offered by Hornblower & Weeks.

SAFETY AND STEADY INCOME is the title of an informative Booklet on Investments offered by R. H. Arnold & Co., 1009 Graybar Bldg., New York City.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries. It also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Offered by Henry Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

UNITED BONDS: A name given to the real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

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WATER SERVICE—THE ARISTOCRAT OF UTILITIES is an interesting booklet describing water bonds as a sound form of investment offered by P. W. Chapman & Company, Inc., 170 West Monroe Street, Chicago, or 42 Cedar Street, New York City.

SECURITY BONDS: Secured by real estate first mortgages that bear a $40,000,000 guarantee, are described in a circular which J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md., will be pleased to send to you upon request.

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STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

EXPERT COUNSEL both to industry requiring new capital and to those seeking sound investments in securities of the Middle West is offered by Keane, Higbie & Company, 535 Griswold St., Detroit, Michigan.

WHAT IS THE CLASS A STOCK?: This booklet gives specific facts regarding the Class A Stock and a brief analysis of the company. For copy address Associated Gas & Electric Securities Co., 61 Broadway, New York City.

A STATEMENT OF CAPITALIZATION, EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., will be mailed upon request. Offered by American Water Works and Electric Co., 50 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES: Definite investment recommendations offered by Cochran, Hay & Co., Ltd., Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto, Canada.

THE people who have tried to guess the movements of stock prices have been hit and hit hard. Those who bought good common stocks several years ago have suffered little more than disappointment that their paper profits are not what they were a year ago. Those who bought a year ago, or during the early months of this year, have been worried. One always hates to think he paid more for a thing than necessary, and of course the higher the price paid the longer the wait for profits. In the meantime, however, the purchasers of these stocks are in the majority of cases receiving the same income return from their investments that they expected to receive at the time they bought. In only a few instances have the leading corporations of this country failed to earn their dividend requirements in 1930; earnings have not been what they were in 1929, but in most cases there has been a margin over and above requirements. And if regular dividends can be earned on common stocks in a year like this, what will happen when the inevitable return to normal prosperity comes?

IN THE darkest days of June the New York Federal Reserve Bank reduced its rediscount rate to the lowest point ever reached in the history of the Federal Reserve System. Cheap money, if precedent means anything at all, is the inevitable forerunner of better business and advancing stock prices. High money rates preceded the panic last fall; is it not possible that the present cheapness of money is evidence that better things are in store for us this fall?

HYSTERICAL selling can depress stock prices, but does not prove that the common stock theory is faulty. As a matter of fact, has anything happened in the past year to prove the theory wrong? Setbacks are disappointing, but

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they are a part of life; nothing runs smoothly all the time. And if we emphasize the fact that the common stock theory is operative only "in the long run" the experience of the past ten or twelve months tends rather to confirm its worth than otherwise. Anyone selling a good common stock at a loss is foolish, and unless the whole country collapses the common stock theory will probably work out as satisfactorily for those who bought stocks this year as for those who were fortunate enough to have bought ten years ago. It is what happens over a period of years that counts; periodical setbacks are of little moment in the long run.

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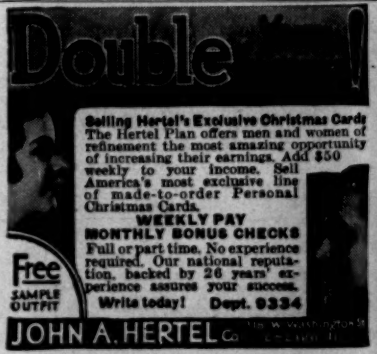
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